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PEEPS AT THE FAR EAST

A Familiar Account of a Visit to India

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By NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.
ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS FOR SCOTLAND

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My dear Watson,

To you, my fellow-deputy to India, "my companion in labour," and my old and valued friend, I dedicate this volume with gratitude and affection.

These "Peeps at the Far East" will recall to you days spent by us in the discharge of difficult duties; days when we largely experienced "favour with God and man;" and days, too, in which, so far as our personal intercourse was concerned, there did not once "arise a little cloud as big as a man's hand."

That you may be long spared to take part at home (in addition to your many other labours) in that work in which you engaged with such wisdom and energy abroad, is the sincere prayer of

Yours ever,

N. MACLEOD.

March 1, 1871.

PREFACE.

THESE reminiscences first appeared in the pages of "Good Words," and are now republished with several additions and alterations. In determining to write them at all, my desire was to increase the interest of people at home in that great country placed by Providence under the British Crown, and in the noble and trying labours there of so many of our countrymen; and also to quicken a sense of our individual duty to aid to the utmost of our power—if by intelligent sympathy only—in advancing the true civilisation of two hundred millions of the human race.

The object of my journey with Dr. Watson was to report to the Church of Scotland regarding her missions in India. That comparatively little is said here upon this subject, is due to the fact that it has been fully dealt with by both of us in other forms for the information of those who sent us. In these pages I confine myself to such topics as could not well find a place in an official Missionary Report.

I must here express my obligations to Messrs. Shepherd and Bourne, of Calcutta, for the right kindly accorded to me to copy from their large and splendid series of photographs—the best that exists of Bengal;* and also to Mr. Grant for the privilege of making use of the fine pictures in his two interesting volumes, "Anglo-Indian Domestic Life," and "Rural Life in Bengal." †

* Marion and Co., London. † Thacker and Co., London.

CONTENTS.

	Page
I. EASTWARD HO!	1
II. FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF BOMBAY	19
III. A DAY IN BOMBAY	29
IV. SCENES IN BOMBAY	42
V. POONA	61
VI. COLGAUM	70
VII. CAVES OF KARLI, AND RETURN TO BOMBAY	89
VIII. FROM BOMBAY TO MADRAS	101
IX. MADRAS	117
X. CONJEVERAM, VELLORE, AND BANGALORE	134
XI. CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN SOUTH INDIA	156
XII. BRITISH INDIA.—CASTE.—THE BRAHMIN	174
XIII. CALCUTTA	192
XIV. SCENES IN CALCUTTA	207
XV. BENGAL.—BENGALEES.—BRAHMO SOMAJ.—MISSIONARY MEETING	216
XVI. INCIDENTS IN CALCUTTA	228
XVII. CALCUTTA TO BENARES	251
XVIII. THE MUTINY.—BENARES AND ALLAHABAD	264
XIX. THE MUTINY.—CAWNPORE	274
XX. THE MUTINY.—LUCKNOW	282
XXI. AGRA	296
XXII. DELHI	309
XXIII. FROM CALCUTTA TO ALEXANDRIA	337
APPENDIX	363

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE TAJ, NEAR AGRA	*Frontispiece*
ENTRANCE TO BOMBAY HARBOUR	*To face page* 19
COOLIES	20
MY HOST'S BUNGALOW	22
BOMBAY TOWN-HALL	24
A STREET IN BOMBAY	25
JUGGLERS	43
ENTRANCE TO THE ELEPHANTA CAVES	45
THE GHAUTS NEAR KHANDALLA	63
PARBUTTY	65
PLAYING THE NATIONAL TUNES	69
GEOLOGICAL STRUCTURE OF THE COUNTRY FROM BOMBAY TO THE DECCAN	81
ENTRANCE TO THE KARLI CAVE	92
CENTRE AISLE OF THE KARLI CAVE	93
SIR JAMSETJEE JEJEEBHOY'S HOSPITAL	98
THE WATER-GATE OF JINGEERA	103
THE LANDING-PLACE AT GOA	106
THE PALM	107
GROUP OF NATIVES OF THE NEILGHERRIES	114
TYPICAL SPECIMENS OF HINDOOS	122
STREET IN CONJEVERAM	134
TEMPLE AND TANK AT CONJEVERAM	135
SCULPTURED PILLARS AT CONJEVERAM	136
TEMPLE AT CONJEVERAM	138
EUROPEAN BURYING-GROUND AT VELLORE	142
ROCK SCENERY	143
OLD FORT AT BANGALORE	145
IDOL CAR AT BANGALORE	149
OLD COURT-HOUSE STREET, CALCUTTA	195
THE MAIDAN AND RIVER, CALCUTTA	196
THE COLES, CALCUTTA	200

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA	*To face page* 203
PORTRAITS OF DISTINGUISHED INDIAN OFFICIALS	204
CHARACTERISTIC BENGALEE PORTRAITS	205
BOATS ON THE GANGES AT BENARES	260
THE GHAUTS, BENARES	261
PALACE INSIDE THE FORT, ALLAHABAD	272
PLAN OF CAWNPORE	274
THE GHAUT OF THE MASSACRE, CAWNPORE	276
MEMORIAL WELL, CAWNPORE	279
PLAN OF LUCKNOW	282
KAISER BAGH, OR KING'S PALACE, LUCKNOW	283
BANQUETING-HALL OF THE RESIDENCY, LUCKNOW	284
THE BAILEY GUARD, LUCKNOW	288
TAJ AND GARDENS, AGRA	298
CENOTAPH OF AKBAR, NEAR AGRA	302
THE FORT AT AGRA—DELHI GATE	303
QUADRANGLE OF THE PEARL MOSQUE, AGRA	304
THE ZENANA MOSQUE, AGRA	305
BALCONY OF ZENANA, AGRA	306
INTERIOR OF MOSQUE, PALACE OF AGRA	307
PLAN OF DELHI	309
THE CHANDNEE CHOUK, DELHI	310
THE JUMNA MUSJID, FROM THE NORTH—DELHI	311
THE KOOTAB-MINAR, FROM THE WEST—DELHI	315
THE GREAT ARCH, DELHI	317
RUINS OF OLD DELHI	318
THE OLD OBSERVATORY, DELHI	319
THE CASHMERE GATE, DELHI	326
ADEN	354
THE NEGRO BOY'S DANCING LESSON	356

	PAGE
INTERIOR OF TOWER OF SILENCE	39
GREAT GORGE SOUTH OF KHANDALLA	64
THE MONKEY GOD	76
KHANDALLA	100
THE JAC-TREE	108
THE BANYAN	109
GRAIN-DEALERS IN THE VILLAGE BAZAARS	111
A SHEPHERD	115
DRAWING WATER	116
AN INDIAN BATH-ROOM	118
A CATAMARAN	119
ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, MADRAS	120

	PAGE
THE PUNKAH	121
MADRAS PIER	122
IN THE FORT, MADRAS	123
MEMORIAL HALL, MADRAS	124
SIR THOMAS MUNRO'S STATUE	125
FAKIRS	139
TOMB OF TIPPOO FAMILY, VELLORE	141
A SANYASSIE	151
THE ABBÉ DUBOIS	164
GATE OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA	204
PORTRAIT OF KESHUB CHUNDER SEN	245
THE SHRINE OF THE MONKEY GOD	263
FORT AT ALLAHABAD	271
MEMORIAL WELL, CAWNPORE	278
THE RESIDENCY, LUCKNOW	284
GRAVE OF SIR HENRY LAWRENCE	290
MARBLE SCREEN IN THE TÁJ, AGRA	300
PART OF THE KOOTAB-MINAR	316

I.

EASTWARD, HO!

WHEN I sailed "Eastward" for the first time, I went for mere pleasure, if by such a holiday phrase one can allude to a tour in Palestine. I said, when I published an account of my journey, that I did not go in gown and bands, with official responsibility, or with any weighty matters on hand to compel me to "mark, learn, and inwardly digest." But nothing, I feel, could have induced me to go to India on a tour of mere pleasure. As, however, the grounds for this feeling are wholly personal, arising out of many peculiar circumstances which do not concern the reader, they need not be stated. He must not suppose, however, that I consider India as being unworthy of a visit by the traveller for its own sake. Enough to state here that my Church did me the honour to request me to visit India, to inquire into the true state and prospects of Christian missions there, with special reference to those of the Church of Scotland, and that I felt it to be my duty, at all hazards, to accept the commission. Dr. Watson, an old and dear friend, was my fellow-deputy,

and we sailed together from Marseilles on the 6th of November, 1867.

Just one word more of a semi-personal nature. I give these sketches, not in the formal character of the deputy from a Church, but in the less dignified, although much more easy and untrammelled, character of the mere traveller. The weightier results of the tour, with details bearing on missions, have been given in other forms.*. Nevertheless, the subject which most engaged my attention will naturally be touched upon now and again in these papers.

We chose the overland passage, and at Marseilles joined the *Tanjore* for Malta. Our captain, like all his brother commanders under whom I have had the pleasure of sailing, was worthy of his ship and of the famous Peninsular and Oriental line to which she belonged. He was good and kind as a man, and able as an officer. As far as I know, justice has not been done to the beauties of this route. It is looked upon very much as a mere drudgery, to be got over as speedily and as sulkily as possible. No doubt the journey to Marseilles is a long and tiresome one, but the scenery is extremely beautiful between Avignon and Marseilles, where, ever and anon, there are delightful glimpses of the Rhône, and views of the enclosing hills. Again, on leaving Marseilles the coast scenery towards Toulon is very fine, with the wild bare islands scattered, broken, and worn into strangest shapes by the ceaseless attacks of winds and waves. And farther on, the Straits of Bonifacio are themselves worth a visit. Corsica reminds me of Arran in its general character. Both it and Sardinia, in their rugged boldness, their jagged peaks, and the broken, fantastic forms of their sky-line, are not surpassed by anything in our Western Highlands. I enjoyed the scene immensely, and not the

* "Address on Indian Missions" (Blackwood and Sons, 1s.); Unpublished Report made to the Foreign Mission Committee of the Church of Scotland.

less so from getting an excellent view of Caprera, and of Garibaldi's home. It is a lonely spot, but I gazed on it with affectionate interest, and with as much respect as on any palace upon earth. The General was absent, seeking to gain Rome for Italy. When the Eternal City shall be free, and this chapter of the long history of Italy comes to be read by future generations, I venture to think that no man now in Rome, be he priest or abbot, Monsignor, Cardinal, or Pope, will excite as much interest or inspire as much respect as the poor exile of Caprera.

We passed Sicily with all sails set, and followed by a delicious breeze. Here again was a coast view of great beauty, with fine mountains, whose green sides, as well as the plains at their feet, were dotted with white hamlets and villages. Several islands broke the ocean line seawards.

Sailing in mild weather amid such scenes of beauty, with a large number of cheerful passengers to share the enjoyment, the overland journey is not the dull, monotonous affair which people going abroad for the first time assume it to be. It must be confessed, however, that our steamer was a wonderful adept in rolling, and this was not by any means agreeable to the miserable minority subject to sea-sickness. Nor was it less trying to myself or to my friend when we preached on deck upon Sunday. To be obliged suddenly to pause and embrace the capstan, or if not this, to roll in one's canonicals under the lee bulwarks, looks undignified to a landsman. But at sea it excites only a good-natured smile of sympathy, and does not lessen the seriousness which I think almost every one feels during a Sunday service on shipboard.

As is my habit when at sea, I preached in the forecastle to the Jacks, whom I had all to myself, and whom I always like for an audience. One requires to know Jack thoroughly to appreciate him. There is a singular tenderness under his apparently rough nature. Our boatswain, an old man-of-war's man, was

a fair specimen of his class. Between forty and fifty years of age, he was short, round, and strong, like the stump of a main-mast. He had grizzly locks, and a voice which I believe would be heard above the loudest storm just as well as his shrill twittering whistle. From the way in which he issued the simplest orders to the crew, one would have supposed him to be in a constant passion. To slack or haul in a brace, or to set a fore-topsail, seemed to inspire him with a wrath which nothing could appease. Indeed, a novice might have conjectured that the crew were ticket-of-leave men. But one day when he was in the midst of what seemed ungovernable fury, I noticed that he paused as he passed the goat, and, catching its white beard, stroked its face, with a gentle "Chucky, chucky, old Nan!" On another occasion I saw him rolling along the deck, each arm moving like a turtle's fin, when a little child, carried in a nurse's arms, not only arrested him, but seemed to avert all his choler, while he smiled and cooed to the "little darling," gazing at the infant as an old black seal might look at a bit of white coral. This is Jack all over. He blows like a whale, and is as soft as blubber.

We had a little excitement in passing the bar at Alexandria, always a disagreeable bit of navigation with a south-west wind. One vessel, we heard afterwards, had been sunk, and another water-logged, upon it the previous night. Real danger there was none, except of our being kept out at sea idly poking about until it should calm. Our captain, glass in hand, with the Arab pilot beside him, and with four men at the wheel, besides half-a-dozen at each of its relieving tackles, steered cautiously down, "just to take a look at the bar, and smell it." Perceiving nothing vicious, we threaded our way along the narrow passage, swinging, as a screw boat alone can swing, and receiving on board a few tops of the seas, to the great amusement of all—save the sufferers; and we were soon at anchor in smooth waters. We were received by the usual shoals of boats, with their motley screaming crews, who cer-

tainly did not seem to have improved in sweetness of voice or in gentleness of manner since I had paid them my first visit. The love of dramatic attitudinising in those excited Easterns is singularly ludicrous when contemplated quietly from the taffrails. The helmsman of a boat pulling against wind and sea will remove his hands from the tiller to brandish them about, or lift them over his head, to intensify the meaning of his words. He will then clench his fist, or point his finger to the bellowing crew,—with whom he is arguing in hard guttural agony,—as if to conduct towards them the electricity which he has generated, and which he knows would explode himself unless it were somehow discharged by hands and tongue.

We remained in the harbour for twenty-four hours! Why, no one could tell, except that so willed the railway officials. The mails and passengers could have been landed with perfect ease, as many small boats with two oars took on shore the passengers for Alexandria. The steamer from India had, moreover, arrived at Suez; nevertheless the mails, not to speak of the passengers, were detained all this time, to the great annoyance of the captain. And what a picture of stupid incapacity was seen next day in the boarding and landing by the harbour steamer and its Egyptian crew! It is yet an unexplained mystery how it happens that, in spite of all their experience, the Egyptians handle their craft in a way of which freshwater schoolboys would be ashamed. But the whole transit, from the custom-house in Alexandria to Suez—rails, carriages, stations, guards, and all—in spite of the influence of such a man as Betts Bey, with all his talent and courtesy, is unworthy of the high road between East and West. In going from Cairo to Suez, for example, we fancied, from sundry disagreeable noises and gratings under the floor of our carriage, that there was "a screw loose," or a wheel threatening mischief. But there was no one in charge who could speak English, and the attempt to get any explanations from Turks rushing about with

lanterns at night was impossible. So we had to go on in faith and patience—two virtues exceedingly difficult for one to practise among Easterns. If the link which unites India to the European world consists of two threads of iron rails—and if along these threads thousands of our people travel every year—governors of provinces, magistrates and judges, officers, brides and bridegrooms, to say nothing of the mails and competition Wallahs,—these rails, carriages, and all who attend them, ought to be of the best, and not of such a shaky and uncomfortable character as any side-shunting in England would be ashamed of. A little wholesome pressure in this direction might work wonders. If England, or the Peninsular and Oriental Company, had sufficient influence to get even one sober, steady, and intelligent English guard attached to each train, it would add greatly to the comfort of Mr. and Mrs. Bull.*

We parted from several passengers here who had greatly contributed to the happiness of the voyage. Among these were Colonel Staunton, our able and respected consul in Egypt, and the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans on their way to the Nile, with both of whom I had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance; the latter being the much-admired daughter of my honoured and dear friend General Grey. We had also on board a few most agreeable Americans.

Among other old acquaintances whom I had the pleasure of meeting at Alexandria was my Palestine dragoman, Hadji Ali Abu Halawa. The pleasure, I was glad to see, was mutual. He is now the cavass of Colonel Staunton. On asking Hadji about our old servants, I was pleased to learn that some advices which I had given in my notes on Palestine, as to the importance of travellers examining the backs of horses and mules before engaging them,

* The Suez Canal, successfully opened since this was written, will revolutionise all this in time.

had not been wholly without effect; nay, had been so conscientiously acted upon, that our old rascally mule-driver Meeki had been forced to give up his impositions and take to another trade. Whatever was the real cause of this change, travellers must be benefited by it. It was a pleasing whiff of the olden time to talk with Hadji over those happy days of travel—every feature, from his nose to his boots, recalling the journey.

Passing at once to Suez—for of Alexandria, Cairo, the Pyramids, the Nile, the Desert, I need not again write—we found the steamer full to the brim.

Our sail of twelve hundred miles down the Red Sea was, on the whole, very agreeable, as far as heat was concerned. From all I could learn about this passage, the dangers of it seem to me to be exaggerated. The weather here, as everywhere else, varies much even at the same season. On my return in March, for example, when it was intensely hot in Ceylon, and when I expected to be broiled in the Red Sea, the temperature was so low as to compel me for the first time to put on warm clothing. Some people never care what month they sail up or down it. As for the officers and crews of the steamers, they, as a matter of course, do so at all seasons without any special danger. The fact is, any man in robust health, and with care, can endure any kind of travel. It is only invalids from India or Europe, or those with weak or exhausted constitutions, who cannot stand the Red Sea, any more than anything else which makes demands on their physical powers or nervous energies. In the months between October and March this passage is often very agreeable, the average heat in my cabin having been only about 80°. No doubt days, and even weeks, do occasionally occur when it is well-nigh intolerable and certainly disagreeable, and when the strongest can do little more than submit and evaporate. I must confess, indeed, that I did not feel it cool when preaching on Sunday to the large assemblage on deck, where the thermometer was then about 90°, and when I

had to speak with force enough to be heard above the noise of waves, steam, and screw, to an audience of, I suppose, a hundred and fifty. I appreciated a few jugs of iced water which were poured over my head afterwards by considerate old Indians. Nor did my plucky fellow-deputy find it much more bearable when preaching in the evening.

The society one meets with in these Indian steamers during "the season" is as agreeable as is to be found anywhere. Almost every passenger occupies some position, either civil or military, implying superior education; while not a few have acquired eminence in their professions, and from their peculiar experience are full of accurate information, with due store of interesting anecdote and incident. Here are men who served during the Mutiny, sharing in the weary marches, the excited adventures, and hair-breadth escapes of that memorable time; others who played a part in the relief of Lucknow, stood to arms at the siege of Delhi, or poured over its breach with Nicholson. Here is one, an engineer, who has seen much of life in connection with the laying of the telegraph through Persia. Here are civilians who have governed provinces with a population as large as that of Scotland, or led for years a strange half-tent, half-horseback life among out-of-the-way tribes, as strange to us as the inhabitants of another sphere. Here are pious missionaries and missionaries' wives, who have laboured long and nobly among the heathen, whom they seem to love as their own souls. Here are keen observers, politicians, critics, whose sword is the pen, whose bullets are printers' types, and who keep alive the tardy public, otherwise disposed to slumber or to forget that "our" eye is upon them. Here also are young aspirants, both male and female, full of bright hopes as they pursue their course to the unknown land, wondering what they will do or be ere they sail over the Red Sea again. Here are some with medals, some with bairns, some with pensions, and all, it is to be hoped, with sound livers, and none

with those sad faces and dresses which tell a tale often, alas! to be repeated in India. And here, too, are young officers on their way to Magdala. They are full of spirit and energy, without pretence or display, and, I doubt not, have all the dash of our noble army. We have also representatives of high church, low church, broad church, every church, and no church—of Zoroaster and of Nothing. But one man there is who can be classed with none else. Who is he, with his leathern jacket? Some say he is a great Nimrod, whose adventures are marvellous; others that he is essential to the success of the Abyssinian expedition. He himself evidently feels his importance. He tells us that he expects a Government steamer to be in waiting near the island of Peirim, "to take me to Massowa;" and then he adds with becoming humility—"and also the mails!"

The scene each evening was particularly pleasing. As every one knows, there is no twilight in the East, none of that witching hour in Scotland called "gloaming," and in Germany by as sweet and poetic a word, "dammerung." "At one stride comes the dark." So it is a long night from six till six, especially as after ten all the lights are extinguished. One requires a good conscience and a weary brain to get through these idle hours satisfactorily, and in oblivion of the existence of the screw and the heat. The awning which covers the quarter-deck conceals the glorious stars. But as a substitute for these, lamps are hung from the awning roof, which serve to reveal indistinct groups in the most favourable condition for talking. And beyond this nothing can be done, except—and the exception forms the delightful rule of these evenings—listening to music and singing. Thus the ladies, like the brilliant and beautiful stars, come out at night, or like the nightingale, "sing darkling." With a good pianoforte on deck, and many admirable voices, both male and female, our evening concerts were excellent, and received "well-merited applause" from the unseen audience. Anyhow, no one

who wants amusement or instruction need spend a listless hour on board such a steamer, were the voyage to continue for months instead of weeks. He can choose his companion as he can a book, and read him and learn from him; for every one is courteous and communicative when properly approached. I am glad to record my grateful and happy remembrance of our pleasant company. I never spent happier days amongst strangers than on this voyage. And here I cannot resist the desire—let the reader call it vanity if he will—to record what to us was most pleasing and encouraging. My friend and I, before landing, were very unexpectedly honoured by being presented with an address, signed by all the passengers, to encourage us in our mission, and to acknowledge our small services on the Sundays.

I here take the liberty of noticing the strange way in which, as I afterwards found, the Indian society in the steamer represented Indian society in general, in the vast variety of opinion held by its members on the same topic. There was hardly a subject of importance on which we desired information, about which in some of its details we did not receive the most contradictory statements, each man moreover holding with remarkable tenacity to his own opinions, so that even at this stage I began to despair of ever being able to come to a conclusion on any great Indian topic. It struck me then, as it did subsequently, that this is much more characteristic of India than of England. Not only is there a wider divergence of opinion amongst intelligent, thoroughly well-informed and honest gentlemen on the same subject, but there is a more unhesitating, and, may I say, dogmatic determination on the part of each to hold his own.

This may be accounted for, possibly, by the vastness of the circle required to embrace Indian questions, and the impossibility of any one man being able from his isolated position to observe any more than a portion of the circle;—the want, too, of a well-founded public opinion expressing through the press results

gathered up, not from a few sources, as in India, but from sources innumerable, as in England. To these causes must be added the official reserve of the local governments, and the absence of parliamentary discussion to ascertain and sift out the truth; and also, the comparative ignorance of Europeans in general as to the views and opinions of the immense multitude of the governed body on any one subject whatever. But I cannot enter on such general questions here. I only further remark that even the phases of religious opinion among Europeans in India were also truly represented in the steamer, which, in this respect as well as in others, serves as a link to connect the two countries—exporting to Hindostan not only all Christian truth, but also every raving of theological mania found in England, and in return importing into England every similar specimen of the latter Indian product. But I am forgetting that I am only outward bound!

The sail from Suez to Ras Mohammed, at the Gulf of Akaba, is full of interest. We had a magnificent view, in the clear atmosphere, of the land on both sides. The most imposing sight on the Egyptian shore is Mount Akrab, which is about 10,000 feet high, and is somewhat of the form given in this rough sketch.

The range of the Sinai Peninsula is also very grand. Sinai itself cannot be seen from any part of the Red Sea traversed by the steamers; and only at one spot along the shore is a portion of the summit visible. The general outline of the range opposite the town of Tur, seen at sunrise, is something like the illustration on the next page. The rocks wore that red-brown look, when seen at sunset, which is given with such mar-

vellous fidelity in Herbert's splendid fresco of the Desert, in the House of Lords. We saw in many places the plain of sand, stretching for about fifteen miles between the sea and the mountains. Its very look made one hot and thirsty, at the mere thought of oscillating like a pendulum, perched high on a camel's back—the said camel pacing with noiseless step along the burning sands, beneath the furnace glare, and accompanied by the mummified Bedouins, with their filthy caffias, and long guns and spears. For young aspirants, such a life has its joys; but for the venerable and sedate, the Peninsular and Oriental steamer is to be preferred.

And yet even a luxurious steamer has its trials, against some of which I beg to warn all voyagers. Beginning with the least: there is the impossibility of recovering any articles left on deck at night. I have, for example, to deplore the loss of a large ivory paper-cutter, and a dear old travelling friend, a Turkish fez. They disappeared, and in spite of advertisements on the companion stair, and the honest agency, I assume, of the stewards, they never were recovered, nor was there any prospect of their ever being so. The Lascars, or some of the Oriental crew, got the blame, as usual. A very pretty collection must thus be made by somebody for sale at the termination of each voyage.

Now, might not something be done by the company to warn the passengers that everything left on deck at night is likely to be stolen? Possibly also a few better police arrangements might be made to detect the pilferers. For grievance No. 2: a remarkable arrangement, or rather want of arrangement, in the Peninsular and Oriental steamers, which it has defied my ingenuity to account for, is the necessity laid upon every passenger, who wishes to have a comfortable seat on deck, to purchase his own chair at Marseilles, and convey it with him to India. Why this? I can understand all chairs being prohibited because of lumbering the decks; but, every passenger being permitted to bring his chair, I cannot understand why a great company should not provide thoroughly comfortable ones, and in sufficient number. They might as well insist upon each person bringing his own bedding, or his own crockery. And now for grievance No. 3: I warn all voyagers to prepare as best they can for much indigestible food between Suez and Calcutta. The *menu* of the steamers is excellent. One actually stares at the variety and prodigality of the programme. But a few days' experience, alas! teaches the great fact that the food is, with the exception possibly of one or two dishes, tough and indigestible,—so at least we found it. There are some people, I am aware, who seem to be provided by Nature with a gizzard, or a muscular apparatus, approaching the power of nut-crackers. All food consigned to this kind of mill is equally acceptable, because equally easily ground. But others are compelled to depend upon ordinary organs, and these often weak, and made still weaker by a hot climate. Woe be to all such, male or female, old or young, in a steamer on the Indian Ocean! Hunger will prove only a snare to lead them more eagerly into the trap. No doubt this may be so far accounted for by the fact of the climate making it impossible to keep meat till it is tender, and rendering it necessary that the bleating sheep and gobbling

ducks of to-day should appear as roast or boil to-morrow; and it may be that in spite even of preserved meats there is no adequate remedy for this death amidst life; but all persons should be warned of the fact, so that they may make such arrangements as in their wisdom they deem most expedient. Children, at least, should have crisp biscuits, and such other dainties as can be easily carried, provided for them.

And let me here give a friendly hint to the stewards, if this should ever meet their eye: it is to assure them that they would not be less agreeable or obliging if, when arranging the saloon in the morning, they talked and laughed a little less; to beg them to remember that every word they speak—all the bantering, joking, and chaffing between Bill and Joe and half-a-dozen more—is heard by dozens of passengers, who are tossing in berths, using every means to get a little sleep, and who, moreover, have not the taste to relish these early morning exercises.

Being very anxious to see that great sign of the tropics, the Southern Cross, and having been told that it was visible about three in the morning from the forecastle, I managed to awake about that time. Dressed in a white Damascus camel-hair dressing-gown,—the original of the surplice, and therefore appropriate,—I clambered on deck. It is strange to contemplate a native crew lying asleep. They are all covered up, including their heads, in the sacks used for loading the ship, and they lie side by side in rows, as if dead. Their dreams, if they have any, must have some ethnographical, and, in the case of the Africans especially, geographical interest. I carefully picked my steps between the rows, and with difficulty ascended the fore-deck. Reaching the heel of the bowsprit as the ship was pitching against a head sea, I discovered the Cross, but was rather disappointed with it when compared with many other constellations glittering with brilliancy in the depth of that unfathomable sky; and I hope those who are most sensitive to symptoms of pro-

vincialism will excuse me for preferring the Great Bear of the North to any constellation in the Southern sky. Having satisfied my curiosity, I staggered back to the ladder. Just as I reached its top, I heard the well-known thud and *whish* of a sea breaking over the bow, which quickened my steps. But before I could get to the main deck, it poured down like a picturesque waterfall over my head and shoulders, drenching and blinding me. Rushing along the deck, it roused up the whole congregation of black sleepers, who woke with a cry, while I, doubtless looking to them like a dripping ghost, made for my cabin. But the sea had been before me. Pouring down the hatchways, it flooded the deck, on which were stretched some mattresses occupied by ladies and children, with sundry respectable gentlemen. Ruthlessly it swept into the neighbouring cabins, floating boots and shoes, and whatever could swim. As there was not the slightest danger, the scene became intensely ludicrous, owing to the sudden contrast presented between the deep silence (interrupted only by snores) of a few minutes before, and the wide-awake energy displayed now.

On another occasion I most imprudently opened my cabin port for light and ventilation while reading beside it. A sparkling green wave, as if in fun, suddenly rushed through, and taking my breath away as it poured down upon me, sent a whole fleet of things floating around my bed. I found my waterproof bath, with its inflated sides, an excellent means of saving property from destruction on such an occasion.

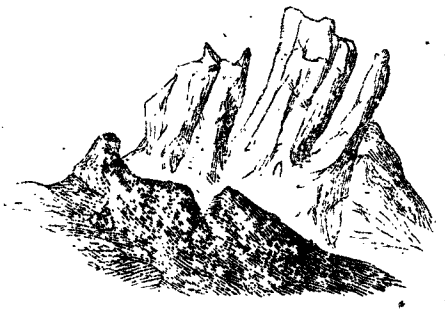
It is well known to every voyager that once a week passengers are permitted to get up from the hold such luggage as they may require for their use, the smallness of their cribs, pompously termed state-rooms, rendering it impossible to lay in stores sufficient for cleanliness and comfort. This day of relief is a very important one, and of no small excitement. The hatches in the main deck are opened; the treasures of the hold are disclosed; a barrier is erected around its square mouth; and the luggage is

sent up in regular order, according, I believe, to that in which the names of the passengers are entered in the purser's books. One of the expectants on a certain day was a major in the Indian army. If he happens to read this in any part of the world, I expect from his thorough good-nature, notwithstanding his excitable temper, a hearty laugh over the incident, and a full pardon for bringing it back to his recollection. The major was a round man, of small stature, with a countenance bronzed or copper-coloured by the sun of every clime. His wife and young children were with him. A more anxious, nervous, and fidgety husband of a meek, quiet wife could not be. He had been in great discomfort. He and his family had, for the sake of coolness, been sleeping on mattresses upon the main deck near the wind-sail, from which they drew in fresh air. The sea, which I have described as breaking on board and pouring down below, had sent them all afloat. His eagerness to get a huge trunk, whose contents would make them all comfortable, was accordingly intense. He was all aglow as he stood with many other expectants round the barrier gazing into the hold, waiting till his name, far down in the list, was called. But most unfortunately for his peace, the big trunk lay beneath him. And if so, why could he not get it at once? A minute would suffice to have it up! Why should he in such circumstances have to wait his turn? Very true, dozens of trunks and portmanteaus had to be exhumed, but his trunk was *there*—visible to every eye—and why therefore should *he*, why should his wife and children, wait for hours before getting it? So bending over the barricade, he said in the softest and most persuasive voice to one of the sailors below—"I say, my lad, look out there! Like a good fellow hand me up *that* trunk—that large, black trunk—be handy now!" "Your number, sir?" inquired the sailor. "Oh, hang the number!" replied the major. "The trunk is *there*—see, that black one just beside you." But the sailor, paying no attention to a request out of order, vanished in his

search for others. The major looked round to the other passengers, very red in the face, exclaiming, "Well! Upon my word! Did you ever see such humbug? Eh? such sheer insolence!" The same sailor again appeared, handing up a bag and portmanteau "to Colonel So-and-So, No. 29." "What under heaven do you mean?" exclaimed the major, addressing him. "I say, sir, you fellow there! Attend—attend, sir! My trunk." But the sailor again vanished. The major looked round for sympathy. "I take you all to witness!" he said. "My wife and children are thoroughly uncomfortable, and here in a British ship——" But another sailor appeared. "Jack!" he said. "Hiss! fiss! look here! I say you—that's a good fellow—just send me up that black trunk which——" "The name and number, sir?" "Sixty-eight." "Not your turn yet, sir." "Good heavens! It is at your feet—*that* trunk—behind you—give me a hold of it! Now then—that trunk." The sailor, equally obedient to orders, disappeared searching for some other. "Gentlemen!" said the major, his face red with indignation, wiping his forehead, and opening his waistcoat, "since this world began, did you ever see such tyranny! such martinet, red tape, beastly and rude incapacity! and shall——" But a third sailor appeared, and the major resumed a more imperious key. "I say, you fellow there! I *demand that—black—trunk—there! there!!* Do you see it? *There —that* trunk. I demand it. You have only——" "Your number, sir?" "I don't care a fig about my number, name, or anything. One minute will do it. Give—me—now——" The sailor replied, "I must obey orders, sir;" and he, too, vanished into the darkness of the hold to do so. "And this," continued the major, "is the Peninsular and Oriental Company! *This* the great company! *This* an English company! *This* for the accommodation of the English! All I asked, gentlemen, was *that trunk!*" and he pointed down with indignation to it. "I say, further," he said, as a sailor again appeared, "I will go down myself and get it. I'll

be hanged if——" "Can't come down, sir; must wait your turn; must obey orders," replied Jack, never looking up. The other passengers, eager for their own luggage, were silent, and gave little heed to the major, who was bursting with excitement. His wife appeared, and touching him on the shoulder, suggested quietly that they could wait. "*You* may, my dear," he said, in tremendous indignation; "but *I* cannot! I cannot, indeed! Please keep those children from crying, will you, my love? Please do. I hate crying children. Do let me attend to the luggage. It's an insolent and unreasonable swindle!" As he was about to appeal to me, I made an excuse to go on deck, to get relief in a fit of laughter. About an hour after, I was glad to hear that the major had got his trunk, and was buried head and ears in its contents; but he never seemed to have recovered his good-will to the Peninsular and Oriental Company.

These are some of the gentle adventures one meets with when outward bound, and it gives some idea of the safety and monotony of the voyage, when trifles like these afford so much amusement.



Early one morning, on looking out of my port, I descried near us a weird, barren island, whose summit was fashioned like this rude drawing. It was one of the volcanic groups close by Aden. Soon we dropped anchor in that famous half-way house. But as I spent more time at Aden on my way home, I shall defer notice of it until then. We had a delightful run of seven hundred miles to Bombay, each day, as far as I remember, being a dead calm.

ENTRANCE TO BOMBAY HARBOUR.

II

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF BOMBAY.

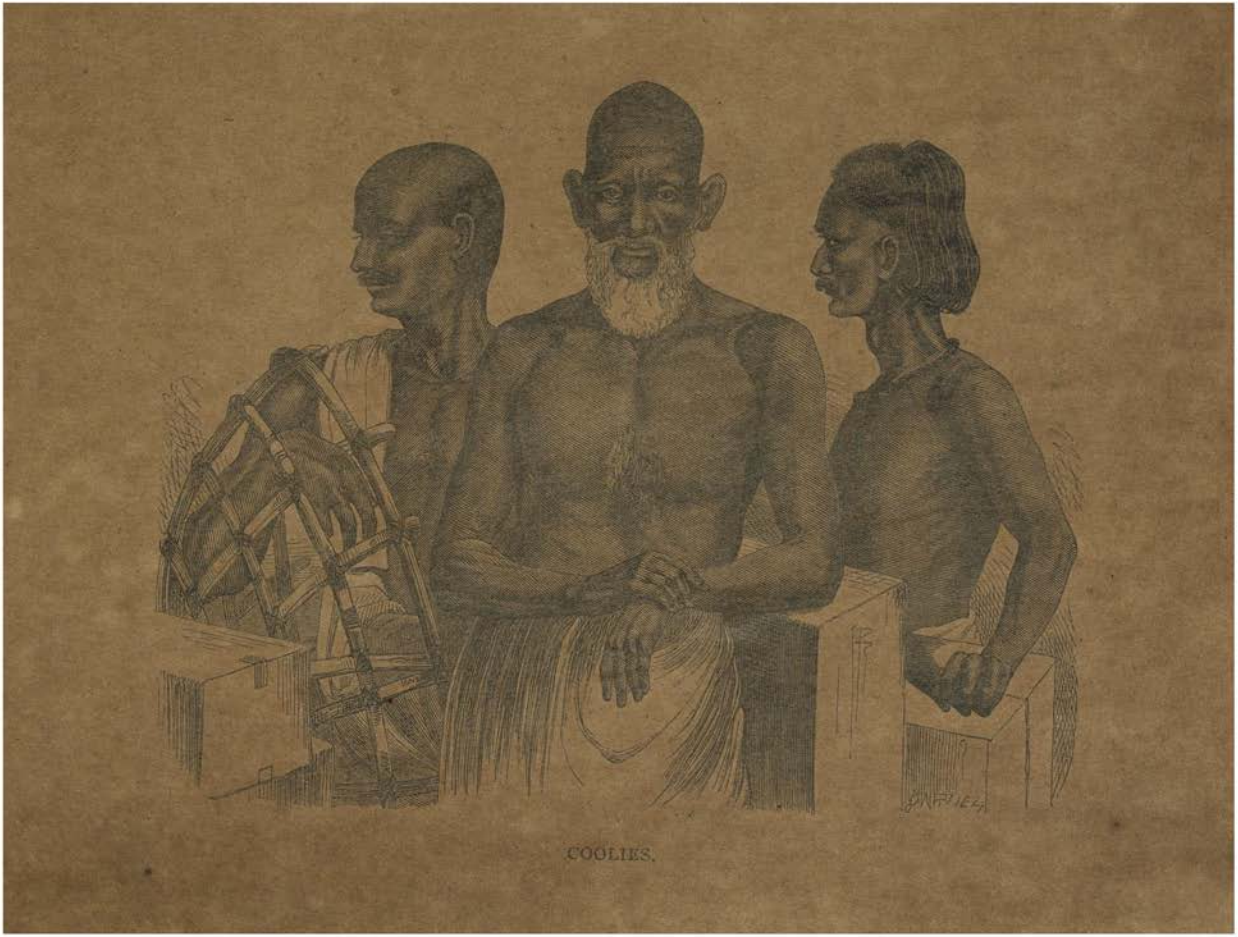
A GUN fired one morning at sunrise announced our arrival at Bombay. This signal has been so often renewed in the experience of the officers of the steamer, that it has as little romance to them as the steam whistle at the near end of the day's journey has to the guard of a train. On some "old stagers" on board it hardly made a deeper impression. But to a new-comer, like myself, it was very different; for not without very peculiar emotions did I ascend the deck to look for the first time on that great country, associated with so much to stir the imagination of every British subject, and most of all of every Christian minister. The scene which meets the eye when entering the harbour is one of the most striking and lovely in the world. Every other thought is for the moment lost in a sense of its beauty. The forests of palm-trees which, in the hot and motionless air, repose on the lower hills, along the margin of the shore, at once attract attention, as being thoroughly characteristic of Eastern climes. The islands as they unfold themselves, with their masses of verdure, and the bays, and vanishings of the sea into distant river-like reaches, lost in a soft bright haze, above which singular hills—rounded, obelisked, terraced—lift themselves, all combine to form a complete picture, framed by the gleaming blue sea below, and by the cloudless sky above, full of intense heat and light of burnished brightness. Looking nearer, one notices the

ships from every clime, and of every size and kind, fixed in a sunny mist on a molten sea—ships at anchor—ships crowding their masts near the wharves, and boats without number, with their large matting sails and covered poop, dipping their oars in silver light, all going on their several errands, and a goodly number making for our steamer. Beyond the ships and masts, white houses among trees, and here and there a steeple, indicating the long land line of the Colaba Point, tell us where the famous city of Bombay lies, with its worshippers of fire and of fine gold.

We would have lingered long in the contemplation of such a scene, were it not for the necessity of looking after luggage, settling with stewards, bidding farewell to fellow-passengers, and nervously watching for the dropping of the anchor and the appearance of the friends who were to receive us. That moment soon came, and with it the usual scene of noise and confusion from roaring steam and roaring crews within and without, the rushing to and fro, the frantic and impetuous pressing and thrusting hither and thither—a state of things to be surpassed only by the tumult at the breach of a beleaguered fortress.

In due time we were landed by my good friend Walter Crum, in a nice picturesque boat, itself a touch of a new country. On landing, we saw many things which we expected to see, and which did not, therefore, surprise us—a busy multitude of Coolies—so called, I presume, from their coolness—at least I may be excused for thinking so in the circumstances—whose dress, as made by art, was as economical as could be conceived, and, as made by nature, was a beautifully exact fit of tanned skin over singularly lanky limbs.

As we hurry along during the next half-hour, I receive my first impressions of India,—impressions, first, of the Irish or gipsy-like squalor of the native town; then, in driving to Malabar Hill, of the palm-tree woods; then of temples where human beings in the nineteenth century, and under Christian Britain,



COOLIES.

and in civilised Bombay, worship idols; and then, all along the way, vivid impressions of what is facetiously termed the "cool season" in India; and finally, at the end of my journey to my host's bungalow, most pleasing impressions of the peculiarities and luxuries of an Indian home. Beaten down by all this whirl and heat and excitement, I very soon lose all impressions whatsoever in a half-apoplectic nap within mosquito-curtains.

How heartily at such times does one join in Sancho's blessing on him who "invented sleep!" And doubtless every one who has been in a hot climate, and who has accordingly "paid attention to sleep," as an Irishman once expressed it, will appreciate the difficulty of finding repose even within mosquito-curtains. He can understand what it is, when hot, dusty, deliquescent, and weary, to hear the fearful sound of that tiny trumpet buzzing inside the curtains! But where? That is the question which excites the brain with a terrible intensity! Now the sufferer is sure that the tormentor is at his ear, and with passionate energy comes down thud upon it, indifferent to any blow he may inflict on himself, if he can but slay the foe. Ah! the enemy must be dead now! That stroke which makes the hand tingle must have destroyed him. Thinking he hears his death struggles, he breathes with more freedom. But alas! the trumpet sounds again, with a more wicked blast of defiance! The war rages. It is a long campaign! In vain the candle is lighted. Who can, without a microscope and a long examination, detect the pin-point on the curtain in which insolence and cruelty are

concentrated? And while he is searching, the curtains may take fire, or, worse still, dozens of the enemy may rush in at every opening! I know how frivolous all this may appear to the inhabitant of a northern clime. It seems out of all proportion to occupy a page about a mosquito, and only a volume about Hindostan. But such an impression has the wretch made upon me, that I could not go on until I had disburdened my mind as to this *multum* of torment in this *parvo* of size!

When I opened my eyes, after having enjoyed a period of unbroken rest, consequent on the death of one brigand—others still roving in frenzy outside my cunning-netted fortress—I was able to entertain the idea of being actually in India.

My host being a bachelor—one of three indeed, all alike agreeable, cultivated, and kind—I made my first observations very early, that I might understand the general architectural structure and arrangements of an Indian abode. It was evident at a glance that I had no upper stories to climb. This in itself was an agreeable discovery, even in the cool season, with the thermometer standing no higher than 78° in the shade; so I crept along the outside of what seemed to be a huge Swiss cottage or beehive, with a magnificent verandah, built on a platform raised about ten or twelve feet above the ground. This corridor opened into beautiful rooms, furnished as at home, but with access on all hands to every breeze which land or sea might contribute, and surrounded by gardens, full of flowers and roses, large-leaved plants, Eastern exotics, big butterflies, huge moths, and many sweet and piping birds, which ought, by the way, to have sung better from never having been troubled with sore throats. Servants there were, too, in great numbers—about forty in and out—all male, of course, and therefore the more easily rebuked by sensitive minds, when called upon to discharge this painful duty. These servants wore turbans and white cotton garments. They went barefooted, moved about like ghosts, and salaamed or stood

MY HOST'S BUNGALOW

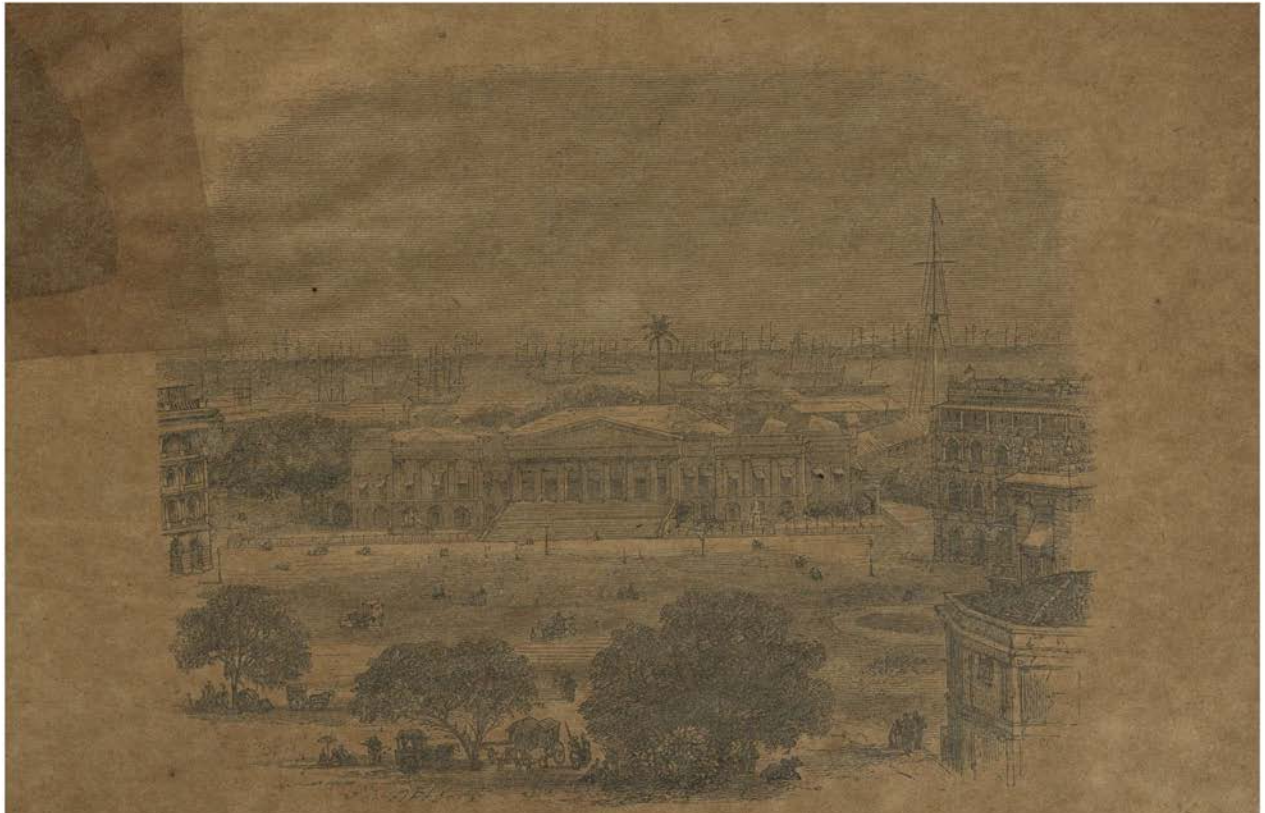
in that respectful silence so becoming towards our superior race. By day or by night, so far as I could judge, they replied with equal readiness to the shout of "Boy!" or "Bhai!" which, they tell me, means "brother,"—signifying, I presume, the recognised relationship between native and European,—and their response of "Sahib!" was as quick as a near Irish echo. The division of labour in India seems to be carried even to fractions, almost as much so as if the man who fed the horse would not give him water, or he who cleaned him refused to harness or drive him. So there is a "butler"—a great dignitary—and servants to wait at table, and servants to wash clothes, and servants to do this or that, nobody knows what. In particular there is a queer creature, like what I fancy a Brownie should be, called a "beestie" or "bhestie," whose special calling is to fill the bath in that refreshing apartment of health and luxury attached to every Indian bed-room. The house, in short, like most gentlemen's bungalows in India, answered to the description which a shopkeeper in a remote Highland village gave of his establishment for nails, snuff, and tobacco—"a place in which there is everything a human being could *reasonably* desire."

My first drive through Bombay did not, I confess, excite great admiration in me. The fact is that such a "peep" of Eastern life as Cairo affords is much more strange than what one gets on landing in India. The streets of Cairo, I think, stand alone in their remarkable picturesqueness and Oriental character. After seeing Damascus and Constantinople, and the famous Indian towns, I am more and more impressed with the truth of this. Its narrow thoroughfares with their quaint projecting balconies, and here and there the huge walls of a mosque whose minaret pierces the blue far up in the sky; the thronging, turbaned crowd, with every variety of strange costume and adornment; the camels with their silent tread, and heads lifted up as if whiffing the desert air from afar; the bazaars and inner courts with their glowing colours

flung from Persian rugs and carpets, lighted up by strong sun-beams, piercing the sheltering awnings—all make up a picture which, once seen, ill prepares the traveller to be struck by anything he beholds in Bombay. Here there are no buildings, temples, mosques, or churches, streets or public places, which in their architectural or general appearance impress one as being anything more than might naturally be looked for in a presidency town of such wealth. Nor does one see camels or elephants or anything to suggest the feeling of being "further East" amid new and peculiar scenes.

I was struck with how little has been thus done in an architectural point of view. Colaba Point and Malabar Hill, for instance, would tell much more on the scene, were they marked by a few minarets, or gilded domes, or something to break the sky-line and lift the whole city out of the mediocre dead level in which it lies. Save for the surrounding scenery, Bombay would be an uninteresting city to a traveller. To the merchant it is another Liverpool or Glasgow, with its long bazaars, piles of cotton, and counting-houses. True, there is one fine *place* or square in the city; and the public institution, the colleges, hospitals, and town-hall, too, are all very creditable to it, while the esplanade is a fine open space. Yet I cannot but feel that Bombay deserves more than it has received in respect to architecture. But who is to guarantee the money required for anything beyond the practical and necessary? The Europeans are only strangers and sojourners, making money to take home to England with them, but not to leave behind. The natives have no pride in the city as their own, and the Government cannot be allowed to be generous at the expense of the tax-payers. In the exercise of princely hospitality, however, and in subscribing to useful institutions, there are no men more liberal than the merchants of Bombay.

There is nothing very peculiar in the appearance of the streets. Neat broughams and carriages of European build are common.



BOMBAY TOWN-HALL.

Natives are to be seen riding in similar equipages, drawn by the best horses, with servants standing behind. Wooden cabs or *garries* with Venetian blinds, buggies, buffalo carts and waggons, and sometimes quaint native conveyances, generally crammed full, are everywhere met with. The crowds who walk along are chiefly made up of naked coolies, with legs like those of a crane; of white-robed, soft-faced, large-eyed, material-looking Parsees, with white stockings and polished shoes; of Hindoos, including some of the better sort even, with bare feet and probably bare chest, broad featured or fine featured, dark complexioned or olive complexioned, all in turbans, and many holding white umbrellas as they waddle along with their toes turned out. We saw no armed natives, no splendid dresses, but everywhere the commerce of a Europeanised city where every one is up to the ears in cotton. The very bazaars are full of "dry goods" and all sorts of goods, from the looms of England, with scarce anything more picturesque than calico. This is the impression Bombay makes on one who passes through its streets for the first time.

Some of the houses, especially those of rich natives on Malabar Hill, are very handsome and even ostentatious. Many more, like the most pleasant one in which my lot was cast, look like huge Swiss cottages, each occupying a considerable space of ground, and nestling among trees, which generally conceal the one from the other; but within all are arranged, as I have said, with the greatest comfort, and generally with the greatest elegance and luxury. Enormous sums are paid for the rent of such houses. The expense of living in Bombay is thus far beyond that of any other town in India, or perhaps in Europe. It was with the view of reclaiming from the sea, and adding to the town, some hundreds, or possibly thousands, of acres, that the project was started of widening the famous "Back Bay." But this became such a huge gambling transaction in Bombay, that it caused the ruin of many, who were suddenly

plunged from the ideal position of millionaires into the real position of bankrupts.

As to the native town, no Irish village of the worst kind has a look of greater poverty, confusion, and utter discomfort. The low huts covered with palm leaves—the open drains—the naked children, with their naked fathers and miserable-looking mothers, together with the absence of all attempt to give a decent look to the houses—present a most remarkable contrast to the wealth and luxury of the neighbouring city. But when I began to reflect on the climate in which these people live, my sympathy for their apparent poverty and its supposed accompanying sufferings was [illegible] seoned. What need is there of houses, except as mere [illegible] or tents? The tall, lanky inhabitants revel in the [illegible] the sun. The children, round, plump, and shiny, gleam [illegible] in a stubble field, and seem not to care for anything but [illegible] light. As for clothing, nature provides it gratis—save [illegible] may be accepted as a kilt in embryo. And as for food, a little rice is sufficient to keep up the internal combustion. What is there, then, after all, in the outward condition of these Indian natives, to call forth much sympathy, in comparison with the lot of those who suffer from cold amid the mist and rain, the smoke and mud, which combine to make the homes of our poor so wretched? Yes, I fear the "Saut Market" of Glasgow must yield, if not the palm, at least to the palm. Theoretically, one would expect these Eastern cities to be hotbeds of disease. But they are not so. The effect of heat in rapidly disposing of moisture must greatly modify causes which, in a climate like ours, would slay their thousands. I tremble, however, to approach statistics!

Turning away from man and looking at nature, there is a feature of Bombay which never ceases to please: this is the glorious palm-trees! Palms are so associated with the East in our thoughts, that we have heard of an artist introducing them into a picture of a scene up-country, where no palm-tree ever grows, on the

A STREET IN BOMBAY

mere ground that "the British public would expect them in an Indian landscape." I never felt weary looking at them. Their tall stems and picturesque heads cluster in the still air of the sunny sky, and they are always beautiful, whatever their species may be. They are characteristic of Bombay as of no other city visited by me on the continent of India; and they so hide portions of the scattered town as to appear almost an unbroken forest.

Observing wild-looking huts, with out-of-the-way people among the trees, I was told that they are inhabited by a class who extract "toddy" from palms, and thus make their living. A Scotchman is of course naturally interested in such a fact. He cannot but think how popular these forests would be in his own country, where, according to the opinion of many enlightened men, all classes spend their time in drinking this so-called alcoholic mixture. But palm toddy, being a genuine product of nature, and the very blood of the tree, would be tolerated even by the severest teetotaler, however unpalatable it might be to him. A jar is fixed near the top of the tree, just under the great tuft of leaves, and a tube having been inserted through the bark, the juice is drained off into the jar. This beverage is largely drunk by the people.

Perhaps it is because of the usefulness of the cocoa-nut palm unconsciously affecting our minds that we are inspired with a kindly feeling towards it, such as we entertain only towards a domestic animal, or one peculiarly useful to man. Its utility is proverbial, and certainly very wonderful. It yields an oil which has become a valuable article of commerce—the wheels of our railway carriages being anointed with it. The nut is in itself a treasure, its pure white lining being agreeable food, and preserving a cool and most refreshing drink. The shell, again, is easily formed into convenient basins or ladles; cables are spun out of its tough fibre, which hold, as nothing else can do, a ship riding at anchor in the teeth of a heavy gale. The tree itself furnishes the means of making a boat, with mast, spars,

cordage, and sails. It provides material for building and for covering a house, as well as for light and fire. It is thus meat, drink, light, clothing, and covering, supplying materials for a house or for a ship, and furniture for both.

But the temples and idols awakened in me the strongest feelings of all. In the Bombay Presidency there are thirty thousand idol temples. I know not how many there are in the city itself, although there must be a considerable number. It is difficult to convey the impression made upon one when he sees genuine idol worship for the first time. To behold human beings doing visible honour to animal or grotesque human forms, or even to a stone painted red —which indicates that a priest has made it the abode of Deity —excites quite new feelings in a European stranger. He may afterwards reason about it, but at first the spectacle is simply oppressive.

But I must leave general reflections, and come to facts. One day in Bombay brought before the eye much that is in many respects typical of India as a whole.

III.

A DAY IN BOMBAY.

IN the morning of this day—the cool of the morning being a very busy time—we held our first meeting with the missionaries. I may state that in order to keep clearly before us the points on which it was most necessary for us to gather information when we landed on the shores of India, we had, in addition to our own suggestions as to subjects of inquiry, obtained others from various leading men with whom we were acquainted in England, belonging to different churches, and either knowing India well, or anxious to obtain as accurate information as we could collect regarding Christian missions to its people. It was to help us in this work of inquiry that some six missionaries, representing as many ecclesiastical bodies, now kindly met us for a few hours.

Now, although we learned much from their statements, as from books thrown open for our inspection, we learned more from simply coming into personal contact with the men themselves. We felt that it was something worth going for to India to receive a hearty and cordial welcome from men in the thick of the battle against heathenism—to be assured that we had true brethren in the representatives of the Free Church, Independent Church, Episcopal Church, Irish Presbyterian Church, and American Churches, as well as in those of the missionaries and chaplains of the Church of Scotland. There was here a genuine catholicity, such, alas! as is comparatively rare at home; and this, I rejoice to say, *characterizes*

the whole mission body in India. We felt that it was good for us to meet men whose characters were so revered, and who could speak perfectly to the natives in their own language. Some of these men have been in India for forty years, like Mr. Baylim, and for thirty, as Mr. Bowen. In the case of another, Mr. Taylor of Goozerat, there is a true apostolical succession. Born in India, the son of a missionary, he has for many a year nobly carried the banner which his father handed to him as he fell in the fight. All these men, too, are thoroughly educated, and one—need I name Dr. Wilson of Bombay?—is a distinguished scholar, with few equals in his knowledge of Oriental philosophy and theology. When I met such men, I appreciated more than ever the glory of their self-sacrifice, and the grand position occupied by them towards the Church at home, towards the heathen, and, let me add, towards the Anglo-Indian. They have devoted their lives to the civilising and Christianizing of our fellow-subjects in India, while their salaries are such as no city clerk would accept—such, indeed, as many of the natives whom they have educated would despise. I here lamented more than ever the ignorance and ingratitude of professing Christians of all churches, who seldom think of them, or pray for them. I keenly felt then, as I have often felt since, that so far from our missionaries being unworthy of us, we are unworthy of them!

A Hindoo temple was visited by us immediately after our Christian meeting. We went along with one or two friends, and a Hindoo interpreter, who spoke English fluently. The temple was not one of those stately edifices met with in every part of Southern India; nor was it equal to others in the immediate neighbourhood of Bombay. But it included a large square tank, or pond, which was like a mill-dam. On all sides of it there were steps by which worshippers could descend into the water and perform their religious ablutions. There was a broad stone platform at one end, and on it were gathered the signs and symbols of

Hindoo worship; with several small chapels, or deep niches, in which were set those ugly images whose pictures we are familiar with. A holy cow wandered about in silent meditation. Three or four wretched-looking *yogies*, or ascetics, sat on the ground, under a shade, their bodies covered with ashes, their hair matted, and their countenances betraying a blank look of stolid ignorance and intellectual weakness, without any trace of earnestness, enthusiasm, or indeed emotion of any sort.

Before the *yogies* were baby-like bouquets of flowers, and vessels containing holy water, fruit, and rice,—offerings to the holy men, and to the god. These *yogies* live on charity. The milk of the sacred cow is theirs. Though recognised as holy, they are by no means moral, but generally beg, lie, and bully; though doubtless there are exceptions to this rule. We were not allowed to enter the holy shrines in which the painted idols sit, with hideous mouths and huge eyes—like pictures of ogres in children's books. Here is Seva, the destroyer; and, if I remember aright, there is also a female deity dressed out somewhat in the fashion of the dolls of the Virgin Mary one sees abroad. In two of the shrines worshippers were engaged in painting these idols, or adorning them with flowers. At the same time they sang in a high key, with a tremulous, unmusical chant which cannot be described, but which is, in its essential features, characteristic of all the East, Palestine included. We were told they sang Sanscrit verses which they did not themselves understand. They seemed earnest, and deeply absorbed in their devotions, or in doing *pugia*.

This temple opened into the crowded streets, and people came in and went out in constant streams. A crowd soon gathered round us with looks of inquiring curiosity. But there were no signs either of enthusiasm or fanaticism. I dare say that had we been able, we could have preached there as long as we pleased, without receiving any insult or rudeness from the people. Their feeling I judged to be something like this:—

"You gentlemen have your religion, and we have ours. We Hindoos cannot possibly receive you into our lowest caste even, as the blessing of being a Hindoo comes exclusively by birth, and has been decreed by Deity. And as to *our* becoming Christians! —there is no hope of that. It would ruin us for this world and the next, and bring us under the curse of our gods. We can listen patiently to all you say, and be interested in it too, as letting us know about the religion of the great English nation. We hope you are satisfied with your religion, as we are with ours, and trust your gods and ours will live in peace, for there is plenty of room for both in the universe. Anyhow, please don't abuse us; we don't like it, and it might lead some fools among us to annoy you."

The Brahmin who showed us the place was apparently a man of intelligence. We had a conversation with him, of which this is a part:—

"Why do you worship these gods of wood and stone?"

"We do not worship wood or stone, Sahib, but the god symbolized by those figures."

"But where is the god?"

"In the image."

"What was the image before the god entered it?"

"Wood or stone! what else could it be?"

"How came the god into the image?"

"By the prayers of the Brahmin."

The explanation here given of the nature of their worship is what I believe to be universally accepted by the more intelligent Hindoos, although, from all we afterwards saw and heard, we were led to believe that millions of the grossly ignorant *do* worship the image as a *fetish*, with perhaps only some very faint and transient impression of a something more than the image. Here, of course, I anticipate much of what I heard afterwards. But preferring always, when possible, to allow those whose opinions are in question

to speak for themselves, the following extract from a lecture, in defence of Hindoo worship, delivered in English by a native, before the Benares Literary Institute, may be quoted :—

"It is *not* the image that we worship as the Supreme Being, but the Omnipresent Spirit that pervades the image as He pervades the whole universe. If, firmly believing as we do in the omnipresence of God, we behold, by the aid of our imagination, in the *form* of an image, any of his glorious manifestations, ought we to be charged with identifying Him with the *matter* of the image, whilst during those moments of sincere and fervent devotion we do not even think of matter? If at the sight of a portrait of a beloved and venerated friend, no longer existing in this world, our heart is filled with sentiments of love and reverence; if we fancy him present in the picture, still looking upon us with his wonted tenderness and affection, and then indulge our feelings of love and gratitude,—should we be charged with offering the grossest insult to him, that of fancying him to be no other than a piece of painted paper? Was Cowper all the while insulting and abusing his departed mother when, holding communion with his dear parent visible to his fancy's eye in her picture, he was penning the tenderest of his verses?

'O that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see.'

"We believe that what is real in the idols is the Supreme Being, that the stone or wood is a mere illusion, seeming to exist because of the sustaining presence of the Divine Spirit. And here let me ask, If we see Him present in an image—if our heart is kindled with the holy flames of devotion under the inward belief of the Divine presence in the image—if we melt with joy and love in the contemplation of the God of blessedness and mercy,—are we to be considered as only insulting Him? They only think it an insult to the Deity to worship Him in an image, whose education prevents them from *really* and *earnestly* believing that He is present everywhere, who cannot but think of the stone or wood only, when they attempt to think of the Divine Spirit pervading an image. But because they cannot separate the ideas of gross matter from an image, ought those who can do so, and are able to contemplate the Infinite Spirit as present in it,—ought they, I say, to be charged with materialism? There is not an earthly worshipper who is not an anthropomorphist, who is not an idolater, in this sense. It seems to be a startling paradox to some of us. But you shall soon see, gentlemen, that it is not a paradox—it is a truth that has been borne testimony to by the greatest philosophers of both ancient and modern times. Here are the words of that acute and deep thinker, Sir William Hamilton, reputed by many as one of the greatest modern geniuses in Metaphysics, who, let me also add is an orthodox Christian: 'True, therefore, are the declarations of a pious philosophy. "A God understood would be no God at all; to think that God is as we can think Him to be is blasphemy." In this consummation nature and revelation, paganism and Christianity, are one.'"

In a conversation with a highly-educated native gentleman, he defended their idolatry on the same grounds. Even in regard to the hideous forms of some of the idols, he remarked that, as works of art, they were unquestionably the productions of a very early and rude time; but these very defects had an interest to him, he said, as being proofs of the vast antiquity of those typical forms, and as consecrated by the association of ages. No such explanations, however, would have been given had it not been for the education this gentleman had received.

Now, I rejoice in discovering any indication of a real response to God's teaching, by whatever means it has been given to heathendom. But was there any response in all this? Wherein, let me ask, does the Hindoo idolatry differ from that idolatry which the Almighty condemned in Israel, as well as in the heathen nations with which Israel came into contact? It could not be imagined, even had we no evidence to prove the contrary, that Aaron literally worshipped the golden calf, now represented by the Indian holy bull or cow. On the contrary, we read that he suggested the people doing so *on the very ground* that they "had a feast of Jehovah," and might *therefore* recognise a visible, consecrated sign of Jehovah's presence, especially as Moses, his representative, had gone up into the mount, never, for aught they knew, to return. Yet it was this very attempt to worship by means of a symbol—this weakening and ultimate destruction of the spiritual capacity to "see Him who is invisible"—this tremendous falsehood of finding rest and peace in believing in a holy *thing*, although representing a holy Person, rather than in the Holy One Himself;—it was this which God always condemned, and for the doing of which He at last drove his people into exile until they re-learned the lesson of worship without symbols—a lesson which they have never forgotten since!

And here I presume to think we may possibly discover one reason why evil is pronounced against the children of the trans-

gressors of the second commandment, to the third and fourth generation, and not against the descendants of those who transgress any other; for while the consequences of disobedience to all the other commandments may end with the transgressor himself, the sin of idolatry, on the other hand, in its influence in destroying the root of all religion—a true knowledge of God—necessarily affects posterity, descending, as it does naturally, from generation to generation.

Our next visit on this day was to the *Jain* asylum. The Jains are a sort of cross between the Brahmin and Buddhist. The Buddhists were once the strongest religious party in India; probably, there is not now a pure Buddhist in the whole peninsula, the sect having been driven out by the Hindoos. They are now the religionists of Ceylon, Burmah, and China, and number upwards of three hundred millions of the human race. The doctrine of the transmigration of souls, which they hold in common with the Hindoos, is that to which this asylum owes its origin. The ideas which seem to have given rise to this doctrine of a future state, so far as I understand it, are probably these:—that human existence can never be happy; and that the reward of virtue, instead of being individual existence, must therefore be *absorption* into the universal being of God. Practically, of course, this is simply annihilation, as all personality is destroyed, whilst punishment for evil-doing must necessarily be *continued existence*. This is conceived to be realised through various forms of animal life, until, more and more punished through suffering and submission, the soul, finally purified, attains the blessing of absorption into God, as a drop is lost in the ocean. Hence the religious respect for animal life. Not that this necessarily implies any kindness to animals on account of their sufferings, for in no country is there greater indifference to animal pain than in India. The care bestowed is simply for *life*, and for the sake of those human souls who, in their transmigration journey, may *possibly* have

entered into this or that animal. This ass may be an ancestor; this pigeon an old sweetheart; this baboon a foolish relative; this dog a creditor; or this flea an intolerable bore, to whom they were allied by blood or by circumstance. And if these are not old acquaintances, relations, or former partners in trade, they may at least be human beings, doing penance and working out a higher destiny for themselves. It is therefore considered a crime by a Jain to put any animal to death. To say the least, it must be a serious matter to decide so delicate a question as the sudden arrest of a human sinner in his transmigration journey. The most exacting, intemperate flea must therefore be let alone. By such patience a friend may, perhaps, be fed by our bosom. And as the pious man does to others, others may do to him when he has cast off this mortal coil, and, for misdemeanours and imperfections, has been compelled in the progress of being to become, for example, his neighbour's ass. Those who profess this faith consider it to be a meritorious act to contribute to the endowment of some such asylum as this. I was told that there were several others of the same kind.

We entered by a gate opening into a large square space of ground, several acres in extent I should suppose, and somewhat like a market-place for live stock in a great city. Covered verandahs or sheds were ranged along its sides; and under them were various animals chained to stakes. These were tended by naked servants and priests. The great majority were cows, miserable-looking creatures; many of them lame and deformed, and all of them pictures of wretchedness, which, in any other country, would at once have been killed, though never sold for human food. There were a few monkeys, too, and a baboon, which seemed to have greatly lost their vivacity. Flocks of pigeons were also fed, and, with their free flight in the open air, seemed to enjoy the hospitality. In a neighbouring court were scores of dogs—as mangy a set of curs as could anywhere be seen. The smallest

and meanest Scotch terrier would have "cut" them dead, as unworthy of his clan. Such was the Jain asylum. I know not whether the animals or those who prolonged their miserable existence were most to be pitied. But I leave the reader to moralise over what was to me a new phase of the religion of man's invention.

We next visited a mosque. Though familiar with these, yet I was never more struck than when, after leaving the filthy asylum, we entered the clean courts of the Mohammedan church. It had no architectural interest whatever. It was a large hall, carpeted, and hung with nice lamps, and capable of containing about a thousand worshippers. But everything was simple, and wore a cleanly look, while the absence of any sign or symbol, picture or statue, together with the silence which prevailed, broken only by the faint murmur of a few devout-looking men on their knees praying to the invisible, presented a most striking contrast to the coarse and gross idolatry we had just witnessed. One could quite understand how, when such a worship was first established among half-paganised and idolatrous professors of Christianity, it must have commended itself to the reason and conscience, as being much more spiritual, and more worthy of God. But look at these bundles of rags lying there! Draw near, and you will see that each has two eyes gleaming under matted hair, and staring at you, with sentiments anything but amiable. These are three Fakeers, from Central India. They are probably Wahabees, and could you read their thoughts, you would learn what the genuine spirit of Mohammedanism still is, and how the most sincere worshipper in this silent hall is further removed from Christianity than even the Brahmin; and that he has beliefs, resolves, hopes, and religious ideals which constitute him the most stern, determined, and dangerous opponent to British rule, and to all the influences of Western civilisation. Do not let us misunderstand the Mohammedan. He above all others *hates* us.

In our dominions there are thirty millions of Mohammedans—more than are under the sceptre of the Grand Sultan. Nevertheless, as a class they form at present the most determined foe of England and its Christianity. The Brahmin cows or bulls, in spite of their horns, or the Jain dogs, in spite of their bark, are not to be feared. The Brahmin cannot proselytise. He seeks only to be let alone. But the true Mohammedan lives to curse and to conquer; and in India there burns now in his heart as fierce a hate against the *Giaour* as when he met him in the breach of Acre or of Askelon. So I was made to feel years ago, when I paced through the ruins of the homes of the Christians massacred at Damascus, and met the same fierce spirit gleaming from the eyes of the Eastern Fakeers in its great mosque. So I felt now, when I noticed the looks of the same "holy" people, in the calm and silent mosque in Bombay.

We then turned to the Parsees. They are, as our readers know, the living representatives of the Persian followers of Zoroaster, and are fire-worshippers. In their case, also, this worship of fire is explained as symbolical only, and no doubt it is so to the intelligent. But the spiritual meaning thus given to all such idolatrous customs in these latter days is owing, I think, chiefly to the indirect influence exercised by the purer religion of Christianity, and to its teaching regarding God,—giving transparency to a symbolism which otherwise would be opaque, and as such transmit no truth from the invisible to the eye of the worshippers.

The Parsees are a people, like the Jews, without a country—strangers everywhere, or rather, perhaps, equally at home everywhere. Their freedom from caste is a great advantage to them in this respect. They are intelligent, industrious, enterprising, and money-making. Yet, in spite of their reverence for light, they never struck me as being a very sentient, luminous, or ethereal body. Their mode of sepulture is extremely peculiar. It is based on their religious ideas regarding the purity of the earth

and of the elements—ideas which need not be inquired into here. On Malabar Hill, on a site of great value, stand their "towers of silence." These are three in number—masses like Martello towers. I know not their exact size, but I should think they are about forty or fifty feet high, and as many in diameter. A sort of shelf or grating is carried round the summit of each tower, which slopes inward towards the centre, and is open to the ground below. On these the bodies of the dead are laid in a certain order according to age and sex. They are thus exposed beneath the sky, but not in such a manner as to decay under the tender ministries of nature. They are left to be devoured by vultures!

These towers, I need not say, are away from any human habita-

Interior of Tower of Silence.

tion, and being situated among scattered palm-trees, are greedily watched by foul vultures which roost in them. When I visited the spot, one or two floated lazily in the air above, as if weary from vain watching. Flocks clustered thick as bats among the leafy tops of the palms, or in other places of retreat, until the priests should again ascend, and leave on its summit the body of some one—parent, child, or friend! Then the air becomes dark with wings hurrying down to the horrid banquet! Faugh! It is not "mere prejudice" which fills one with disgust at the thought. It is not a mere difference between worms and vultures. It is the difference between a grossness palpable to the senses,

and the concealment which makes no impression calculated to disturb the remembrance of the past. In the one case the imagination and fancy kindly come to our aid. They point us to mother earth receiving back her child, putting forth her green grass to cover its bed, and her flowers to adorn it, and shedding her withered leaves to sympathise with it, all the while receiving the aid of the generous sun that pours beams of life and light upon it, and of the innocent birds which sing their songs around it.—But torn by vultures!—

As I recall such scenes, there rises before my mind a child's grave, beside those of its kindred, in the silence of a Highland glen. Ferns droop their graceful forms round it, a tuft of heather blooms near its head, while snow-white lambs repose beside the little mound, and larks, hanging over it, sing "like angels in the clouds." How different from a tower of silence!

It being Saturday, we might also have visited a Jewish synagogue. This additional experience, so easily acquired, would have filled up more completely the "long results of time." But we saw in the bazaars several of the Beni-Israel, who occupy positions of wealth, influence, and high character in Bombay.

In a single day we had thus come into personal contact with living representatives of the most famous religions of the world, each rapidly flowing on to its final issue. Here was *Christianity*, the historical and spiritual continuation of the kingdom of God, as represented by the older *Judaism;* and *Brahminism*, almost as old as Judaism, and the legitimate development of some of the Vedas, supposed to be as old as Moses; and *Buddhism*, more recent than these, yet hoary with antiquity, and visibly great through its numbering among its disciples more than a fourth of the human race; *Zoroasterism*, dating also from a time when earth was young; and *Mohammedanism*, comparatively recent, yet one of the most powerful religions of mankind. How impressive was this spectacle

to me!—how full of wonder, and fruitful in questionings, about the past and the future!

As I write these words I look up to the clock, and find that midnight is past, and that Christmas morn has again come round! At this moment the church of the Holy Sepulchre is lighted up; and millions now asleep, on waking, will salute each other with words of cheer on the return of this crowning festival. Does any other religion than Christianity profess even to greet men, amidst "the innocent brightness of a new-born day," with such words as these?—"*Glory to God in the Highest! On earth peace and good-will to men!*" And what if the most intelligent and most holy on earth know from their deepest experience that the news is true?

IV.

SCENES IN BOMBAY.

WE were informed in the evening that there were jugglers anxious to exhibit before the great and mighty *sahibs*. They had been squatting for a long time, waiting with that silent patience peculiar to Orientals. It is to them as if time was not, and as if it mattered little whether their serene course across their shoreless ocean of existence was marked by minutes or by months. After landing in India, some persons would perhaps deprecate an intrusion upon them so soon of such low characters as jugglers. But I must confess it was quite otherwise with me, having been always glad when a boy to witness their feats. In this strange life of ours honest men and cheats are mingled, and genuine workers are mixed up with professional jugglers of all sorts, who with sleight of hand and "cunning craftiness lie in wait to deceive." This is true of every country, and, alas! of all classes; why, then, should we avoid those who do not pretend to do anything else than deceive us—if they can?

The troop which waited upon us certainly succeeded in doing this, in so far, at least, as I was concerned; and I will tell how it happened. As I have little capacity for solving riddles, unravelling charades, or detecting tricks, I resolved, on this occasion, to gather up and to concentrate into a focus all that was left of my brains after the exposure to the heat, and the desperate labour of getting "accurate information." So I sat down within a few

JUGGLERS.

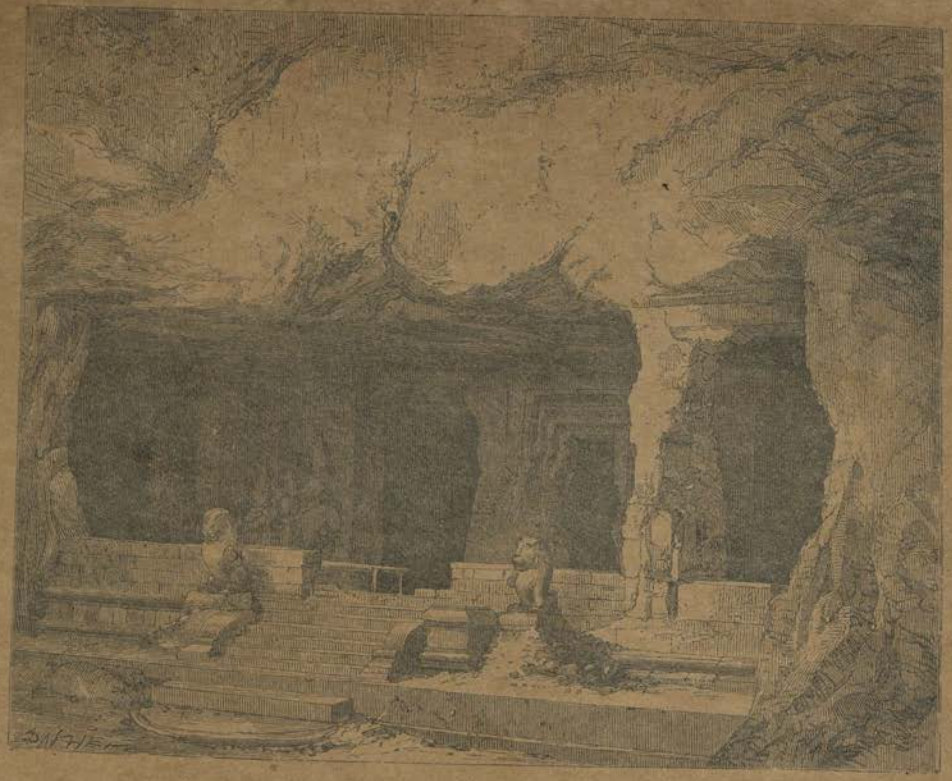
yards of the jugglers. The men themselves were full of interest to me. In gazing on them I felt that we belonged to different worlds; for what thoughts had we in common? One fellow beat the tom-tom with his fingers, in that hard, muscular, telling form, which elicits a hard and loud reply; another played on a sort of flageolet; and another—but why venture into details when the illustration teaches more than words can? There they were squatted, four or five of them, a cobra spreading out his head in a basket, and a large Rock snake twisting about. The chief performer had a face which might have concealed a character fit for anything bad. All, indeed, seemed types of that gipsy race which is so much beyond the circle of our common sympathies, as if for centuries it had been camped in space amongst the *débris* of old worlds.

Through one of my friends, I asked for the well-known Mango trick. I am told that many intelligent young men profess to know how it is done. When inquiry is made on this point, however, I have hitherto found, to my regret, that at the moment of expectancy they always forget it.

While the tom-tom was beating and the pipe playing, the juggler, singing all the time in low accents, smoothed a place in the gravel, three or four yards before us. Having thus prepared a bed for the plant to grow in, he took a basket and placed it over the prepared place, covering it with a thin blanket. The man himself did not wear a thread of clothing, except a strip round the loins. The time seemed now to have come for the detective's eye! So just as he was becoming more earnest in his song, and while the tom-tom beat and the pipe shrilled more loudly, I stepped forward with becoming dignity, and begged him to bring the basket and its cover to me. He cheerfully complied, and I carefully examined the basket, which was made of open wicker-work. I then examined the cloth covering, which was thin, almost transparent, and certainly had nothing concealed in

it. I then fixed my eyes on his strip of clothing with such intentness that it was not possible it could have been touched without discovery, and bade him go on, feeling sure that the trick could not succeed. Sitting down, he stretched his naked arms under the basket, singing and smiling as he did so; then lifted the basket off the ground, and behold a green plant, about a foot high! Satisfied with our applause, he went on with his incantations. After having sat a little, to give his plant time to grow, he again lifted the basket, and the plant was now two feet high. He asked us to wait a little longer, that we might taste the fruit! But on being assured, by those who had seen the trick performed before, that this result would be obtained, I confessed myself "done," without the slightest notion of the how. I examined the ground, and found it was smooth and unturned. Apparently delighted with my surprise, the juggler stood up laughing, when one of his companions chucked a pebble to him, which he put into his mouth. Immediately the same companion, walking backwards, drew forth a cord of silk, twenty yards or so in length; after which the juggler, with his hands behind his back, threw forth from his mouth two decanter stoppers, two shells, a spinning-top, a stone, and several other things, followed by a long jet of fire! If the wise reader regrets so much space being occupied by such a story, let him pass it on to the children, foolish as myself, who will be glad to read it.

One of the sights near Bombay—very different from this one—is Elephanta. The pleasure of visiting its famous caves was, in my case, intensified by pleasant recollections of an account of it I read in days when books for the young were rarer and dearer than now, in an old volume entitled "The Wonders of the World." Elephanta was one of those wonders. And let me here remark, in passing, that when recalling the impressions which books, and stories, and descriptions made upon my own mind in early youth, I often ask whether similar impressions are



ENTRANCE TO THE ELEPHANTA CAVES.

still made upon juvenile minds? Or do the young nowadays live in such a world of excitement, and with such a constant supply to satiate their curiosity, that they get *blasé?* I know not how far this is the case, but would that I could reproduce my first feelings in reading "The Wonders of the World!" The actual Elephanta, with all its glory, was but a feeble reproduction of my old ideal.

Elephanta is an island in Bombay harbour. A large picnic party had been arranged, and we were conveyed to the famous spot in a tug steamer. I need scarcely mention that it was "a fine day," without any prospect of cloud or rain. The caves are situated about half a mile from the landing-place, and a long staircase, the gift of some pious Rajah or rich native, leads up the steepest part of the ascent. And how magnificent is the picture! The gorgeous vegetation which meets the eye is itself a grand sight, apart from any other. The palms and other tropical plants, the superb creepers and the colouring of their flowers, which swung in rich festoons from tree to tree, the novelty of the plants, their variety, and their hothouse look, create a new and overpowering sense of the luxuriance of the East. Over the whole landscape hung a soft sunny haze. The islands, and headlands, and winding shores, shaded by forests of palm, a joyous blue sea dotted with odd-looking picturesque boats, and a cloudless sky, against which the lines of ships in the harbour of Bombay came out in relief—all this, backed by the more distant city itself, formed a picture scarcely to be surpassed in its beauty and many-sided interest. It was India with all its characteristics, but India also with a touch of European associations.

But to return to the caves. In the front of a great precipice, clothed by nature with her richest adornments of flowers and plants, are doorways opening into gigantic halls excavated out of the living rock, and with smaller halls, like side chapels, which branch out from them. Some lead into courts open to the

sky, and others into chambers with little light. The walls are sculptured with *alto relievo* groups of more than life-size figures, representing scenes in the life of the idol-gods. At the end of the Great Hall in the adytum there is a sort of triune group nearly twenty feet high, representing Brahma, Vishnu, and Seva. The idea of trinity in unity seems to be expressed by it, or the Creating, Preserving, and Destroying powers of the one god. In another place there is a carving which I was told signifies the incommunicable name of *Om*, the self-existent. There are also several dark and secret recesses, with the *Ling*, of which I cannot speak. But whatever may have been the meanings first attached to such a symbol, or the ideas of the people regarding it now (which, however, I could not satisfactorily discover), to the inquiring mind it is suggestive of many thoughts as to early beliefs and their effects on morals, which will be understood by those best acquainted with India.

This place of Brahminical worship has been deserted for I know not how many ages. It is wrapped in the silence of the past, like the temples of Egypt, or the Buddhist caves of India. What evil or good it represents I cannot tell. But whatever sadness one must feel in witnessing such records of the many, and it may be devout, struggles of an early and dark time, indicating a poor and perverted response to the "light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," I confess it was less painful to me than the thought of how many professing Christians are worshippers of the works of their own hands, and are still practically ignorant of the only living and true God. The men who, according to what they thought was light, excavated these caves, and year after year carved out these gods, seem to me to have been nearer the kingdom of heaven, however far from it, than Europeans to be met with, ay, even in Bombay, who claim to be leaders of thought, and boldly propound and defend what Coleridge describes as

——"the owlet Atheism,"

that

> "Sailing on obscure wings athwart the noon,
> Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,
> And hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,
> Cries out, 'Where is it?'"*

We were very grateful to those friends who enabled us to enjoy a memorable day in their society at Elephanta.

Among first impressions of India received at Bombay, I must notice those produced by the educated natives. I can hardly explain why I felt as if coming into contact with something very strange and unexpected when I first met in society educated Hindoo gentlemen with their caste marks on their brow, and heard them speak my own language with a purity of diction and a correctness of accent which, as a Scotchman, I could not emulate. And these feelings were only increased when, during conversation on various topics—literature, philosophy, or politics—there was evinced a minute knowledge seldom found among ourselves except in very well-informed circles. I confess my first feeling was one which I had never hitherto experienced, and was somewhat allied to shame. This arose from the fear of my being regarded by these men as belonging to a conquering race, proud of triumphs over their countrymen; as one invested with a sort of social superiority gained by force, which was by no means agreeable. I was prompted to apologise, as it were, for my

* As a specimen of this "advanced" school of European thought in Bombay, the following may be quoted from the letter which appeared in a Bombay daily journal from its correspondent sent to Paris during the Exhibition:—

"In the French Park also is 'the model Church,' in which you see what fearful baseness dogmatism can reach. And yet if you suggested to the perpetrators of all this blasphemy that the Lord Christ might possibly have learned his doctrines in India, that his name might possibly also mean Jesus the follower of Crishna, they would burn you if they could."

This could not, we believe, be matched for its audacity by any quotation from any journal beyond India. Such is the teaching given by some British "Christians" to the heathen!

country having been obliged to conquer *theirs*, and to implore them to believe that I truly respected them and was really desirous to treat them as fellow-subjects, and as being what an Irishman would describe as "bred and born gentlemen, and of the right sort intirely." Then there came a tumultuous rush of thoughts as to the wonderful influence of English education and Western ideas upon such men, and what all this might involve:—thoughts of English power, with its tremendous responsibility and its splendid achievements; thoughts of the contrast between the results already attained in elevating the natives, and all that the Pundits, and Mahrattas, and Great Moguls, and Holkars, Scindias, Tippoos, or Nizams, of the olden time, could ever have effected; thoughts, too, as to what might yet be accomplished by our country for the good of this profoundly interesting people; and as to what common product might yet grow out of this union of Western influences with Eastern thought, feeling, and habit.

Lastly, the preaching of the missionaries in the streets of Bombay, and the teaching given by them to the natives in the school, were features of Indian life which greatly impressed me. Let me first describe the preaching. At the appointed hour we went to the American chapel, from the doorsteps of which the Rev. Mr. Bowen has preached every week for more than a quarter of a century. He is, I think, connected with the "American Board for Foreign Missions," which, like the London Missionary Society, includes all Evangelical denominations, but is practically identified with the Congregationalists or Independents. He is one of the best known and most honoured men in Bombay. In order to convince the natives of the unselfishness of his motives, he has lived for years as poorly almost as themselves—refusing all official pay. He has thus sought to convince the people, as it were by a visible sign, that he has no object whatever except to testify his love to God and man in preaching the Gospel of Christ. As to whether this course was wisely chosen or not there may be

different opinions and some difficulty in determining; but no one can doubt its devotedness and self-denial. In this spirit, and at a money expense so small as to be scarce worth reckoning, he has lived and laboured with a beautiful and unconscious self-sacrifice. I feel that I owe an apology for the apparent indelicacy of thus mentioning the name of one whose life is so unobtrusive and simple, and whose work is so true towards God and man, that he must dislike to have it thus dragged forth into the light of common day.

Mr. Bowen has maintained a strong faith, not merely in the truth of Christianity as a power to revolutionise man's nature, for this we all believe, but in "preaching" as the best means of so gaining access to the understanding and the heart as to produce these results. The question about "preaching," as we understand the term, is not an easy one to settle. There are practical difficulties of a most serious and complex kind connected with it. It must be confessed that we have as yet won to our side comparatively few high-caste Hindoos, possessing either such intellectual power and eloquence, or such knowledge, spiritual perception, and firmness of principle as are essential to the establishing of a Native Christian Church in India. Nor should it be forgotten that these same gifts are just as much required in the European who preaches to the natives. He must be well informed as to the views, prejudices, difficulties, and opinions of the people; and have full sympathy with them, so as to be able to see as they see, to doubt and question and tremble and rejoice as they do. Preaching is something more than communicating Gospel truth. It is a revelation of the truth as known and possessed by the speaker. He is not a mere dead voice transmitting accurately the message given him, but a living person who has sympathy with the message, and delivers it accordingly. And such preaching alone, whether at home or abroad, can find a response from living men. In India, above all other places, the preacher

should have readiness of wit, quickness of repartee, and power of argument; and if he addresses thoughtful and inquiring natives, he should have such a knowledge of Christianity as will enable him to bring its doctrines fearlessly into the light of reason and experience, so as to commend them to the conscience. And surely it should enter into our idea of the accomplished missionary, who might hope to get at the inner spirit of his more thoughtful and therefore more hopeful hearers, that he should be able to see the good as well as the evil in those beliefs which have lived so long, and have been held with such tenacity. It is his duty to inquire:—What light is in them? What elements have contributed to preserve them so long? What difficulties in man's experience or destiny have they aimed at solving? What good has the human soul, with its fears and aspirations, been searching for in them? What have been its hunger and thirst, and how have they been satisfied? How and where, notwithstanding them, has the soul gone astray, lost the road, and become poor and miserable, blind and naked? And what mean its orphan-cries? Thus the missionary, with his glorious revelation of God to man in Christ Jesus, may, as a true prophet, interpret man to himself—interpret his thoughts, his longings, what he unconsciously seeks for; and proclaim to him that rest and satisfaction which can be found only in Jesus Christ, the light and the truth—the *all*, in the conscious experience of every man who will receive Him as his teacher and Saviour.

Such gifts as these we have mentioned are confessedly rare, more especially when they have to be exercised through the medium of a foreign language, which can only be thoroughly mastered by long and severe study. But even where such powers exist, it is scarcely possible to over-estimate the difficulty of conveying, in one sermon or even in a series of sermons, any true idea of Christianity to an audience gathered rapidly together in a busy thoroughfare or bazaar, and com-

posed of heathen, having hardly one thought as to religion in common with the preacher—their consciences almost dead, and their wills enfeebled; while their passions are strong, and their ignorance of truth profound—their whole souls appearing to be saturated with a superstition well adapted to the peculiarities of their nature and mode of thinking; and not only so, but all of them cemented together in the bonds of caste as firmly as granite blocks in an Egyptian temple. For a foreigner, in such circumstances, to make this people—to whom, indeed, he is an unclean being—even understand in the slightest degree what he means by God, Creation, Providence, the Son of God, atonement, regeneration, new birth, repentance, eternal life, moral evil and good, is perhaps one of the hardest tasks for head and heart any man can attempt. But when we consider that the aim of the preacher is not only to make them understand, but to make them so *believe* what is preached as that they shall, as a necessary consequence, separate themselves from their families, their countrymen, and become vile outcasts, and, in the estimation of their own people, lost and cursed things in this world and the next, then we shall perceive in some degree what is implied in converting Hindoos. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that it would be far easier, humanly speaking, for a Brahmin or Buddhist to preach in the streets of London, and to make those of the crowd who listened to him understand his creed and his views respecting soul and body, good and evil, God and men, or the teaching of the Mahábhárata or of Sánkhya!

My remarks, of course, do not apply to preaching among the aborigines or low castes, who are fettered by fewer ties and prejudices; nor to cases where the missionary can meet the same audience week after week in a native village; nor to preaching by *able* natives who understand their countrymen, and can follow it up by constant intercourse with them; far less to preaching where there has been such an education given, whether in English

or the vernacular, as prepares the mind to comprehend the terms made use of. I merely wish to make Christian people at home comprehend in some degree the position of their missionaries who have to deal with Hindoos, and beg them to abate their wonder and disappointment at there not being more numerous and *immediate* conversions.

Mr. Bowen, as I have said, preached from the steps of the American chapel. We were accommodated with chairs under the verandah and above the steps, so that we could hear and see all. The venerable and learned Dr. Wilson of Bombay, and the eloquent Mr. Taylor of Guzerat, also addressed the meeting, which numbered about two hundred persons. The services began by a short address from a native catechist, who read the Scriptures until the people who were passing along gathered together.

I was much struck with several things. The general attention and courtesy of the audience, for instance, were very remarkable. A most respectful silence was maintained throughout, with one exception only, and that was when two young men interrupted the speaker with such remarks as these: "How much money did you give that catechist who began the service?" "How much do you pay to converts?" &c., &c. Their features and the expression of their countenance indicated a characteristic type of a low stratum of "Young Bombay," being full of vulgar conceit and arrogance. I was so moved by their conduct, that by signs I invited one of them to come and speak with me, and I said to him, "Young man, you interrupt a gentleman who, before you were born, left his native country and came here from motives so unselfish and loving that, I fear, you can but faintly comprehend them. You profess to have no faith in the Christian religion; but these men, whom you sneer and laugh at, believing in that religion, bear such a good-will to you that, were it necessary, they would die for your good. Looking at your souls in the light of God and Christ, we all value you. But were I to esti-

mate you from a worldly point of view, I would not give a rupee for you both!"

"You evidently think very little of us," was his answer.

"Very little of you indeed," I replied, "as mere creatures, the great end of whose existence is to enter the Government employment, and rise in it; and whose motto is, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' You have been very rude, and very unlike your gentlemanly countrymen. Give my compliments to your companion, and tell him that is my opinion of you both."

They soon retired from the meeting, which, I confess, added somewhat to my estimate of them.

We had thus before us a sample of one class of young men, which I am disposed to rank among the emptiest, whose small amount of knowledge has puffed them up, and made them what the Germans call "Wind-beutels," or wind-bags—a considerable class in every part of India where English education is given. They require a firm and wise handling to break them into more humble bearing.

I did not, of course, understand the language in which the addresses were given; but it was deeply interesting to witness these signs of contact between the East and the West—this meeting of two streams of thought and belief, which had flowed down through so many ages in such different forms, and with such different results. Christianity and heathendom were now beginning, however feebly, to try their strength in a contest which must end by one or other possessing Hindostan as long as the world exists. The very names which you could distinguish now and then in the "barbarian speech," such as "Abraham," "Moses," "Christ," "Brahma," "Mohammed," made you realise that worlds of history were being seen by the dark, piercing eyes of the silent and turbaned crowd, as well as by the preachers who addressed them. A smile would pass over this face, and a frown gather on that brow, indicating how thought was working in the

minds of these hearers, while others, again, would break away from the crowd to express their feelings vehemently in Oriental fashion outside it, ere they separated with mutual satisfaction in their common rejection of the foreign heresy. The very fact, however, of such ideas being listened to and canvassed is itself an education, and a preparation for the reception of Christianity, when better understood and more widely diffused.

I may add that, whatever breaking up of the ground there may be in such preaching as I have described, by a tried and self-sacrificing man like Mr. Bowen, it has not as yet *told* to any large extent. He himself frankly confessed that, as far as he knew, he had never made a convert. His experience, in so far as Hindoos in the cities are concerned, is not singular. But the day has not yet come for Indian Elijahs, John Baptists, or Luthers to preach to the valley full of bones; but it will come in the fulness of time—then shall we see the power of such preaching. In the meantime, I beg my intelligent reader not to assume hastily, on this ground, that missions have been a failure. Nothing can be further from the truth.

Let me now touch on another important question, that of mission schools. The Indian Government, like the Privy Council in this country, gives grants in aid to any school which can educate up to a certain standard in secular knowledge. Each school that can prepare pupils to pass an entrance examination before the University Examiner, and afterwards go forward to their degree, receives a certain allowance for each pupil passed. Thus, in each complete missionary Institution there is a school for boys, who receive the elements of education, and are taught by means of the vernacular; and also a college for advanced lads who are being trained to pass the University examination. For all secular branches native teachers are employed, and it is not absolutely required that they should be Christians. The

object of the young men in coming to a mission school is purely selfish. They wish a good education as cheaply as possible, in order to obtain good appointments by passing the required examinations—the University degree first, but in order to obtain the Government rupee afterwards. The object, on the other hand, which the missionary has in view is to give a good education in secular knowledge, in order that he may thus have an opportunity of imparting sound Christian instruction, and by his influence from day to day elevate the whole moral tone of the pupils, —to exercise a more wholesome influence on native thought and society,—and, if possible, to bring them personally to know and believe in Jesus Christ. The college students are all taught the English language, and generally acquire, sooner or later, a fair knowledge of it. They quite understand the conditions on which the missionary receives them, and acquiesce in these conditions. By this means there are every year a large number of young men —Hindoos and Mohammedans—sent forth to occupy situations of trust, and to tell upon the community. These men are at least acquainted with historical Christianity, and have seen its spirit represented in the lives and labours of its teachers.

Now, whatever immediate results may flow from this system of Christian education, it is obvious that it must have great influence in preparing the natives for the ultimate reception of Christianity. It may be slow, but it is sure in its general influence. It has little to impress the minds of those at home, who demand what will affect the imagination and excite the feelings. But it requires a patience, a perseverance, and a faith in the missionary, which ought to call forth our deepest sympathy and admiration. There is nothing in it of the dash of the cavalry charge, with waving of flags and sounding of trumpets, exciting the most indifferent spectator. It has more of the character of military mining work, which, unseen, is pushed forward in darkness and amidst innumerable obstacles, but which is destined at last to make such a

breach in the battlements as will admit the eager and anxious besiegers. And, besides, it is out of the materials furnished by the best mission schools that we shall most likely obtain the one thing essential to any real advance of the Gospel in India, and that is, earnest and intelligent native preachers and pastors. But I have no wish to dogmatise as to the best method of conducting missions. I would allow every wise missionary to preach or teach, to educate or print, to heal the body, to plant, build, or sow, or do whatever he thinks best to make known to the race or tribe amongst whom he labours, be they ignorant or learned, savage or civilised, high castes or no castes, in rural villages or in great cities, that Gospel of what God is to every man, and what He desires every man to be to Him, and which the missionary is commissioned to communicate.

I must, however, in fairness add, that missionaries of keen observation and high intelligence aver that mission colleges, in which young men striving for their degree are compelled during each day to pause in the midst of the only studies they care about in order to be taught the Bible and Christianity, have too often an opposite tendency on the senior pupils. They maintain that this goes so much against their grain as only to irritate and annoy them, and tends to create a bitter dislike to and prejudice against religion; and that, accordingly, the students from Government colleges, where the teaching is wholly secular, are far more open to receive instruction in Christianity. But all wise missionaries should, as I have said, be left free to adjust the means for the accomplishment of the end they have in view, and for which the Church has sent them to India. Change of circumstances and new conditions of things necessitate, no doubt, corresponding changes from time to time in the mode of conducting missions.

But let us now look into one of the schools, and see what it is like. To begin with the outward and material. The school buildings

are necessarily large, not only to meet the increasing demands for education, but also for coolness and comfort. At all events, they generally look magnificent edifices, with pillared porticoes, noble verandahs, great flights of stairs, and spacious halls. There is little stone used in their construction; but the lime—*chunam*—with which the pillars are constructed gives a remarkably fine polished surface. As for the pupils: they range from the merest children to young men, some of whom are married, and all are singularly pleasing in their appearance; uniformly clean and comely, with white dresses, stately turbans, beautiful shining teeth, brilliant full-orbed eyes, and finely-cut features, and a look of general intelligence which whets one's appetite to come into intellectual contact with them. But in the girls' schools it is quite otherwise. These more resemble our infant schools. Some of the girls are like nice round india-rubber balls; others are brides, affianced at a very early age. One subdued-looking creature I saw in Dr. Wilson's school was covered with all sorts of chains and jewels, from the nose to the toes, and with ringlets on wrist and ankle. The whole family jewel box, which had been secured from Pindaries, Mahrattas, and Dacoits, seemed to have been hung round this quiet, pleasant-looking child. Yet there is a singular want of life, vivacity, or fun about them all, boys and girls alike; and they appeared to me to be always in a state of physical subduedness because of the heat. One saw nowhere any sign of that exuberance of life and spirit which is exhibited in the sports and frolics of a northern playground.

Although, of course, anticipated by me, yet I confess it was strange to hear these boys speak English and converse as they did about home books and places of interest. My friend happened to ask a young boy (I forget in what school),—

"Do you ever read poetry?"

"Oh yes, sir," was the reply.

"What poetry?"

"Milton, Scott, and such-like."

"Which of Scott's poems have you read?"

"'The Lady of the Lake,' and others."

"What lake?"

"Loch Katrine, of course," was the reply.

Was I indeed in a school of Hindoos?

As to the religion taught in the mission schools, it is no exaggeration to affirm that their higher classes could compete in Scripture knowledge and the evidences of Christianity with the best of our common schools at home, and probably surpass many of them. Why, then, do not the pupils become Christians? it may be asked. How is it they can prove truths by arguments which they themselves regard as unanswerable, and yet refuse to receive them as a living power into their hearts? How can teachers in mission schools, and their pupils, lose all faith in Hindooism, yet conform to its practices, and refuse to be baptized? How can they produce the best and soundest arguments against their own superstitious practices, demonstrate and laugh at their absurdity, and yet daily conform to them? What means this trifling—this want of all moral earnestness? I cannot at present pause to reply. But such facts, although there are many exceptions, are patent to every one who carefully examines a mission school. In a stranger, at all events, these things excite a new feeling of wonder, and suggest more than a suspicion that he has very much to learn before he can account for the difference between East and West, in spite of many things common to both, revealing the same contrast and opposition between knowing and being—the intellect and the will.

We had the presence of one of the most intellectual natives of Bombay—Narayen Mandlik, who occupies a high position at the bar—in the examination of our mission school. He came to speak kind words to us as a deputation to India. Yet he is not a Christian by profession. This, however, only made his sympathy

the more touching, and filled one with thoughts, many and hopeful, as to our relationship with such men.

But while saying this, I may take the opportunity of referring to the timidity of many of even the educated native gentlemen. We made a return call on one, who received us with all the high breeding of his class, and in a splendid mansion. His English was perfect, his frankness great, and his conversation most interesting, although naturally he was strong on the native side of things generally. He was not a professing Christian; but neither had he any faith in Brahminism as a religious system. Yet, when his brother-in-law broke caste by going to England, he insisted that, before the offender could be received again into his patriarchal household, he must undergo the ceremonies, too disgusting to be stated, necessary to restore his caste! He defended this conduct on several grounds—such as the importance of all natives considering national and family feelings, and the necessity of their complying with even foolish customs which a philosophic mind can afford to despise, but which a kind man will comply with for the sake of others. My informant, before whom he laid his case, respectfully suggested to him that his conduct seemed wanting in moral courage. "Moral courage!" he exclaimed; "I neither have nor pretend to have any such courage. Did we as a people possess it, you wouldn't be here!"

I accidentally picked up a native paper called the *Weekly Journal of Prabhu News*. It contained a long notice of the death of a distinguished member of the so-called "Young Bombay" class. I extract a few specimens of what I presume is considered by them to be "fine writing" in classical English; and, as such, may be interesting to my readers:—

"Alas! He is gone—gone far from us to the future world, leaving *his beloved rib* and pet children to the tender mercies of friends, to bemoan his loss. In the twinkling of an eye, Death pounced upon him and he was no more. What is the life of man! Poets have appropriately writ and styled it but a span. He was in the full enjoyment of health, last week as we have said; and where is he? His soul

severed from its clayey tegument must have been borne away, we hope, to a happier and a brighter world; but his body is now reduced earth to earth and dust to dust. May his soul rest in peace!

"What boots it for vanity and boast in this drama of life? No sooner the drop scene lowers than all is over. And what more; in the words of Johnson

> 'Unnumber'd maladies (man's) joints invade,
> Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade.'

"So it was with our hero. The fort was besieged, the enemy became formidable and the garrison was obliged to surrender.

"His death has cast a gloom over Young Bombay, who mourn for his loss with true cordiality. He was an asylum for this boasted class and was ever ready to give his ear and voice to any that went to him. He was a loving husband, a kind father, an amiable friend, and in a word, *he was* '*Fat, fair and forty.*'"

V.

POONA.

OUR journey by railway occupied about nine hours. The weather was hot, but the carriages were roomy, cool, and as comfortable as possible, thanks to their double roofs. The windows have Venetian blinds to keep out the heat, and over each there is a projection which throws off the rays of the sun.

An Indian railway-station is unique, as affording an easy study of native races and manners. The crowds of third-class passengers, especially, are remarkable. For, however great the stride in Europe between the smartest and most rapid stage-coach and a railway train, it is still greater in India between a bullock-garry, grinding and jolting along, and the hurricane speed of the locomotive. The difference is also great in the ideas of time suggested by both modes of conveyance. In the minds of the natives it would seem as if there were no clear distinction between time and eternity. Hours to them seem mere names, days insignificant. One gets a rude notion of how the antediluvians, who lived for centuries, must have thought of engagements, as contrasted with the way in which they are viewed now by short-lived and busy mortals who reckon up minutes as well as days. No man who has been a week in India can have any faith in native chronology. The inexorable bell and guard's whistle are thus perplexing in the extreme to the natives. They assemble hours before the time

of starting; and squat down and smoke their pipes till it arrives, when they rush to and fro in earnest excitement, dragging their children, with pots and pans, beds and bedding, as they yell and jabber; and with looks of frantic despair crush and push along in a continuous turbaned stream, wholly forgetful for the moment of all caste distinctions, as they pour into the place assigned to them. Should a high caste man discover to his anguish that he has to enter a compartment already to all appearance crammed with low caste men, it is in vain that he turns and shrinks back. The English guard pushes him in, locks the door, whistles sharply, and waves his hand, crying, "All right;" and puff, puff, goes the engine, whirling off more than a dozen carriages filled with Brahmins and Sudras, holy and unholy, twice born and low-born—all of them originally emanations from the head or legs of the divine Brahma, but now united as second, or third, or fourth class passengers, speeding along the iron path of destiny at five-and-twenty miles an hour. It is evident that the railway, like other civilising gifts of God, is, in its own way, working out the good of India, by developing industry and commerce, bringing the people, who have been long and effectually separated from each other by distance, race, religion, and caste, into closer contact, and adding immensely to the central power of Government, making its presence felt at the farthest points, and enabling it to hold the vast empire more firmly together. It is also rapidly and visibly telling upon the system of pilgrimages, and on the idle and confused gatherings of vast multitudes to the *melas*, or holy fairs. Whatever has to be done is now done quickly, conveniently, and cheaply; and what the priests, and beggars, and moving hordes of mendicants lose, the country and the people gain.

The route between Bombay and Poona is one of the most picturesque I ever beheld. The earlier part of the line goes across the dead-flat island of Bombay, passing through extensive

THE GHAUTS NEAR KHANDALLA.

palm groves. In these are scattered the cottages of a large population descended from the original Portuguese settlers. After passing along an extended causeway, which reaches to the station of Tanta, and before ascending the Ghauts, a most striking view reveals itself, on emerging from a tunnel, of a plain through which the sea worms its way from the north inland through innumerable channels like rivers, these dotted with white sails, and surrounded by hills with most beautiful and fantastic outlines, which under the light and brilliancy of an Eastern sky seemed grand and impressive. The scenery becomes more and more striking as the Ghauts are ascended, until at last a remarkable interruption in the Bore Ghaut is reached. This is a deep chasm which has been bridged over by a dizzy and extensive viaduct. Some months before our visit a train had safely passed over this high arched path, but another train very soon after approached it within a few hundred feet, when it was suddenly arrested by the engine-driver, who saw the whole bridge crash and crumble down before him into the unseen depths of the gorge! The new bridge was being built as we reached this chasm; and we shivered as we heard the story and thought of what a few seconds more would have witnessed had that train not been stopped! Travellers are in the meantime conveyed in palankins, or palkis, by a circuit of four miles to a station beyond the point of danger; for other bridges within that distance were likewise in an unsafe condition. Nevertheless, such is the curiosity of travellers, that we were anxious to go by the brake which conveyed the mails and baggage, and through the kindness of friends managed to do so both in going and returning. The scenery was worth all the risk; for, with the exception of the Neilgherries and Vellore, it was the only bit of rock and glen I saw in India. The line certainly had neither been planned nor constructed by persons in the least subject to nervousness, its gradients being in some places 1 in 37. At one time we looked down slopes which

Great Gorge south of Khandulla.

end in abrupt sweeps lost in depths of jungle where bears and tigers roam undisturbed by the steam whistle. At another, we had long descents, with corresponding ascents ending in further ranges of level precipice, with wide glens branching off, green below and gorgeously golden above, from the colouring derived from the decay of a peculiar grass. We had several most wonderful peeps into lower plains as well as into lower gorges, with expanses of green fields, sparkling tanks, and *spurs* of picturesque hills. Far down, a tank was pointed out to us into which the Duke of Wellington threw his guns during his rapid advance to Poona in 1802.

The glory of the

PARBUTTY.

scenery of this pass through the Ghauts continues unabated till the picturesque station of Khandalla is reached.

The Ghauts, I should have mentioned before this, are a range of hills which in some places rise to ridges of 4,500 feet. They follow the whole line of coast, descending almost with the abruptness of precipices into a plain called the Konkan, which varies in breadth, separating them from the sea. The true meaning of the word "ghaut" is "pass," or gate, and these hills are characterized by steep and difficult passes or ravines.

Poona is very different from Bombay. The rich vegetation of the latter has almost entirely disappeared. The whole plateau on which Poona rests has an arid, ill-wooded appearance in comparison with the lower margin near the sea; and it is alleged that much of this is owing to the forests having been cut down by the Mahrattas. But in the very expanse of plain, in the fine broad roads which everywhere intersect the locality, there is a pleasant sense of relief. The neat, scattered bungalows, set amidst flowers and shrubs, give a fresh, healthy look, resembling very much an inland English watering-place. I breathed more freely here, and had less of the sensation of close, hot *mugginess* than in Bombay.

The only excursion we had time to make in the immediate neighbourhood was to Parbutty, once the citadel and palace of the last Peishwa. It is situated on a conical hill, which is ascended by a huge paved pathway or staircase; but so gentle that horses or elephants can ascend it. The once majestic palace is now in ruins; but the old temples, with their gods, still remain in a walled enclosure near the inner gateway. This formed the private chapel or chapels of his Highness, and, what with cupolas and gilding, must have been handsome in its day. The several gods in their several shrines were described and lighted up for us that we might see them better; and we looked at them through the closed gratings with eager attention. They

had the same ugly look as those we had seen before, and were without any pretence to artistic form. The Brahmins exhibit their gods to travellers with the same sort of playful eagerness with which children show their dolls, and manifest no signs of either fanaticism or reverence.

The Peishwa played a conspicuous part in the Mahratta war of 1817—18. He was grossly superstitious and very treacherous. His court was like most native courts, which, especially in those days, were scenes of frightful profligacy. His government was one of tyranny and oppression. But he was such a devotee as to have given a dinner to 100,000 Brahmins in order to atone for the crime his father committed in having murdered one of the holy order. A vile slave who had risen to be prime minister hated the English with such a hate as only Orientals feel. The Peishwa entered into an alliance to attack the English, and laid a plan to assassinate the English resident, the distinguished Mountstuart Elphinstone, who, in self-defence, and with only 3,000 infantry, took a position at Kirkee, where he was attacked by 10,000 cavalry, and as many infantry; but finally gained a splendid victory and seized Poona.

The Peishwa was eventually so harassed that he retired from the war, giving up his dominions on receiving a pension of £80,000 a-year, together with the territory of Bithoor, where he died. His adopted son and heir was *Nana Sahib*, the murderer of Cawnpore; and it was his dispute with the Government, and their refusal to continue the Peishwa's pension, which chiefly roused his hatred against the British, and his implacable thirst for revenge.

In such a history as that of the Peishwa we have a type of what has been often repeated in the history of our conquest of India. Some powerful chief, urged on by a set of profligate adventurers whose lives were spent in gratifying every evil propensity of their nature, made the attempt, when some plot was

ripe, to crush the British power, which checked their insatiable love of war and vengeance. The Home Government, on its part, determined to keep out of war, and to avoid aggression; but it was ultimately forced in sheer self-defence to fight, and finally to have districts and kingdoms delivered up to it. When the stronghold was stormed and its former possessors scattered, it was a stern necessity at first, and, in the end, a blessing for all concerned, to occupy it with British forces, and to reform it by British justice, and, *when possible*, through a native agency.

Opposite the gateway, and overlooking the temple area, was a band of six musicians, who every evening at six o'clock, play hymns in honour of the gods. Their instruments were two pipes, played like flageolets, and two drums, which they beat with the fore and middle fingers of the right hand laid horizontally on the drum. From long practice these fingers seemed to have attained the firm elasticity of steel, so sharp and distinct was the sound they elicited. It is impossible to describe the music. It was slow in its measure; but to me it was harsh and grating as if pigs, or some stranger animals, kept on squeaking whilst pots and pans were being hammered. Its very wildness, however, and uncouth discord, had an interest, as being in harmony with the moral discord of idolatry.

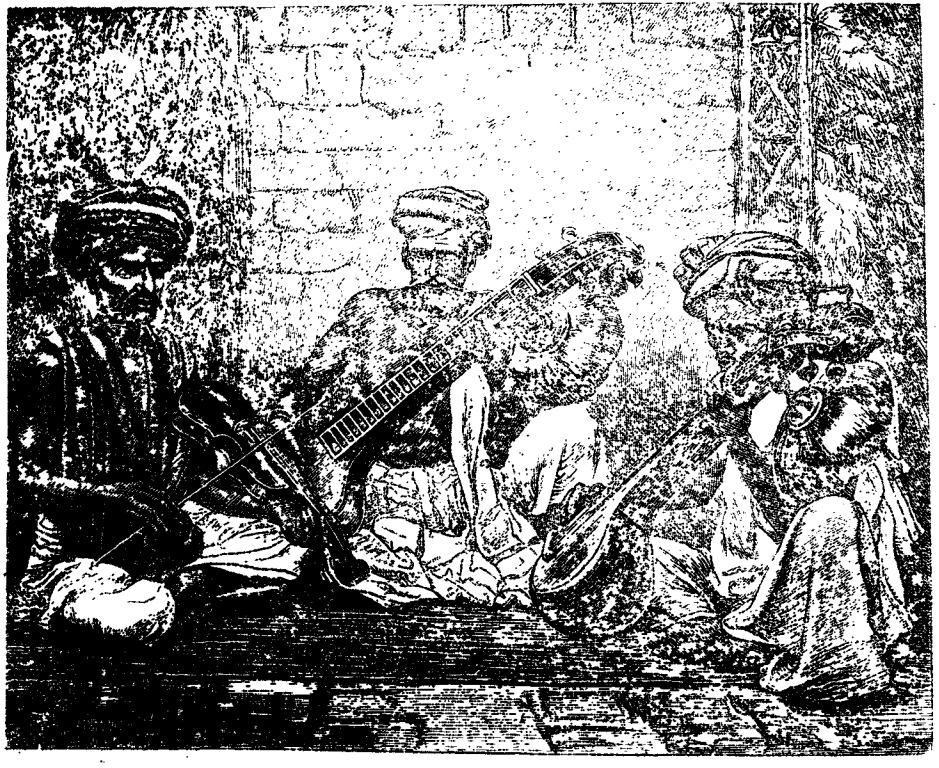
Poona, with the neighbouring military station of Kirkee, has a large English population, to which I had the happiness of preaching. I should think it is one of the most agreeable stations north of the Neilgherries.

We had the pleasure while here of being the guests of Sir Alexander Grant. He was kind enough to ask a large party to meet us in the evening, composed of European and native gentlemen, who could give us most reliable and intelligent information on the topics which interested us. From the circumstance of our able and distinguished host being Director of Public Instruction in the Bombay Presidency, and of Poona containing

several important educational institutes, we had the opportunity for the first time of meeting natives who were able to take a prominent part in the work of education as teachers, inspectors, &c. There were present among others a Deputy Inspector; the Principal of the Training College; the translator of the "Arabian Nights;" a Pundit; a college fellow; and a college student. All these were singularly pleasing and intelligent gentlemen. The whole of them had renounced caste, and ate and drank with us, although one of them evidently felt a little awkward in doing so, and was good-naturedly twitted by the others on account of this.* None of them, however, professed Christianity. With one I had a long and interesting conversation as to what he thought were its peculiar doctrines. On many points he was not very well informed; and on others, the impressions which had been conveyed to him, whether by books or discussions, or by missionaries of a very high and dry Calvinistic type, were of such a strong, one-sided, and narrow form as could not but be offensive to a thoughtful and cultivated mind. The conviction left on me by my contact with this native gentleman was certainly not that he *preferred* the darkness to the light, but that the light had not been clearly given to him in regard to the truths which demanded his faith. There was every willingness on his part to discuss religious questions with the greatest patience and fairness. He was a specimen, I believe, of a large and hopeful class.

I cannot enter into details regarding the Free Church Mission

* I regret very much having written this account in Good Words; for I believe that I was mistaken in regard to one of the party. The consequence was that my narrative having been read by the orthodox Hindoo party in Poona, at a time when the question of the marriage of Hindoo widows was keenly contested between it and the Reforming party, some of the leaders of which were that evening at supper, my unfortunate friend who, according to my report, had broken caste, was pounced upon and brought before the Brahmin Sanhedrim. In spite of ample explanations given by myself and Sir Alexander Grant, he narrowly escaped excommunication or loss of caste, and was fined.



PLAYING THE NATIONAL TUNES.

Schools, or the Orphanage of the Church of Scotland, at Poona—the only two institutions of the kind we had time to visit. Suffice it to say that I was much pleased with all I saw, and regret much that here as elsewhere it was impossible to see more. The Free Church School building had been the house of some great man—a general or minister of the Peishwa. It gave one an excellent idea of those "good old times." The entrance gateway; the inner court; the three stories of verandahs, with rooms branching from them; the pillared hall of audience: the rooms with their grotesque frescoes; and—what struck me more than once in India—the narrow stair which communicated with the different stories—so narrow and steep, indeed, that a certain stout Western questioned the possibility of his being able to ascend it;—all these revealed a world of history. They spoke of sudden attacks, insecurity, and treachery.

Among other means of giving us pleasure, Sir Alexander had engaged three or four of the best native musicians to play national tunes. One of the instruments is not represented in the engraving. It was shaped somewhat like an Æolian harp, resting horizontally on the ground whilst played with both hands. The music was interesting in its structure, and pleasing too. The pieces played were not melodies, but long and intricate compositions. The performers had more agreeable and intelligent countenances than appear in our illustration; and the native gentlemen seemed to appreciate and enjoy the performance as Europeans could scarcely be expected to do.

VI.

COLGAUM.

ACCOMPANIED by our friend, the Rev. Mr. Ross,—a military chaplain of the Church of Scotland, stationed at Poona,—we travelled, I should think, for about thirty miles further on along the same line which had brought us from Bombay. The sun had set when we reached the station; but we soon found our way to "The Travellers' Bungalow," about a mile or so farther on.

I may here inform the reader that along all these splendid roads, made during many years of labour by Government,—and which are to the old tracks intersecting Hindostan what railways now are to the roads,—comfortable wooden houses have been erected at certain distances. These bungalows contain several rooms, sufficiently large and well furnished with tables, chairs, and bedding to afford shelter and rest to travellers in a country not only too thinly peopled for "hotels," but even for those relying upon the hospitable home of a European. They are built always near some village; and the policeman, or peon of the village, has official charge of them; except in places more frequented, when a sort of native manager or mess-master resides on the premises; and who can lay down the beds, furnish lights, and provide coffee and a dish of curry, or, in any case, what is necessary to keep soul and body together. But English travellers are, of course, generally too prudent not to carry with them some stores of their own, in order to add a few luxuries to

the necessaries of life. Many of these bungalows are now falling into ruins, chiefly in places where the railway stations either provide sufficient food and accommodation, or carry the passengers past them. In the present case the bungalow was required, as being the central point on the line of road which connected the station with important places in the interior.

We found two good-sized rooms unoccupied—their floors, as is usual in native houses, being covered with cow-dung, which becomes hard, yet sends forth a peculiar aroma, perfectly bearable, but singularly suggestive of what is perceived everywhere in India. This kind of carpet, it may be mentioned, has nothing to do with any religious respect for the cow, but is used solely to relieve the discomfort which would be caused by a damp clay floor, if, indeed, clay could always be had. I believe it has also something to do in the way of checking insect life.

Another part of the bungalow was occupied by Major G—— and his sweet English wife. They kindly sent us their cards; and in their society we spent a portion of the evening most agreeably. This was our first experience of the *kind* of life lived by our civilians in India—a class for whom I entertain the highest respect and admiration. Think of these gentlemen, often for months together dwelling in tents, and in places which are even unknown to the inhabitants of the country a few miles off; moving about from this place ending in "pore" or "lore," to that other, ending in "doore" or "foore,"—administering justice, collecting revenue, reconciling families and villages in bitter hostility about this field or that claim, exercising such influence over thousands as casts into the shade that of a lord-lieutenant or a high-sheriff at home—their white faces being more powerful than any battery, and their word of honour more trusted than the seal of any Peishwa or Nizam ever was! To me this is a picture which powerfully affects the imagination, and gives a slight idea of the influence of a class of which our own country should be proud.

I shall no doubt return to this subject again in illustrating English life in India. In the meantime I will only say that Tom or Dick, who brings a wife to India to share this life with him, should be kind to a degree which in England and by selfish bachelors might be termed "spoony." He should give her as much of his time as possible, try to interest her in his work, and endeavour to get her to do what she can in the way of opening up the hearts of Hindoo families to British sympathy and Christian civilisation. He should soothe her if she is despairing; make her pillows comfortable on the couch if she is wearied; and chaff her gently and lovingly, with a kiss on the forehead, if she is "nervous." Let him never blame her, nor she him, for being "irritable" when every nerve is tingling; but, believing that climate changes people, and invests most Europeans in India with a more sensitive brain and a thinner skin than are known in Europe, they should live in faith of that healthier region north of Suez, where both will one day, in their English or Scotch home, wonder at their peevish past, and, mutually confessing their shortcomings, cordially maintain that there never was a more loving or a happier couple on earth—never, dearest! And then the wife must never say to Tom that he ought not to have married her, but some other, or have remained a bachelor, because *she* was never fit to be his wife. None of that flirtation, please, madam, so long as there are any tears in the eyes! Rather let her confess that she *is* "very foolish," and "nervous," and "out of sorts," and "silly;" but that she is sure Tom loves her and is the best of husbands, and will bear with her and treat her like a spoiled child. But oh, beware of calling in a third party, whether the chaplain or the major's wife, or all peace is over! No, no! Believe in each other, and, what is best of all, believe in One who knows and loves you, and can unite your hearts and give you such love as our friends in the bungalow were blessed with. So endeth my lesson!

This bungalow was memorable to me as being the only place in India in which I had a dangerous encounter with a snake. I had wished to see one, a real *cobra* more especially, if such a meeting could be arranged with perfect safety—to myself at least. Now my friend Dr. Watson, with a smile, reported to me that he was persuaded there was a large cobra basking in the moonshine near the bungalow. Hearing this, I seized my large Lochaber crook, which has shared all my wanderings, and which I knew could be depended on as a powerful and faithful ally. What a night it was of moonlight glory! Slowly and cautiously I approached, with uplifted staff and beating heart, the spot where the dragon lay—and saw him, a long, grey monster! As the chivalrous St. George flashed upon my mind, I administered a fearful stroke to the brute; but from a sense of duty to my wife and family, rushed back to the bungalow, in case of any forth-putting of venom on his part, which might cause a vacancy in the Barony, and resolved to delay approaching the "worm" till next morning. Now, whatever the cause was, no one, strange to say, could discover the dead body when morning dawned! A few decayed branches of a tree were alone discovered near his foul den, and these had unquestionably been broken by some mighty stroke; but the cobra was never seen afterwards, dead or alive! This was my first and only serious encounter with a snake; and I trust the reader will duly appreciate my courage, and wonder at my escape. Why my friend laughed so heartily at my adventure I never could comprehend, and have always avoided asking him the question.

At daybreak we started for a station between twenty and thirty miles off, called Colgaum, in order to be present at a characteristic meeting in connection with the American mission. We travelled by *tongas*—a most agreeable kind of native conveyance. The *tonga* resembles a low-hung dog-cart, with a canvas hood like that of a *hansom* cab, covering the seats before and behind, each

of which can accommodate two persons. It has two strong wheels, and numerous "lashings" and supports, as if meant for rough work; and is drawn by two small, active ponies, harnessed to a powerful pole, with a cross-bar at the end, like a yoke, which goes across the back of their necks. The road over the flat plain was tolerably good. We reached the river Bem or Bema in an hour or so. It is a fine clear stream, and is easily crossed at this point by a broad, shallow ford; but no sooner had our ponies entered it, dragging their burden through the yielding sand, than, influenced as it seemed at once by the irksomeness of their toil and the delicious coolness of the water, they both lay down, their heads alone remaining above the surface, supported by the yoke. In vain were blows administered, and every sort of phrase, whether of remonstrance or rebuke, addressed to them. The perverse creatures preferred the water to the land, in spite of public opinion condemnatory of their conduct. We were obliged to lessen their pains and share their pleasures; and so I crossed this Jordan with my staff, and pardoned the ponies for their appreciation of its clear and cool water.

The horses having enjoyed their bath, and we our wading, the journey was resumed. We proceeded across the plain for about twenty miles, and along a good road, to the village of Colgaum. The scenery had little interest, notwithstanding the cheering sight of far-spread fields bearing the green and luxurious crops of spring. The palm forests of the sea-shore were gone; and, except the jungle which covered portions of the plain where it joined a low range of hills, few trees were seen, and these were chiefly around the villages.

The climate of the Deccan—a name applied generally to the great plateau of Western India which is separated by the Ghauts, as by a wall, from the lower strip along the sea—is very dry; often, indeed, much too dry. This may seem strange when such floods of rain are poured down on the Ghauts during the south-west

monsoon. Yet so it is, that while two or three hundred inches of rain deluges these hills during the rainy season, fifteen or twenty miles inland there is no more rain than is sufficient for the ground. The air currents, saturated with moisture, burst upon the mountain-ridges, and then pass on across the plains in gentle showers and cool breezes. At this season, when the "Bombay ducks" are swimming in a steaming bath, the Mahrattas of the upland plain are enjoying a delicious climate.

The villages were to us a novel feature in the landscape. They are surrounded by mud walls of considerable strength, with stone gateways. The public roads pass near them, but never through them. Although unnecessary as a means of defence now, as in "the good old time," against wild beasts and robber-gangs, the walls remain a visible tradition of the past. What a scene of ceaseless war, plunder, extortion, and remorseless cruelty that Deccan was during the hundred and fifty years from the days of the great Mahratta Sevajee and the invasion of Aurungzebe, down through the fights of Nizams and Peishwas, Guicowars, Scindias, Holkars, and the terrible Pindaries, until Wellington first, and Lord Hastings afterwards, established English power! Now all is peace and prosperity.

These villages have no pretence to order or neatness. The houses are huddled together along narrow lanes, each builder freely following his own caprices. They thus present to the eye a confused medley of mud walls and dusty paths, with crowds of copper-coloured children running about, and growing up as nature dictates, and groups of women, lightly but decently clad, pleasant-looking, frank, and always busy. Men with their lanky limbs, their knees up at their ears, sit idly chatting and smoking, or wait patiently in their humble bazaars for customers. Others drive their oxen to and from the field. There is a temple of course, probably two or three, for the worship of Mahadeo Hanuman, the monkey god, or others; and these temples are all more

or less conspicuous. There are, besides, many holy places in and around the village, consecrated by the priests as the abodes of deity, and have such marks as a few flowers growing on an altar, or a stone or tree daubed with red or white paint. There are thus abundant wayside chapels where the people may do their *pujah*, and go through their religious ceremonies.

Whilst we were changing our horses, I observed, for the first time, the great care which is taken, both by men and women, of

The Monkey God.

their teeth. They rinse their mouths, and *brush* the teeth well with *areca*, or the nut of the Betel Palm (*Areca catechu*), applied to them by small twigs, a few inches in length, of some sweet-scented shrub, which they first chew until it becomes loose and fibrous in its texture. This habit, I think, is common over all India, and certainly is attended with such success as might persuade us at home to make use, as can easily be done, of the same astringent. The natives often make charcoal of the same nut, and in this form also use it as tooth-powder.

I was also pleased with the quiet politeness of the men. When I asked for a light for my cigar, it was cheerfully brought, and the shoes were put off as it was handed with a salaam and a smile. Through an interpreter, we had some conversation with a group of natives who sat smoking under a *pepul* tree, chiefly about their crops and general affairs. They told us that they were comfortable and contented; that land which annually returned about 150 rupees was burdened by taxation to the extent of 5¼ per cent., whilst under the Peishwa they would have paid 20 per cent., without any security for their property.

Without going into minute details, I may here state that the whole land in India belongs to the Government, as it always did to the native rulers, the title to it being grounded on the right of conquest. The Government is thus the only landlord, and the chief revenue of the State is consequently derived from land. Except in Bengal, where there are *zemindars*, or landed proprietors, who come between the tenants and the Government, the land is leased to the cultivators, who have a tenant right to it so long as they pay their rent in the shape of the land tax. This tax or rent is fixed for different periods in different provinces. In Bengal it is perpetual; in Bombay it is at present settled for thirty years; in Madras it is annual. The collection of it forms a great department of the civil service work. The Bombay Presidency alone, for example, which is larger than Great Britain and Ireland, is divided into nineteen districts or counties, each with an average population of three-quarters of a million. Over each district there is a collector, who is also the chief magistrate; and he collects the land revenue and other taxes, and sits also as judge in the courts. He is assisted by a sub-collector and joint magistrate, who acts as his deputy; also by an assistant magistrate and collector, who, after passing various examinations in the vernacular, is in due time promoted to the higher offices. The district, again, has for convenience several sub-divisions, called in Bombay

talooks, over each of which there is a native who acts for the collector, and is usually a magistrate also. He is called the *talookdar*. The village is represented by its *patil*, or "head man," who manages the business of its peasant inhabitants with the *talookdars;* and so on, until the central Government of the Presidency as the last link is reached. It is by these agencies that an accurate account is kept of every field and of its possessor, that all revenue is collected, and all cases of dispute heard and decided. The collector lives, with a staff of English and native officials, in the chief or *suddar* town of the district. All the official records of the district are kept there, together with the treasury, &c. There the law courts are held, and all business transacted in the vernacular. For six months of the year the collector lives a tent life, visiting every part of his district—holding courts, giving audiences, hearing and pronouncing judgment on disputed questions. How little do we at home realise the influence or the responsibility of such men, or the valuable education they thus receive in the art of government! Indeed, it is hardly credible that the vast empire of India is governed by some three thousand English civilians! *

* As specimens of the kind of questions submitted to the magistrate for his decision, I select the two following from many now before me connected with the collectorate of Poona:—

"*To the Collector of Poona.*—The petition of Bápú Wallad Mohídinbhái Musalman, inhabitant of Khudukwaslay, Talooka Havelli, Zilla Poona. I represent that the made road to the Sinhgur Fort passes by our village, and a good many persons pass on it; but as no shop has ever been opened anywhere (on the road) for the sale of opium and ganja (hemp), inconvenience is felt by travellers. Therefore you will be pleased to allow me to open a shop at the aforesaid village for the sale of the above-named articles. I agree to act according to the rules which may have been laid down by government, but it rests with you to give me the permission.

"The sign of a line by the hand of Bapu Wd. Mohidin."

"*To the English Government.*—The petition of Bálá Bin Bhikáji Sirsat, inhabitant of Shelgaum, Talooka Indapore. I represent that my field is situated at the distance of two miles from the village, and it becomes necessary for me to build a house and stay there. As wolves commit great ravages in the wood and injure and kill animals, government will be pleased to allow me to keep a gun. I am fond of

The village system, throughout India generally, is extremely interesting, as being almost the only instance of self-government by the people. Each village is in itself a small republic. Nothing can exceed the way in which these villages, especially in the Deccan, have been managed from generation to generation. They generally contain a population of five or six hundred. There are twelve important characters in every village, each having his own specific duties assigned to him, with which no one else dare interfere. After the *patil* I have mentioned, with his deputy and one or two assistants, there come the "carpenter," "blacksmith," "cobbler," "porter" or "messenger," "scavenger," "washerman," "baker," "potter," "goldsmith," "schoolmaster," and last, not least, the village "astrologer." Besides these, there is another but lower set of officials, made up of the village "watchman," "gate-keeper," "betel-man," "head-gardener," with the "bard" and "musician." Each and all of these, besides certain privileges, have their public duties to perform to the village, the temples and gods, to strangers and travellers, at marriages and feasts, &c. The lowest castes are not permitted to live in the village, but outside its gates only, and a very low caste is as proud and distant towards a lower caste still, though both are outcasts from the village, as a Brahmin is towards all.

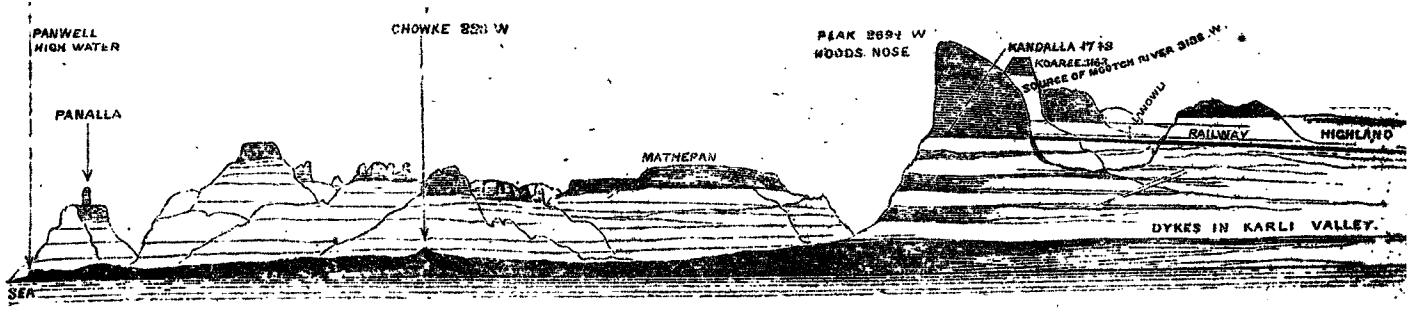
Now, so long as the "township," with the surrounding fields belonging to its citizens, is respected; so long as taxes are moderate, water abundant, and a fair supply of food and clothing obtained, so as to keep the people comfortable and the wives and children contented, the village never asks under whose *raj* or reign it is. What does it know or care about the rest of India? No more, indeed, than a worker in the Potteries cares about the people or the politics of Turkey, unless these come to interfere

shooting and hunting, and the wolves also cause great damage; and therefore you are requested to be good enough to authorise the keeping of a gun. Dated 18th December, 1866.

"The sign of a line of BALAJI BIN BHIKAJI SIRSAT."

with his beer or bacon. What care these ryots whether they are under John Bright or a Grand Mogul—if, indeed, they ever have heard of either? It is enough if the white face of the magistrate smiles upon them, deals justly towards them, and helps them to live. Nationality! love of independence! these are terms as meaningless to the humble villagers of India as they would be to an Esquimaux, to whom a seal's liver is the truest sign of an earthly paradise. Therefore, I believe that, in so far as we make these peasants comfortable—respect their village rights and old customs, meddle not with their own ways and plans of doing things—we shall make them faithful and obedient. But, after all, they do not in this respect differ very greatly from millions at home. What education may do ultimately is another question. I do not say, however, that it is thus with all the natives of India. The Mohammedans had always a chivalrous attachment to the Emperor or his representative; and native dynasties were preferred by their subjects to any other.

As we say in Scotland, "It's an ill win' that blaws naebody good." The ill wind of the American war blew much good to the *ryots* or peasants of the Bombay Presidency, more especially where cotton could be cultivated. I was informed from a reliable source, that forty millions of pounds sterling had thus passed into the hands of the ryots, to be turned into ornaments for wives and children! The silver ankle-rings, bracelets, nose-rings, ear-rings, together with the pearl necklaces and the like, represent a considerable amount of wealth. A young bride carries a large dowry on her little person. But when the people have had a longer experience of peace and good government, they will no doubt put out their money to purposes of greater use and profit, or trust it to Government savings-banks. Just now the peasantry enjoy a great degree of comfort. I could not help contrasting their privileges with those of many of the poor Highlanders; and could not help wishing that we had some of India's civil servants to



Konkan, or lowland, studded with isolated hills where the basalt cap resisted disintegration. Hard basalt caps on trap hills.

GEOLOGICAL STRUCTURE FROM THE SEA NEAR BOMBAY TO THE DECCAN PLAINS NEAR POONA.

"settle" Ireland and the Highlands. But I must pass on to the consideration of more pleasing topics.

As we pursued our journey, we noticed a low range of hills, which stretch along the east for a short distance, rising like mounds from the plain; and were struck by their appearance. They seem to mark, in some degree, the extent to which the original plain has suffered from denudation. The geological structure of this part of the country has been described by Colonel Sykes in his "Geological Memoir;" and I have much pleasure in furnishing, through a kind friend, an outline of the district over which I travelled, giving heights, &c. It presents about ninety miles, stretching from the sea near Bombay to the Deccan plains near Poona.

We reached the travellers' bungalow early in the afternoon, and found two American missionaries, Messrs. Bissell and Hazen, waiting for us. They gave us a hearty welcome, as did also Mr. Watson, the English chaplain from Ahmednugger. Near the bungalow Major T—— had pitched his tent, and was there with his Bheel policemen.* These Bheels, now employed as police, are a living illustration of what can be done by Indian civil officers to convert wild robber-gangs into protectors of life and property. They stand towards the old system much in the same relation as the Highland regiments do to the erewhile wild *caterans*. With the courtesy of an English officer the major immediately sent his card, offering us any aid or hospitality in his power. Here was another of those wanderers, far away from England, among strange races, of whom his dear friends in the old house among the trees, with the cawing rooks, and singing birds, and flowers, and hum-

* The police in each district are now a body of constabulary, like the police force in Ireland. They are under the control of a military officer, with inspectors, most of whom have been soldiers, and some are Europeans. Each province has an Inspector-general of Police; and there is an average of one constable to every 1,300 of the population. In England it is one to every 870. An immense improvement has taken place in this department since the mutiny.

ming bees, know almost nothing; nine out of every ten English ladies or squires, as well as millions of the "intelligent classes," being wholly ignorant of the names of races comprehending millions of human beings who in Providence are placed under their "dear John" or young So-and-So, who is "in India," whatever that mysterious geographical term may mean! And yet what John or Mr. So-and-So may do, say, or decide, must tell on the weal or woe of a greater mass than one would like to number. This apathy at home about India is a mystery!

The major seemed to know nothing about the American mission, although he had been residing in the country for many years. Had I met him only, I might have left India with the impression that no such mission existed. This is by no means a solitary instance of the ignorance of intelligent Europeans who have been long resident in India regarding missions. Nevertheless, when such men come home, they are recognised as authorities upon all points pertaining to India, and they are not slow to remark after dinner, when some one, perhaps the English "parson" or the Scotch "minister," eagerly asks, with due respect, the opinion of such an unbiassed and unquestionable authority concerning mission work, "All humbug, I assure you!" The company smile, and are satisfied. But why should we be surprised at such ignorance abroad, when we meet with it every day at home? For how many men, well disposed on the whole to increase the well-being of the working classes, are yet, owing to a variety of circumstances, utterly ignorant of what is going on in the interest of these classes at their own doors! In truth, mission work, or the instruction of the ignorant in what God wills, and in what He has revealed to men through Jesus Christ, is too much associated with the clergy only, and is regarded as something which they are paid for doing officially, and with which "laymen" have little or nothing to do, just as if there were a different religion and code of morals for each. And if this is so at home, it is more

likely to be the case abroad, where each man has his own work to do, and where Government officials like to stand well with the natives, and where, moreover, the aristocratic feeling of their own official "caste" and position induces many to keep aloof from missionaries, on the ground of their being somewhat exclusive, unsocial, and (shall I use the word?) *snobbish*. Add to all this the many cases in which the European has no real faith and feels no interest in true religion or its progress, and the additional drawback which arises from the fact that public (native) opinion is not in favour of Christianity, but positively against it.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. I do not speak of Europeans generally in India, far less of the most influential of them. I honestly believe that some of our most distinguished men in Hindostan are, and have been, the warmest friends of missions; whilst the contributions to the cause from European residents are far more numerous, and far more liberal in proportion to their number, than those of church members in this country. But if our European officials in India would only feel a little more keenly their tremendous responsibilities, and take the trouble to inquire *patiently* and *carefully* into the conduct of the missions within their respective districts, I feel assured, from the character of the missionaries, they could with a good conscience become their best friends and most zealous supporters. All this I think they could do, without compromising themselves as representatives of Government; nay, in such a way as even the heathen would respect.

The missionaries who met us had been sent out by the American Board of Commissioners on Foreign Missions—a title which, when expressed by mere initials, is sufficiently formidable—A. B. C. F. M. It is one of the most important and influential societies in America, being composed of members of various Evangelical Churches. It may be interesting to some to be informed that America entered the foreign mission field as late as 1810,

and that she now contributes nearly £200,000 a-year to the cause.

Very soon after our arrival, we proceeded to the tent of our friends, which, as they were itinerating, was pitched near the village of Colgaum. On each of several successive days, a religious service was held for some specific purpose. This afternoon an examination of a native candidate for the ministry was to take place; native pastors to preach to Christians and heathen in the evening. The afternoon meeting was held in a large open verandah, at the end of a walled court entered by a gate. This building had formerly been used as a local court of justice under our Government. Three native pastors were present, and two of them, at least, could speak English. They were accompanied by several deputies, or "elders," from the native churches, who acted as members of the ecclesiastical court; and there was a small Christian audience of probably twenty people. All were in their native dresses. The three preachers, highly intelligent-looking men, sat at a table, one of them acting as clerk. The candidate for license was a tall young man, robed in cotton, and innocent of stockings, which among the natives is not an evidence of poverty, but of a desire to be comfortable. He was married, and his wife and children were present, as well as his old father, who had long been a convert to Christianity. During the forenoon this man had been subjected to a four-hours' examination in theology, church history, &c. He was being examined now on church discipline chiefly. The American missionaries took no part in the examination, but left it entirely to the native pastors. What impressed me most was the calm, thoughtful, business-like way in which it was conducted. The examiners had about them a look and manner which would not have lowered the dignity of the bench of bishops, or any presbytery of the "Kirk." The young man seemed to feel this; for it was evidently an eventful day in his life,

and there were indications of the same feeling in the countenance of his old father. So slow and calm were the proceedings that, by aid of the interpretations of the missionaries, I could easily follow every question and answer. When we entered, the point on which the examiner was questioning the student happened to be the nature of the sacraments, and the leading opinions regarding them. This was followed by most practical and sensible questions as to the duties of church members and office-bearers towards brethren who were walking inconsistently with their profession—how to deal with them, and restore them. Sometimes when one subject was ended, and before another had been begun, the pastors asked the elders and members present if they were satisfied. If they suggested a question, it was put to the candidate; if satisfied, they held up their hands.

After the examination was over, the meeting adjourned until eight in the evening.

We returned in the meantime to our bungalow, which was about a mile off. The sun was about to set. The missionaries, the native pastors, and their people accompanied us on our way through the village, amidst the eager but respectful gaze of its inhabitants. *En route*, we visited the heathen temple, which had the usual collection of idols in their several shrines. The Brahmins, poor unintelligent-looking men, showed us their gods, and ran from shrine to shrine, directing our attention to each, as if disposed to say to us, "Is he not grand? see what teeth, what paint!" or, "Is he not funny and amusing?" The native Christians, who had once worshipped them, expressed no feeling of horror, disgust, or aversion, but quietly mentioned their names and attributes, and smiled at them as "vanities."

We parted for the time near the temple. The scene has vividly impressed itself on my memory. The sun had just set; and the moon was rising above the horizon, a huge orb of lustrous gold. The higher part of the village and of the temple stood out in

sharp relief against the yellow-green light of the sky. Shepherds were driving in their bleating sheep and goats, suggesting pleasing associations of rural and patriarchal life. The white-robed congregation—pastors and people—seemed almost unearthly. As I gazed on the group, and my eye wandered to the temple, and my ear caught the bleating of the sheep following their shepherd, I felt an overpowering sense of sympathy with these my brethren in Christ and my fellow-labourers, whether native or American; and a joyful hope filled me that, as sure as Jesus was the Good Shepherd, He would seek his sheep until He found them, and one day bring them home rejoicing; and that as sure as He was the Sun of Righteousness, He would yet arise in the latter day, and shine with glory over the plains of India.

I invited the major to attend the evening meeting, which he did. The result proved how often men are ignorant, not so much from any bad will or indisposition to learn, as from that destructive, although negative force, "not thinking." The meeting was held in the same place as the former one. There were about thirty Christians and seventy heathens present. The services were conducted by native preachers only, and were begun with prayers and praise. The singing was led by a native pastor, who was also a poet, and had composed several hymns. He was accompanied by instrumental music;—one instrument, I remember, was like a large violoncello, played as a guitar. The music, as well as the instruments, was all native. As the saying is, this was "in the right direction," and not one of those wretched attempts to introduce everything English, down even to the very names given in baptism. If, by the way, we would see the absurdity of such European names, let us only fancy a Scotch child, of the Gaelic clan Macdonald, being baptized by a Hindoo pastor as Krishna Shastri Chiplunkar, and then let loose among his companions in Lochaber! It is our duty in trifles, as well as in great things, to respect and preserve, as far as possible, everything native.

Then came two addresses in Mahratti; one on the transmigration of souls, as being contrary to God's character; and the other on Christianity, as being agreeable both to the nature of God and of man, and as the only religion which can meet man's varied spiritual wants, or give peace to his heart and conscience. I was much pleased with the style and bearing of the native preacher —Ramchunder, I think, was his name. His preaching gave evidence of much quiet strength, "unction," and energy, the whole look of the man expressing power and love. I asked one of the missionaries to interpret the passage which especially seemed to move both speaker and audience. It was an appeal to the heathen, in which he perilled the truth of Christianity upon the marked difference between the lives of the converts in the several villages and those of their heathen neighbours—the heathen themselves being judges. It was very hopeful to listen to such an argument.

Before the meeting ended, Dr. Watson and I were both requested to address it, which we did, our American friends translating our speeches, and I have no doubt improving them. It was a new and great happiness to us to be thus permitted to speak to such a congregation.

This mission, I may mention, numbers about six hundred *communicants*, besides many hundreds of hearers, eighty teachers, and six native pastors, with excellent schools for the children of *Christian* parents only. An American deputation brought about some changes in the mission *school* system for the heathen, at all their stations in India, which have caused considerable difference of opinion, but on which I give none. Two remarks only I make, that the people chiefly influenced by the mission are Maratha Mahrs, or a low caste; and secondly, that the former schools have exercised a vast influence on the mission. Many of their once heathen teachers have become native pastors, and the most efficient labourers in the mission. The eloquent preacher to

whom I have already alluded was once a heathen teacher in one of their schools, and, by teaching others the *words* of Christian truth, was himself led to see and believe it. I have no doubt that the higher castes would have been far more extensively brought under Christian influences had the old school system, with the English language, been continued.

I may just add, that we had the gratification of receiving next morning a most kind address, written in English by the pastors, thanking us for our visit. Thus ended our first and last visit to American missionaries. It is noble of Christian America thus to labour for the good of *our* heathen fellow-subjects, and their example should quicken the energies of the English people.

I have dwelt at some length on this visit, as it was the only "preaching" which we were enabled to visit in the field of its operations, and because in its leading features it is not an exception, but a fair type of others connected with different missionary societies labouring among the non-Brahmin castes in every part of India.

We left at five in the morning, and bade farewell to the Bheel police camp and its courteous commander, to our brother Mr. Watson, and in heart also to all the church, its preachers and people, in the "Nuggur district."

Our ponies were determined to refresh themselves in the river when returning as when going. A vain attempt was made to collect people to help us through; so after the most energetic appliances of voice, whip, and stick, the team looked up and vinked, and then lay down in peace. We took to the water again, and I confess that in all India I found no walk so cool and agreeable.

VII.

CAVES OF KARLI, AND RETURN TO BOMBAY.

WE called at Poona, *en route* to Karli, and passed an hour or two there. Our friends Mr. and Mrs. Ross had made every arrangement for our comfort as to servants, provisions, &c., and agreed to accompany us on our journey. We bade farewell for ever to Parbutty and its gods, but not necessarily to our friends at Poona, who had received us so hospitably, and to many of whom we had the pleasure of preaching. India is like no other country on earth in this respect, that one may possibly see again here every European whom he meets there. They all intend to return home some time or other. Dwellers in tents, like Abraham, they too confess that they are "strangers and pilgrims" in the land of their sojourning; but, unlike Abraham, they are very mindful of the country from whence they have come out. So one does not experience the sadness which is felt in parting from acquaintances in other countries, save, indeed, in the case of natives, because we shall "see their face no more." I am truly glad that our distinguished host, Sir Alexander Grant, has since become the Principal of the University of Edinburgh.

The ocean plain of this part of the Deccan is lost in a bay, which gets more and more narrowed between the enclosing hills, the only outlet from it being by the gorge at Khandalla, which, as I have already described, cuts deep down into the Bhore Ghaut, until it meets the lower plain that goes on to Bombay. We

stopped at the Lanowli station, the next to Khandalla, and the nearest the caves.

A bullock garry was waiting for us, and a waggon for our luggage, servants, and provisions. The transition from the railway to the garry was intensely appreciated. What the former is we all know, but few know the garry, for it belongs to the days when earth was young—the days of the Vedas or Mahabharata. It is a square wooden box or caravan, drawn by two bullocks, and holding six ordinary human beings. We were told that the bullocks often proved as good trotters as horses; and we did see in other parts of India splendid creatures, which seemed to combine greatness and *go*. But our bullocks were either lost in abstraction, dead to all arguments or impressions from without, or were the temporary dwelling of some wretch who was undergoing transmigration on account of laziness, and, proceeding from bad to worse, was ready to be transferred into a tortoise. The dark mummy who drove us twisted their tails, plied them with his stick, and shouted to them in the vernacular. The chaplain got hoarse with his exhortations. But no power could force them beyond a slow, easy walk along the smooth old Government road, and even here two miles an hour was so severe a trial for them that they once lay down to rest and to chew their cud.

About sunset, and after duly admiring the beautiful wood of Lanowli, which reminded us of a fine old English park, we reached our bungalow. It was beautifully situated; but, like an old inn ruined by the railway, it was shut up, and seemed to be falling into decay. We found an entrance, and sent for its official master, the police-officer of the neighbouring village. After awhile he appeared in official garb, and did everything he could for us; but what could he, or even the Governor-General, have done in such circumstances? The very memory of travellers seeking its shelter had almost faded out of mind. The rooms were large and airy, but of beds there were no vestiges, except

broken bedsteads, with huge gaps in their cane bottoms. Soon, however, we contrived—with planks, and broken chairs, and rickety tables—to get something higher than the floor on which to sup. We spent a most cheerful evening, thanks to our kind hosts, and finally managed to rest in our clothes till the morning.

We found a large number of attendants ready to accompany us to the caves. They had swung two comfortable arm-chairs on poles, one for the lady, and possibly the other for one of the travellers, a rather elderly gentleman, and "a portly man i' faith," to whom "a yard of uneven ground is a mile," especially in heat. The distance was two or three miles only, but the ascent to the caves is rather rough and steep. It was a heavenly morning. The plain was enlivened with flocks and herds going out to pasture; the air delicious and scented with the perfume of odoriferous plants; the path easy and agreeable; the low range of hills before us covered with groves of cactus.

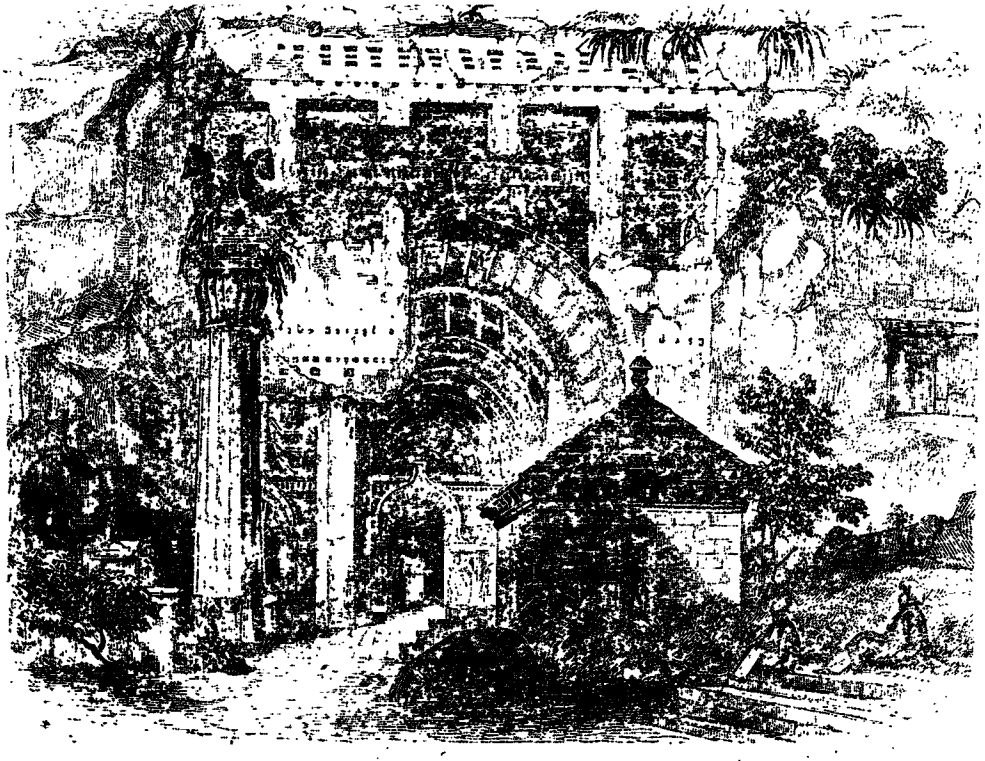
In about an hour from the time of starting we reached the platform leading to the famous caves. "But what caves?" my reader very naturally asks. In reply, I beg to inform him that long ago, before the Christian era, that form of religion called Buddhism was supreme in India. It is now extinct in Hindostan, but in Ceylon, Burmah, China, and Thibet it has even yet a greater number of followers than any other system of religious belief in the world can claim. Some centuries before Christ the Buddhists waged great ecclesiastical wars with the Brahmins and their caste system. They had then in India, as they have now wherever they exist, their churches, with internal arrangements not unlike our own, and their monasteries, with hordes of monks, who practised celibacy, shaved their crowns, and lived by alms.*

* Speaking of the purposes of these *chaityas* (churches) and monasteries, Mr. Fergusson says:—"Any one who has seen Buddhist priests celebrate either matins or vespers, or their more pompous ceremonies, in one of their temples, will have no difficulty in understanding the use of every part of these edifices. To those who

The caves of Karli are the finest of several fine specimens which survive of Buddhist early architecture, dating back as far, perhaps, as the first century. They tell their own story regarding this venerable and strange "body." The illustrations * will convey a better idea than any description I could give of what meets the eye and so powerfully affects the mind of the traveller. To come suddenly on such massive and imposing architecture in a wild recess of rocks and brushwood is in itself impressive, and more especially when associated with thoughts of the vast antiquity of the system of belief which they represent, and of its still powerful influence on so large a portion of the human race. The details of this caverned hill are also most striking. In a recess on each side of the doorway there is a very original, and to me most appropriate, architectural ornament;—elephants in bold relief fronting the spectator with their heads and trunks, and as if bearing up on their huge and powerful backs the mass of sculptured rock above. The interior of the "church," too, is solemn and cathedral-like. The centre aisle has fifteen pillars, twenty-five feet high, on each side, separating it from the two side aisles. At the end there is a dome-shaped building, called a *Dagopa*, like a high altar, within an apse surrounded by seven pillars. The roof is arched with ribs of timber, probably as old as the excavation. There is no light except from the great open window above, through which it falls directly upon the "altar," leaving the rest in shadow. The length is one hundred and

have not witnessed these ceremonies, it will suffice to say that in all the principal forms they resemble the Roman Catholics. This has attracted the attention of every Roman Catholic priest or missionary who has visited Buddhist countries, from the earliest missions to China to the most recent journey into Thibet of Messrs. Huc and Gabet. All the latter can suggest, by way of explanation, is, 'Que le diable y est pour beaucoup.'"

* For these drawings of the Karli caves I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Fergusson. They appear in his masterly work, the "History of Architecture," published by Mr. Murray.



ENTRANCE TO THE KARLI CAVE.

eighty-six feet, the breadth forty-five, and the height forty-five.*

Around the church are the various halls and cells of a monastery, which are also cut out of the living rock. There are three stories, and the ascent from the lower to some of the higher being interrupted, the strong arms of guides are required to push or drag one up, as through a wide chimney, and across rather awkward gaps. The upper story is a noble *vihara*, or hall, with an open balcony or verandah supported by stone pillars. From this there is a commanding view. There is a raised *dais* at the end of the hall, as if meant to be occupied by the superiors of the monastery; and around are the small cells of the monks, each having had a door, probably of stone. Within is the narrow stone bed on which the ascetics lay. On the walls are sculptured figures of saints with the halo round their heads. I was very thankful to see this dead monument which so vividly recalled a living past.

We reached the station in time to catch the train for Bombay. After parting from our friends, we once more dived into the Ghauts—once more managed to get on the brake—once more roared for sixteen miles down an incline of 1,831 feet; dived through I know not how many tunnels; crept across tottering bridges; gazed into savage ravines; and admired more than ever the splendid scenery.†

At the Narel station we looked up to Matheran with longing eyes, and much regretted that we could not see this famous and beautiful sanitarium. We stopped again at Tannah, and enjoyed the views of mountain, sea, and rich foliage; we passed

* For a full description of this and other Buddhist caves the reader will do well to consult Mr. Fergusson's "Handbook of Architecture."

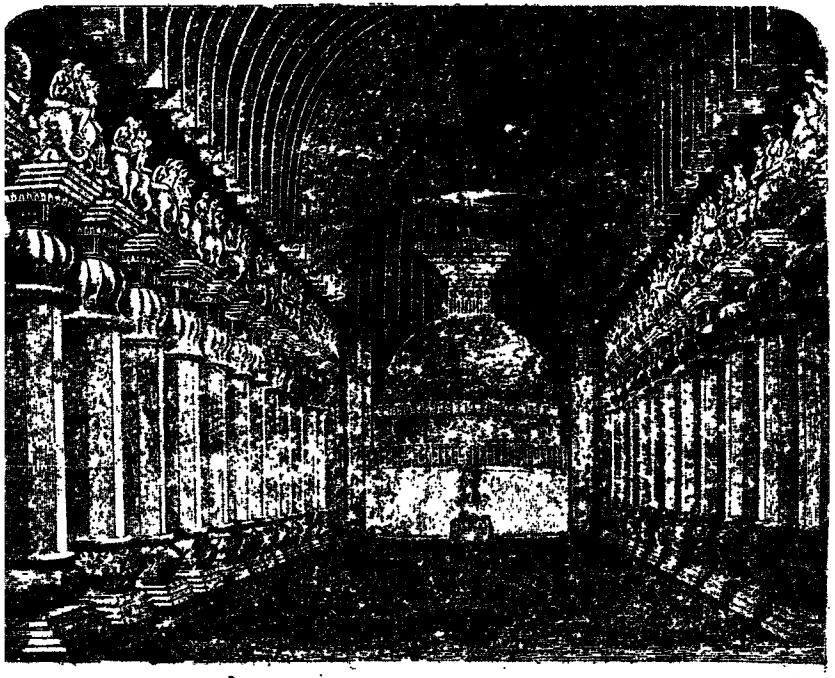
† For a true idea of these I am happy to refer to the very accurate and artistic illustrations furnished me by the Rev. Francis Gell, whose Indian sketch-books, together with those of Miss Frere, were generously placed at my disposal, and have done much to revive my impressions of Eastern scenes.

through the palm groves—along the first bit of railway laid down in India; and then Bombay was reached, with its moist heat—from which I sought refuge as speedily as possible under the old hospitable roof of "Graham's Bungalow." Best of all, there were letters from home. Strange how, what is otherwise a mere trifle, may minister to one's strength and comfort at the moment when both are needed. In the first letter I opened was one in large Roman capitals, from my youngest boy, who could not write, but who, wishing to contribute to the family budget, had copied it from print, himself selecting a verse from the metrical version of the Scotch Psalms, which he begged no one might read until it met my eyes. It was this:—

"The Lord thee keeps, the Lord thy shade
On thy right hand doth stay:
The moon by night thee shall not smite,
Nor yet the sun by day.
The Lord shall keep thy soul; He shall
Preserve thee from all ill.
Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep for ever will."

These were the first words from home I read in India—and as I did so I "thanked God and took courage." As Coleridge says, "Well, it is a father's tale," and as such it may be forgiven by the reader.

On my return to my former bedroom, I renewed the acquaintance of two beautiful visitors who were my daily amusement. These were two beautiful birds of the finch tribe, who occupied most of their spare hours in my dressing-room, engaged in a desperate endeavour to hold friendly communication with two mysterious relatives, who always appeared to them when they gazed into the mirror at the open window. How these creatures survived the agonizing flutter of their wings, and the incessant tapping of their beaks to kiss their unknown brethren, I know not! Yet they never seemed to weary. Hope of ultimate success



CENTRE AISLE OF THE KARLI CAVE.

could alone have sustained their affectionate and eager endeavours. For aught I know, they may be still experimenting.

And now that I have once more returned to Bombay, and must soon leave it again, what more can I say about it? Were I speaking at the fireside, especially to a lady friend who had "nothing particularly to occupy her," and *therefore* could listen to my easy-going gossip, I can quite understand how she might insist on my answering a number of questions, and allege that I had really given no information whatever—at all events, had by no means exhausted my subject. As many of my readers may agree with my imaginary questioner, it may be prudent to compromise matters by myself suggesting questions to which I am to reply. The convenience of such an arrangement of question and answer will be cordially admitted by all members of Parliament who have to address their constituents. Well then, courteous reader, before I start in the steamer, what more would you like to hear about?

"Did you not preach? and did you not address meetings?" We did all that. But who would tolerate an account by us of our own sermons and speeches, or even of our audiences? Charity must assume that they were all excellent.

"And what of the clergy and missionaries whom you met?" What more need I say than that we found them in everything to be indeed our brethren? As my friend Dr. Watson once remarked, "The clergy, like sherry, get mellowed by a voyage round the Cape." Whatever be their characteristics on this side of the Cape, we certainly found them all mellow on the other, and their friendliness as a wine which cheered the heart. We assisted Dr. Wilson, for example, in dispensing the communion to his native church, and such fellowship would, in present circumstances, be impossible in this our "liberal" and "evangelical" Scotland. It is not improbable that our common missions to the heathen may be the means of uniting our churches *for mission work* both at home and abroad, and thus manifest that

neness of life and spirit which is the grand argument for the truth of Christianity, because evidencing the power of our living Lord as "all and in all." Nor need I here narrate all our happy intercourse with our own brethren, especially the Scotch chaplains, the Rev. Messrs. McPherson and Paton, and the missionaries, the Rev. Mr. Cameron and Mr. Melvin, in our own institution. My silence regarding these and other friends does not arise from want of gratitude, but from a wish to avoid as much as possible such personal allusions as would soon become like "endless genealogies," were I to attempt to give the names of all those in India of whom we have an affectionate remembrance.

But my questioner not being Scotch, perhaps, does not desire further information on these points; and being a lady, as I assumed, would like to ask instead whether we were at any parties? To this I answer, Yes, every day—for never were men more hospitably and generously entertained. "And did you not dine at Government House?" We did, and were cordially received by the Governor, Sir Seymour Fitzgerald, who otherwise and elsewhere supported us, because of the object of our mission, apart from any special letters of recommendation. "He lived in a grand Oriental palace, no doubt?" Well, I have seen grander both east and west. The Governor, however, was not at the time occupying Government House proper, but was in his summer bungalow on Malabar Point. It is a delicious residence, and when the broad carpeted verandah is lighted up at night, and a large gaily-dressed party is moving about or in groups chatting, the effect is much more beautiful and comfortable-looking than any drawing-room of a more formal kind in a northern clime. The air is balmy, the trees seem to meet and mingle with the sky; and then the stars come out to look at themselves in the great sea.

"And what of the society? What of the ladies? What of the gentlemen?" Pardon me; I dislike eaves-dropping, and

like not the thought of a stranger being kindly entertained, and then giving rise to the suspicion that—

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
An' faith he'll print them!"

What else would you expect such society to be, save like that of well-bred and cultivated ladies and gentlemen at home?

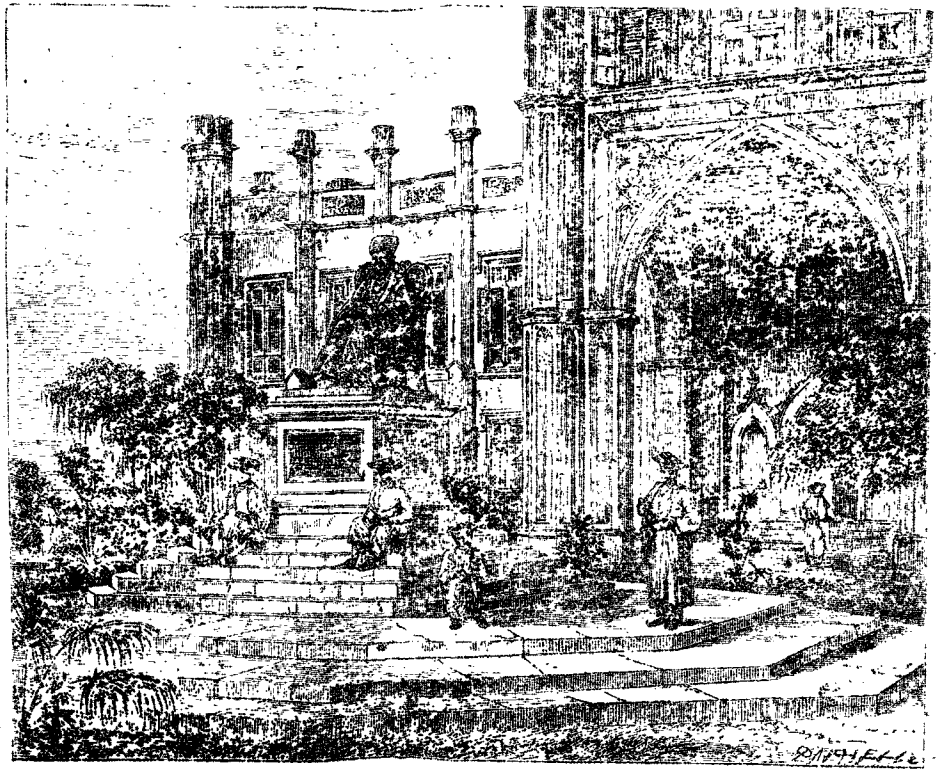
"Did you meet Lord Napier?" Yes; we met him more than once, and had the honour of dining with him and Lady Napier, and I may, without gossip, gratify my own feelings by saying that I have seldom met any one with whom I was so irresistibly captivated.

But a truce to this play of question and answer. Let me rather take up at random a few stray gleanings, and bind them in my Bombay sheaf.

We had a splendid St. Andrew's dinner, at which we proved most satisfactorily to ourselves, not only that the cold, wet, and small northern province called Scotland had contributed a fair share to the world's work, in every department of it, and in every region of the earth, but also that the Scotch are the chief pillars on which rest all that is worth upholding. This will of course seem a more than doubtful assertion to those who assume that the Scotch are always in a more or less tottering condition from other than purely natural causes; that indeed the majority of them cannot stand at all, especially on Sundays, when they are all supposed by Londoners to be either drowsy in church, or drunk in the public-house. I thought also that the company had a general conviction, from which fewer will dissent, and which I heartily share, that the songs of Burns have done more to bind us together by the sentiment of an old nationality than any other power — except, perhaps, the Church of the people, which so wonderfully unites in its parochial and general government the laymen of every rank along with the clergy. Thus, strange to say, Knox and Burns have

become allied in ways they could not have thought of. And it seems to me to be a matter of fact that the teachings, the traditions, the education, the republicanism of Scotch Presbyterianism, have had a great influence in giving to the Scotch a wonderful unity of beliefs, associations, and attachments, which everywhere awakens in them a feeling of nationality and brotherhood; while Burns, on the other hand, by his genius, by his native Doric, so picturesque, so full of humour and pathos, by his wedding of the old music, that goes home to the heart, to those songs of his, in which the scenery of Scotland lives with every "hicht and how," every burn and flower, has made Scotchmen all over the world feel as with one heart, and compelled them to weep or laugh as the magician wills. The heartiness of St. Andrew's dinners arises more from this than from any "provincialism" of those who attend them. "Auld lang syne," wherever sung, "the warl' ower," will make each Scotchman firmly "grip" his brother's hand as that of "a trusty frien'."

As to the educational institutions of Bombay. The principal of these is the Grant Medical College, with sixty-five pupils and eight professors; the chairs being those of anatomy, chemistry, materia medica, surgery, medicine, midwifery, ophthalmic surgery, and medical jurisprudence. Connected with this college is the noble hospital, the princely gift of the well-known Parsee, Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy. The year before last his family erected a hospital for incurables near it; and about the same time an ophthalmic hospital was also opened by another munificent Parsee, Mr. Cowasjee Jehhangheer, at an expense of more than £11,000. The Parsees, it will thus be seen, do more than make money and lounge in their clubs, drive about in splendid equipages, or inhabit princely houses. They have displayed such liberality as none of the natives in Western India have either manifested or imitated: for this they deserve all honour. I have no wish to speak unkindly even of their modes of sepulture, in so far as these may



SIR JAMSETJEE JEJEEBHOY'S HOSPITAL.

be connected with religious convictions. But I must still indulge the hope that their tastes in this respect may change, and be made to harmonize more with those of humanity.

In a note at the end of this volume I allude to the Elphinstone College, and the several school systems of India, together with what is special to Bombay, and to this I must refer those who desire condensed information on these topics.*

There is a nationality in which the Christian Church always takes a great interest—the Jews, who are largely represented in Bombay and its immediate neighbourhood. Dr. Wilson says of them:—

"In the island of Bombay, and on the adjoining coast on the continent, from the Puná road to the Bankot river, there is a population of 'Bene-Israel' amounting to about 8,000 or 10,000 souls. In worldly affairs they occupy but a comparatively humble position. In Bombay, with the exception of a few shopkeepers and writers, they are principally artisans, particularly masons and carpenters. On the continent, they are generally engaged in agriculture, or in the manufacture and sale of oil. Some of them, often bearing an excellent character as soldiers, are to be found in most of the regiments of native infantry in this Presidency. They can easily be recognised. They are a little fairer than the other natives of India of the same rank of life with themselves; and their physiognomy seems to indicate a union in their case of both the Abrahamic and Arabic blood. Their dress is a modification of that of the Hindus and Musalmans among whom they dwell. They do not eat with persons belonging to other communities, though they drink from their vessels without any scruples of caste. They have generally two names, one of which is derived from the more ancient Israelitish personages mentioned in the Bible, and the other from Hindu usage. Their social and religious discipline is administered by their elders, the chief of whom in the principal villages in which they reside are denominated *Káthís*, or judges. They are all circumcised according to the law of Moses; and though till lately they had no manuscript copy of the Pentateuch, or of other books of the Bible, they receive the whole of the Old Testament as of Divine authority. When they began, about fifty years ago, particularly to attract the attention of our countrymen, they were found combining the worship of Jehovah with divination and idolatry, serving other gods whom neither they nor their fathers had known, even wood and stone. From the Arabian Jews visiting Bombay they had received portions of the Hebrew Liturgy of the Sephardim, for use in their humble synagogues, or places of assembly. They denominate themselves BENE-ISRAEL, or Sons of Israel; and till lately they viewed the designation of *Jehudí*, or Jew, as one of reproach. They have been settled in India for many centuries."

* See Note A.

I am quite aware of the prejudice which exists among many professing Christians against the Jews. How unworthy of us! more especially when it is remembered that the Saviour and all his Apostles were Jews according to the flesh; that the Christian Church itself is but a growth from Judaism; and that we Gentiles have been grafted into that old olive-tree.

There are six schools, attended by upwards of one hundred and seventy children of the Bene-Israel, in connection with the Free Church Mission of Bombay.

But now we must bid farewell to Bombay, and proceed by sea along the Malabar coast to Madras.

Khandalla.

VIII.

FROM BOMBAY TO MADRAS.

I LEFT Bombay with much regret. Never did men receive more kindness than we did there from all quarters. Many names, which need not be recorded, must ever be remembered by us with gratitude.

By the kindness of the agents of the India Steam Navigation Company, or "Mackinnon and Mackenzie's" line, so famous in the East for its enterprise, we had a free passage to Beypore. Many friends came to bid us farewell and God speed.

The bay, as we sailed across it, seemed more beautiful than ever. A gentle swell gave an almost imperceptible motion to the surface of the sea, on which delicate yet brilliant coruscations rolled out in undulations of gold and silver, ruby and amethyst, more splendid than the royal robes of Delhi. The distant hills, with their fantastic outlines; the islands, with their lustrous foliage; the stretches of sunlit reaches—"all, all were beautiful." I then hoped to have seen it again ere leaving for home, but God willed otherwise; and so Bombay, with its many representatives of busy life, its scenes, its friends of all nations, remains in memory as when I bade it farewell.

As it faded out of sight we could not but contrast the wonderful change which had taken place in its history, and in our own, since the time when it was ceded to England by the Portuguese as part of the dower of Catharine, the wife of Charles II. Then

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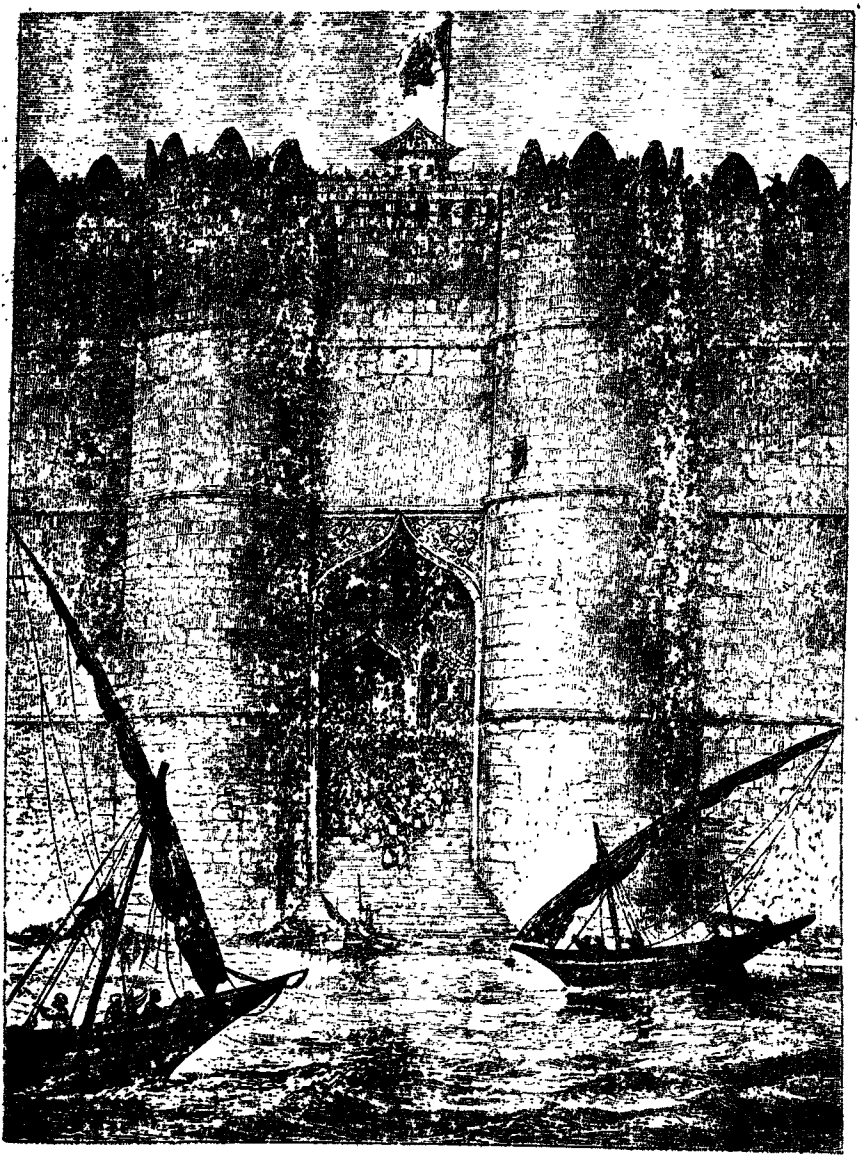
England was busy with intestine wars between Episcopalians and Nonconformists and Presbyterians (alas! not yet ended); Louis XIV. was the Cæsar-god of his day; and the Zenana yet reigned in their respective courts. The empire of the Great Mogul was still supreme in India in the person of Aurungzebe, the fourth in succession from the great Akbar. The Mahrattas were but rising above the horizon, while the English, as yet but little feared, were looked on merely as a nation of shopkeepers, and so were graciously permitted to kneel on the shore of India, humble suppliants before its mighty sovereign. And now! But how shall it be when three other centuries have passed? That, under God, will be determined chiefly by the Christian righteousness of this same nation of shopkeepers.

We left in the afternoon of Monday, the 17th of December, and sailed along the Malabar coast, reaching Beypore, the terminus of the railway which crosses to Madras, early on Friday the 21st.

The sea was smooth as the waters of an inland lake, and was never once ruffled by the slightest breeze. Our ship was indeed "sailing in sunshine far away," and each day was a "gentle day." The habit, acquired in a moist and ungenial clime, of addressing our neighbour, in the bonds of common wonder and thanksgiving, by the salutation of "beautiful weather!" or "a fine day!" died upon our lips. We sailed as close to the shore as was prudent, and had an excellent view of the scenery. This gave such interest to the voyage, that we anticipated its ending with regret. We passed Jingeera and Viziadroog, or Gheria, once the strongholds of pirates. The possessors of Jingeera (or "the Island") are Mussulman Arabs from the coast of Abyssinia, whose ancestors were admirals of the Great Mogul. When that dynasty broke up, after Aurungzebe's reign, they became their own lords, and ranged the seas, to the terror of all who sailed them. Their descendant, the Hubshe, or Seedee (Abyssinian),



THE WATER-GATE OF JINGEERA.

is still independent chief of the small state of Hubshan, Dhunda Rajepoor, and resides at Jingeera. It was never reduced, and the principality has survived the Peishwas. In 1689 the Seedee captured the island of Bombay, leaving only the fort in our possession. He materially assisted Admiral Watson and Clive, in 1756, in subduing Angria, the Mahratta chief of Kolabah, a few miles south of Bombay. This little state of Kolabah was the first in which (in 1840) the Hindoo law of inheritance through an adopted son was set aside, the state being permitted to "lapse" to the British Government, from want of a natural successor. This was practically a tremendous revolution, which rendered the inheritance of every chief in India insecure, and—what to him was perhaps worse—broke that continuity of family, the existence of which enters into the religious hopes of every Hindoo, as regards his eternal well-being. It was the setting aside of this old and universally established law in the case of the Nana Sahib, the adopted son, as I have already noticed, of the Peishwa, who had been Angria's chief, which had so much to do with the mutiny. But apart from any mere application of our newly-adopted principle, it gave universal dissatisfaction in all India. Not the least of the many benefits conferred by the transference of India from "the Company" to the Crown has been the re-establishment of the old law of adoption, and the solemn guarantee that it will be disturbed no more. So much for Kolabah as a link in the political history of India. The Hubshe still holds to his rock, a specimen of the fortifications of which is afforded by Mr. Gell's sketch of the water-gate.

We touched at Curwar, Cananore, and Mangalore, but saw little except a small creek, glorious forests, an old fort, some native boats, a few European agents, which made one wonder how any of our countrymen could live in such out-of-the-way places. The view of the Coorg Mountains, beyond Cananore, was fine. The jungles along the sides of these western ranges are very

thick, abounding in monkeys and panthers, with innumerable reptiles.

We also saw the small town of Mahè, which is still possessed by the French—who have also Pondicherry and Karical, on the east coast of the Deccan, Chandernagore, near Calcutta, and a small factory, Yanaon, on the coast of Orissa.

At one of those places, where we called at night, I was awoke from a deep sleep by a hearty and healthy-looking young man, who announced himself as "one of the sons of the clergy." I was recalled to such a measure of consciousness as enabled me to comprehend that he was the son of an old acquaintance, and was glad of the meeting.

We had, as is ever to be found on those steamers, a motley company. There was a European circus troupe, and professional singers,—highly respectable,—together with one or two distinguished civilians, and intelligent military officers. In the wife of one officer I discovered the daughter of an old friend. With another couple I renewed, with pleasure, an acquaintance made in the steamer from England; and as I saw the recently-married, sweet young wife, from the English parsonage, landing and driving off into the interior with her excellent husband, Major ——, I realised how much true love is needed for a woman thus to commit herself to another. But "tak thocht, lads and lasses," as we Scotch say, how you make such an experiment as that of voyaging across the ocean, to depend upon each other's love for years in a far-distant India "station!"

One of our passengers was old General ——, who was described, with a smile, as "a specimen of an old Indian officer." I know not why, for one associates with this class refinement, intelligence, and courtesy, in spite of some crotchets. Poor old fellow! He had been in India—as a bachelor, too, I understood—for forty years, without having once visited his native land. He was not a small, wizened, yellow-faced man, but ruddy and well-favoured;

and that he was large and rotund was obvious to common sight as he daily lay stretched asleep on a skylight. He was unapproachable; and seemed to be a fort placed under martial law. Every one demanding admittance was suspected of being an enemy. "Yes!" "No!" were sent forth with the loud report of a rifle, accompanied as by the blast of compressed air from a bellows. The interest he excited arose from the unvarying consistency of his manner, and his negation of whatever could inspire a stranger with confidence. One felt that to recognise him as agreeable would be the best way to insult his self-respect. Yet perhaps he has his old sisters or nieces at home who are supported by him, and who love him dearly. Perhaps, too, he has had disappointments which soured him; and perhaps—— But why conjecture? He has landed, and the last I heard of him was a tremendous growl.

I was delighted to find in our captain a native of the same town as myself, and full of those reminiscences of old characters and occurrences which so vividly recall our past, and are more especially refreshing in a distant country, and among scenes and circumstances which seem to belong to a different and distant world. Captain G—— told me this story, among others, of the cyclone of '64:—"It was very awful! The darkness seemed like black marble. I could not stand, but dragged myself as I best could along the deck on hands and knees. All the crew skulked below, save one man named Nelson. He was a brave fellow, and stood by me till the last. It was necessary, at one time, to cut away a hawser astern. At the risk of his life he did it—and disappeared. He was swept overboard; but as he was being carried past the ship he caught hold of a rope, and to my joy crept up beside me again. Soon after that some one came near me, and shouted in my ear words I heard with difficulty:—'A steamer is beside us, and my wife and child are on its deck. For God's sake, save them! save them!' Nelson and I managed to get over the side, I know not how, and we dimly saw something white. With immense

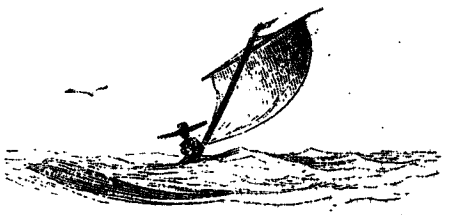
difficulty we got hold of a woman and child, and dragged them on board just as the steamer sank. Next day we received many thanks, and assurances that never, never would this be forgotten! But, as in too many similar cases, we never heard more of husband, wife, or child!"

"And what became of Nelson?" I asked.

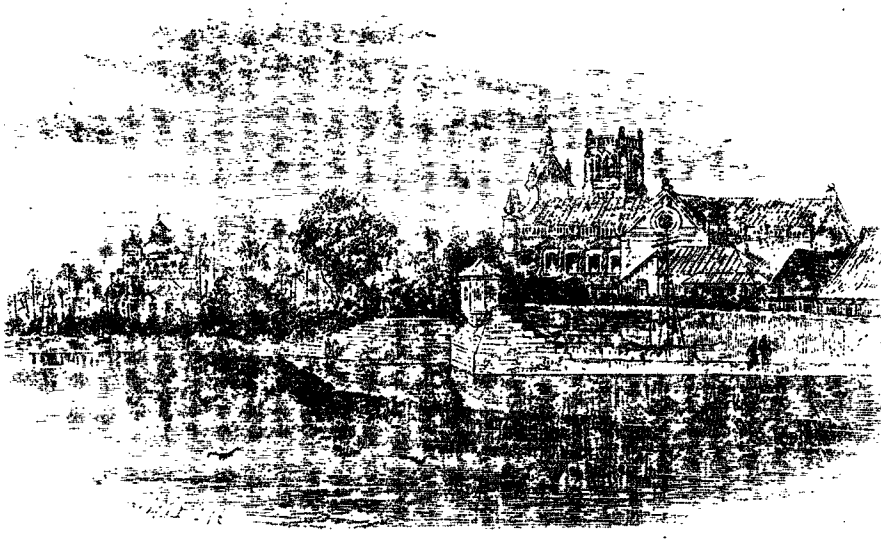
"He committed suicide in a fit of delirium tremens in China," was the sad reply.

We had a distant glimpse of Goa; and again we had to regret passing on without visiting a quaint and interesting memorial of departed greatness. The Portuguese territory in India is now confined to Goa, Damaun, and Diu, with an area of upwards of a thousand square miles, and a population of 313,262 souls. How are the mighty fallen!

We reached Calicut early on Friday. A new feature appeared,



in the long, narrow boats which came out to meet us. They seem as if cut out of the trunk of a tree—so narrow that the beam across accommodates but one person, with an outrigger to windward to balance them, on which, when necessary, one man or more will sit. And another new feature was presented in the huge round flat hats of the men, made of palm leaves, and serving also as umbrellas. Nothing can be more grotesque than their effect when thrust out of the third-class railway carriages, or when worn by the solitary steersman in the tiny boat which spins along like a May-fly before the breeze, nothing being seen but hat and sail, as in the preceding sketch.



THE LANDING-PLACE AT GOA.

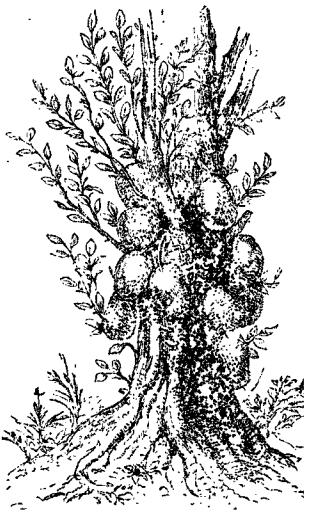
We landed early in the day; drove through the scattered town; visited an old Portuguese burial-ground, in which, so our European guide assured us, Vasco de Gama lies buried! We finally paid a visit to the excellent magistrate, Mr. B——, and the German Mission Home.

Calicut is interesting as having been the first port in India visited by the great Vasco (1498), and the scene of "The Lusiad." Here, as Camoens writes, the band of adventurers

> "First descried the orient land,
> The end at which their arduous labours aimed—
> Whither they came Christ's holy law to spread,
> New customs to establish, and erect
> Another throne. As they approached the coast,
> Innumerable little fishing-boats they saw,
> And from their crews learned that their landward course
> To Calicut would lead."

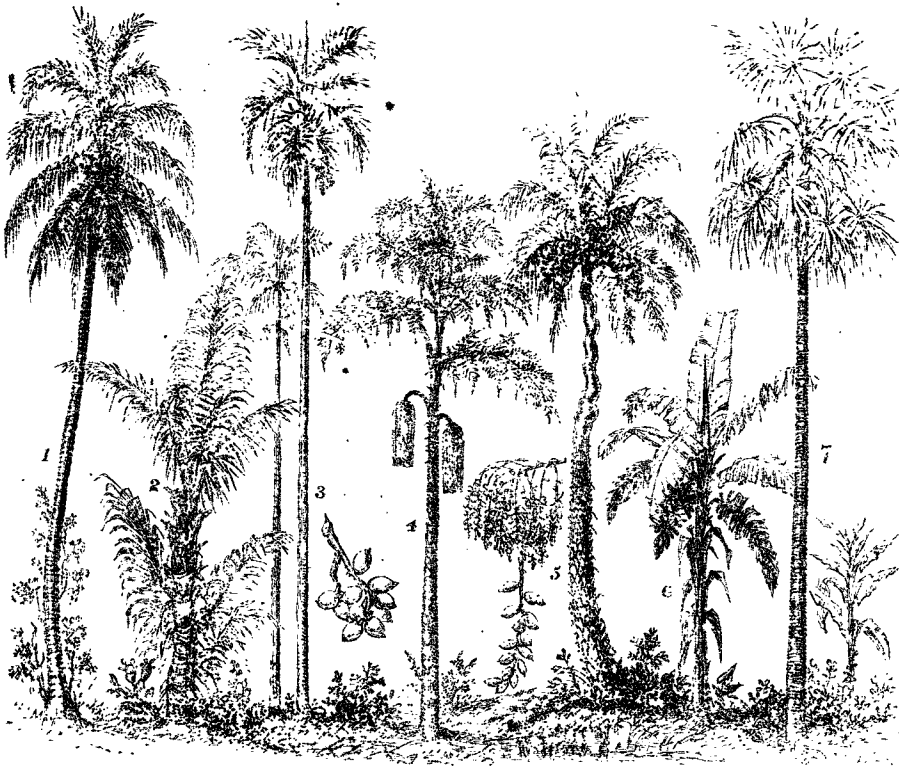
But all such associations were lost, or rather were blended with the scenery of the spot, which will for ever live in my memory as affording me the first and, in spite of Ceylon, the most vivid impressions of the rich, surpassing glory of tropical vegetation. It is always an era in our life when, for the first time, we realise our ideal in nature or in art. It was thus to me at Calicut. I had never, of course, seen anything like this magnificent province of the vegetable kingdom, nor even conceived such glory of form and foliage. Here were palm-trees of every kind—cocoa-nut, palmyra, date, with the graceful betel-nut. The bread-fruit spread its large and beautiful leaves; the jac-tree hung out its fruit from its trunk, where no fruit had ever been seen by me before; the banyan dropped tendrils which sought to reach and root themselves in the earth, soon to become as cables of wood uniting the branches to the soil. There were tamarind-trees; bamboos, radiating their long and feathery branches to the sky; tree ferns; and teak-trees, such as could build the navies of the world; while hedges of cactus and aloes lined the roads and divided the fields.

One felt as if in a huge botanic garden, and wondered where the glass roof was which should have protected such Oriental splendour from destruction! The red colouring of the roads, from their being made of laterite, formed a beautiful warm contrast with the rich green foliage of the woods through which they led. The cottages of the natives, too, seemed comfortable, and nestled in the shade of the overhanging trees. The whole scene, as it suddenly



The Jac-tree.

presented itself to me, was like a glorious dream, the most fascinating and imaginative I had ever beheld—so beautiful was it in itself, so Oriental in its every feature, with such visible enjoyment of human beings from the generous bounty of that Creator who is merciful to the unthankful. It recalled scenes described by poets which had excited and pleased me in youth,—where every home in the landscape was the abode of domestic happiness, and every shady grove afforded an asylum to innocent and happy lovers. Paul and Virginia, somehow, constantly suggested themselves to



1. Cocoa-nut (Cocos nucifera).
2. Sago Palm (Cariota urens).
3. Betel Palm (Areca catechu).
4. Sago Palm (Arenga saccharifera).
5. Date Palm (Phœnix sylvestris).
6. Plantain (Musa paradisiaca).
7. Palmyra Palm (Borassus flabelliformis).

my thoughts. But alas for reality! Nature is ever pure, orderly, and bountiful. Yet it is a sad disturbance to these associations, or to any others which might be suggested by imagination guided by charity, to become acquainted at first hand with the actual condition and character of the inhabitants of such favoured spots. Those who know India, especially Malabar, will understand why I

The Banyan.

do not record the marriage laws and customs of the *Namburis*, or the *Nairs*, or the real history of the *Ackhums* and their sisters.

A little south of Calicut, at Trichoor, begins the remarkable lagoon or "backwater," by which the traveller may sail or be rowed by the natives for a hundred and sixty miles as far as Trivanderam. This is practically the same as if voyaging along a river, and as the water is always smooth and the shore loaded with the same glorious vegetation, backed by the line of the same varied and picturesque hills, it may easily be conceived that such travelling is a luxury. It was not in our line of route, however, and therefore I can only speak from the evidence of others.

From time immemorial there has been a regular trade carried on between the Malabar coast, the Persian Gulf, and the Red Sea. This has been fostered, no doubt, by the constancy of the mon-

soons both north and south. All the Arab trading vessels are built of teak procured from Malabar. The emigration of Arabs has been from of old. We have seen how Abyssinia supplied them for the Eastern navies; and even now there are many thousands in the army of the Nizam, forming, as they have ever done, a body of Mussulman fanatics. The chief tribe on the Malabar coast are the Mopillas, who are the descendants of Arabs by native women. They are the navigators, and were the pirates, whose towers are still seen along the coast. They manifest a fierce determination to maintain their real or supposed rights. They murdered Mr. Conolly the collector, and are guilty of such violence as quite equals that of their Arab fathers. It seems to me that Malabar, and not Ceylon, was the district to which the ships of Solomon made their long voyages, returning "every three years," "bringing gold and silver, ivory, and spices, and peacocks."

The Nairs, or Nyrs, of Malabar are a Hindoo race, and one of the most warlike in India.* The Tiars are the cultivators, while the Pariar tribe eat carrion, and the Naidas are wretched out-castes, whom no slave would touch. They wander about in companies, and howl like dogs, keeping at a distance from all passers-by, who, if they wish to give them food, leave it for them on the ground.

There is a German Mission in Calicut. After calling on the excellent collector we spent a short time with the missionaries. There are three here. We found them intelligent, good men, who seemed earnest in their work, with very encouraging results. These being connected with education as well as preaching are the more likely to be permanent.

We left the mission-house after sunset, to travel six miles by a bullock garry to the terminus of the Madras railway at Beypore, having sent on our servants some time before with our luggage,

* It is a strange fact that, owing to the native marriage laws, no Nair can ever know who is his father.

so that we had no interpreter, nor ever anticipated the need of one. But our machine broke down, and so did we! We were helpless. After making many vain attempts to obtain information or give advice by signs, we determined to let the driver do as he pleased with his team, while we walked back for two miles or so to the mission-house. Though we grumbled considerably at the time, yet I recall with peculiar pleasure that night walk through the woods, with the glorious stars and their diamond sparkle overhead in the blue. The roads were crowded with groups of people,

all loudly chattering, and as if returning home after the labours or purchases of the day. Like all hot climates, India is most alive very early or very late. The village bazaars also are open till a late hour, their small lamps casting light upon various kinds of grain, vegetables, and fruits, sold by men who sit doubled up, with their heads and turbans, like tulips, between their knees. Every one we met carried blazing torches of cotton, which, by the way, having been first grown in India, and manufactured in Manchester, was then worn in India, and there finally blazed in torches and was extinguished for ever. We met, too, the Indian *mail*. A coach and four,

was it, of a palki? A swift dromedary or an elephant? No. The bags conveying all the varied threats, commands, and resolutions of love-making and money-making, were carried on the back of a native runner, who with his lantern and small bells hurried past us! It is in this primeval fashion that the postal communications of Southern and Central India are kept up. The "post" goes at a conscientious trot, and soon transfers his bags and responsibilities to another. So on it goes, until all letters are duly delivered at their final destination.

We learned afterwards that these torches, with the rattles or bells, are necessary precautions to scare away cobras and other venomous serpents, which come out in numbers at night. Ignorant of any danger, and without light, except what came from our hearts, and without any rattle, except from our tongues, as we sung "Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,"—which we wished the sleeping woods to hear,—we trudged along in peace and safety. The serpent brood had no fellowship with us, nor we with them, and so we never met. Perhaps the song mesmerised them; or perhaps the news of my great battle and victory at Colgaum had been carried south, and filled them with terror.

We re-entered the mission-house, to the great surprise of our friends. We received a hearty welcome, and were assured that not without risk had we travelled in the dark, our host himself the night before having killed a large cobra in the path leading from the gate to the door of his house.

While another carriage was being got ready for us we partook of a generous tea with Mr. and Mrs. Schauffler and the other missionaries. I was delighted in this out-of-the-way place to have had revived the memory of those good old German customs which were so pleasing to me in my early days when I spent some time in the Vaterland. In no other country was there then, in my opinion, such a combination of mental refinement and culture, such domestic virtues, implicity, and unaffected kindness. The round,

smiling-faced, flaxen-haired Frau of my early memories could cook, arrange the table, nurse her child, and do many things belonging strictly to servants' work in England; while her knowledge and nice appreciation of literature and art made her a fit companion for her husband, who, with black velvet skull-cap, large spectacles, and long pipe, sat in the arm-chair discussing his sauerkraut, or speculating on theology, philosophy, poetry, or politics. This Calicut mission-house, with its most pleasing host and hostess, was quite of this type, and no mission could be conducted with more economy, good sense, and genuine piety.

After spending a pleasant evening with our German friends, we got a safer machine to travel in, and soon reached the river which separated us from the railway hotel. It was delightful to hear in the clear air of the moonlit night the songs of the ferrymen as they pulled us across. The cadence was melancholy, but pleasing. Our steersman acted as clerk, and never failed to give his response and refrain at the right moment. We found the hotel far from comfortable; and though, through the hospitality of friends, our experience was limited to only one other hotel in Northern India, yet all we heard led us to the conclusion that this great, half-civilised, half-savage caravanserai of wide corridors, large half-furnished rooms, without rest for the weary or bread for the hungry, was but a type of too many Indian hostelries. But when men are *done up*, the difficulty is not to sleep, but to keep awake with any degree of intelligence. Our measure of sleep was stinted, for early in the morning we started for Madras. In vain we asked for something to eat before leaving; we could not get anything, not even a cup of coffee; so we set out with the disagreeable sensations of hungry men—sensations which were not allayed until two in the afternoon, when we got some tough meat and the never-failing curry.

The journey from Beypore, beneath the shadows of the Neilgherries, is very beautiful. This group of hills occupies a space

upwards of forty miles in length and twelve in breadth. There are nearly twenty mountains within this space, averaging from 5,000 to upwards of 8,000 feet high. The famous English Sanitorium of Ootacamund, to which all who can manage it escape from the summer heat in the Madras Presidency, is upwards of 7,000 feet above the level of the sea. The scenery of this granite range, from the lofty peaks down through the forests which clothe their sides to the dense jungle which chokes the valleys, is described as singularly varied and beautiful. The sportsman, artist, and invalid are sure to speak with equal enthusiasm of the Neilgherries. We passed with regret the station at which travellers leave for the Sanitorium, and dared not attempt to snatch at the great pleasure of visiting it, but were compelled to hurry again over the plain. Yet the view we got of these southern spurs was well worth seeing. Their bare scarped sides and precipices, their masses so picturesquely broken by peak, ridge, knoll, and gorge, the rich clothing below contrasting with the wild summits above, made up a most unique picture. Never before or after in India had I the pleasure of seeing such rapid interchange of light and shade. The shadows of the clouds slowly moving across the mountain-side brought the Highland hills vividly before me. We remarked at the time, too, how like Dunkeld was the broken and wooded scenery of the lower grounds.

The aboriginal tribes of these hills have excited great interest among ethnologists, who tell us much about the Erulars, Kurumbars, Kohatars, Badakars, &c., and, above all, the Tudas, with their fine faces, flowing ringlets, monotheistic religion, and strange morals, including polyandry.

With a thermometer of nearly 90° in our carriage, a whiff of mountain air would have been "gratefully received," cool season though it was; but the guard whistled, and we had to bid farewell for ever to the Neilgherries.

GROUP OF NATIVES OF THE NEILGHERRIES.

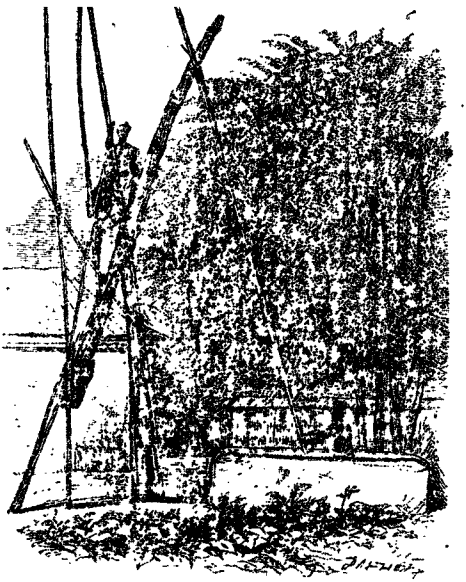
After a long ascent we passed the Palghaut station, and soon emerged into the monotonous plain of Myhra, until in the morning we saw the fine hills near Vellore, of which more anon. We noticed in our journey very remarkable-looking hills or knolls

Shepherd.

rising out of, and scattered over, the great plain-like icebergs or islands in the ocean. They are the remains of decomposed granite. They seemed to me to average from one to two hundred feet in height, and to be shaped in this sort of way :—

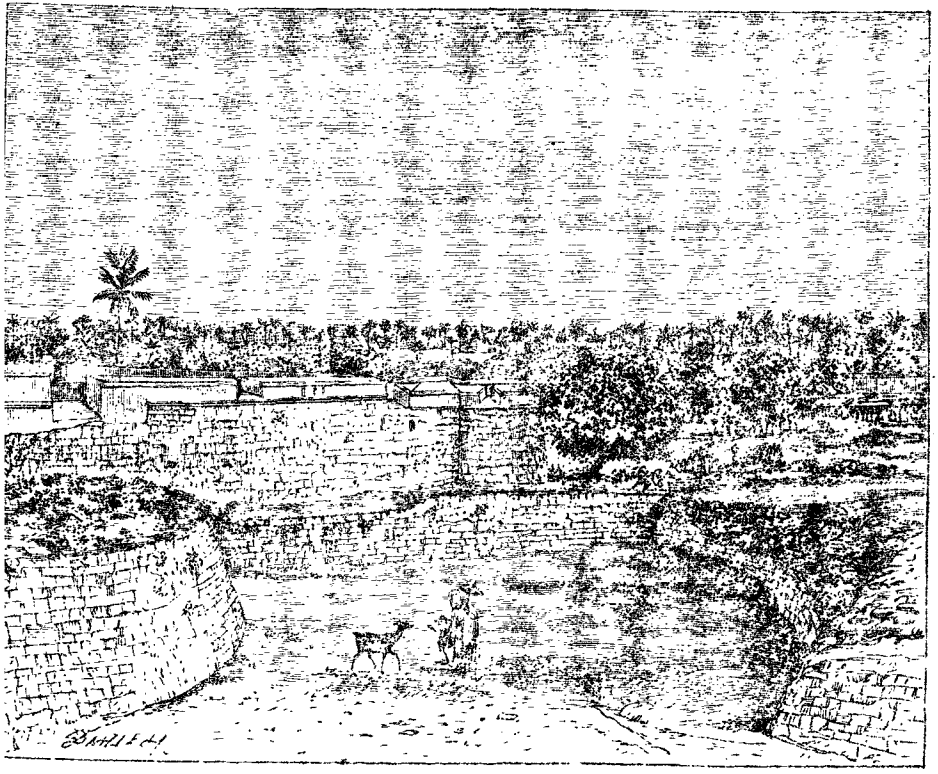
Two objects, alone, in the wayside scenery attracted our notice.

One was a shepherd watching his flock; the other the mode of drawing water for irrigation. The process is familiar by which a bucket is let down from the longer end of a lever, and raised or lowered from the smaller end; but what I had never seen before



Drawing Water.

as this sinking and elevating process being accomplished by men alking alternately backward and forward along the top of the ver. It was very odd to witness two lanky natives steadying emselves by a light hand-rail as they paced to and fro, up and own this lever, that looked like a fishing-rod, with a long pole or its line, and the bucket for its bait.



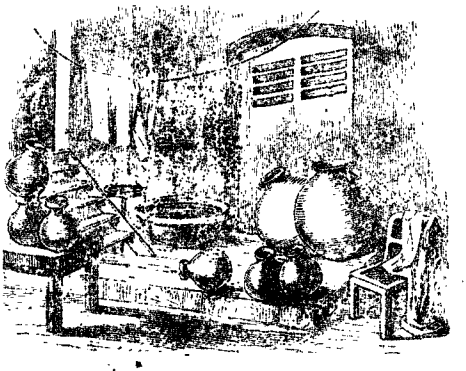
OLD FORT AT BANGALORE.

IX.

MADRAS.

ON the afternoon of Saturday we arrived at Madras. Here again my friend and I separated, each going to a different host. Mr. William Scott was mine, and my comfort was secured in his hospitable and beautiful bungalow. But the word "bungalow" does not seem appropriate to these Madras residences. Mansions or houses are terms better adapted to describe these more stately structures. Between them and those of Bombay the contrast is striking. The large wooden Bombay cottage, so to speak, in spite of its elegance and comfort, here gave place to square, flat-roofed buildings of two stories, having pillared porticoes, verandahs opening into stately rooms, with handsome staircases, broad passages, and entrance halls, all surrounded by well-kept grounds and trim flower-gardens. There is, in short, a *finish*, a sense of permanence, which we had not hitherto seen. What a luxury it is after a railway or steamer journey, or after an hotel like that at Beypore, to find oneself in such a home! I feel that I have not yet done justice to that great institution—that life-giver and bracer of soul and body—the Indian bath. It is not a marble coffin in a small hole, as at home, but in a sufficiently large apartment off bed-room or dressing-room. It is generally paved with clean brick, and has a huge tub full of cold water, and, on a raised *dais*, a number of jars filled with the same. These jars are so small that they can with ease be poured over the

head, and so numerous that they can satisfy one's intense desire to feel thoroughly cool. The water finds egress for itself to the hot world without through a hole in the corner, so that there is no restraint from the fear of flooding or splashing the apartment, as a bird does its cage when fluttering in its little saucer of water.



This apartment is attended to exclusively by that water-kelpie the *bhestie*, who must be descended "originally" from a water-god, whose throne must be on the Western Ghauts. If there was a chief of the bhesties, he should be made, perhaps not a C.B.,—for I detest puns,—yet the bearer of some honourable distinction.*

Refreshed by the bath, I was prepared in the afternoon to accompany my kind hostess in her carriage drive, and thus to get my first peep at Madras. The general features of this Presidency town are not difficult to seize. It is a dead flat. The bustle of commerce is confined to the native quarter, which is somewhat broken up into separate portions, one called Triplicane, another Blacktown, under Vepery, Chintadripeta, &c., all apart from the European districts.

As at Poona, so at Madras, I was reminded of a rich English

* Since this was in type a friend has informed me that *Behishti* is itself an honourable distinction—meaning *Paradiser;* and with this I am content.

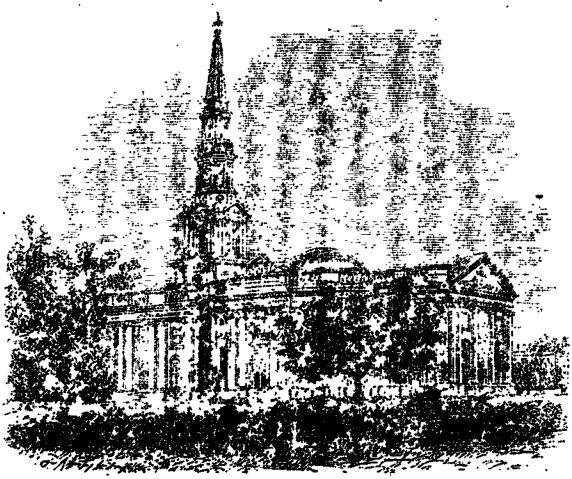
watering-place; yet it is not a small town, as its inhabitants number 700,000, of whom 2,000 are Europeans.

The surf, which every one has associated with the name of Madras, was the first object I desired to visit in this my first drive; and not the less so as our Scotch Missionary Institution is on the beach, and therefore beside this "sounding sea." I much

enjoyed the sight. Oceanward, ships and steamers lay at anchor, and rocked with becoming decorum. The surf, like its Highland cousin on the shores of the Hebrides, came in, as it has been in the habit of doing—during what period?—with crested head, and heavy thud and roar, expending its gathered energies. We watched with interest the catamarans and Massowla boats riding over and defying the angry sea. There is really no danger whatever in these boats. As for the catamarans, the shark never

touches them, from his high-bred sense, I presume, of low caste and high caste; while a white Englishman, on the other hand, will be instantly devoured.

We drove thence to the public park, where a regimental band was at the time performing. There one felt at home amidst the crowds who had assembled from many a scattered mansion, barrack, or official residence. The centre of attraction was the military band, which was surrounded by carriages linked to



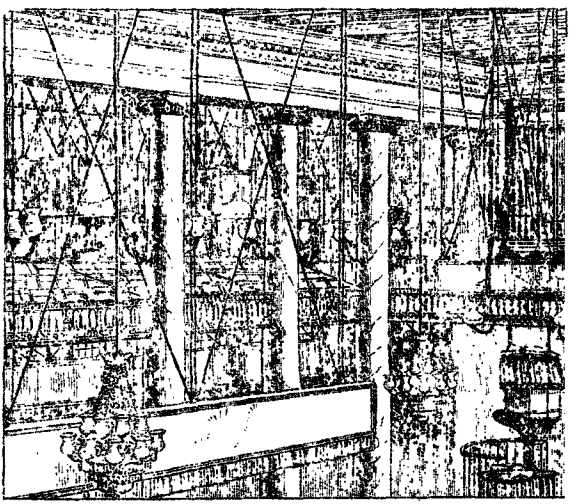
St. Andrew's Church, Madras.

carriages, most of them stationary, others driving slowly round, with a large attendance of riders. This was the Madras Rotten-row—with its flirtations, its groups of admirers and admired, its elegant dresses, manners, and talk, with all the results, more or less artistic, of the fashionable world.

But having travelled a few hundred miles, day and night, I felt disposed for rest and an early sleep, and therefore very soon retired.

Next day we preached in the beautiful Scotch Church of St.

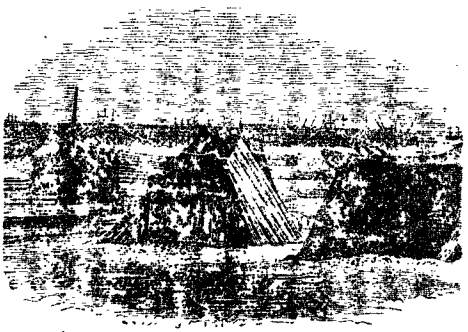
Andrew's, and to a large audience.* It was the first time I had ever preached with punkahs cooling the church. The effect was most distracting, for the swinging of this huge fan alternately revealed and concealed my hearers. I no sooner caught the look of any individual, or number of individuals, which so much guides a speaker, than I instantly lost them again. But though this is a trial of patience as regards the preacher, yet were the punkah



dispensed with there would be a worse infliction on every one of the hearers. The punkah is drawn by cords and pulleys, which pass to the outside of the place in which they are used. At private houses, old men may be seen seated under the verandah near the wall, their whole occupation being to pull this cord night and day during the hot season (and when is it a cool one?), both for public rooms and bed-rooms. These men are generally in

* The Church of Scotland has not only missionaries in India, but military chaplains for the Scotch troops. These are paid by Government, and have retiring pensions, &c. There are eleven of them. According to the Treaty of Union, the Established Churches of England and Scotland have equal standing in the eye of the law beyond Great Britain. Neither of them is *the* Established Church.

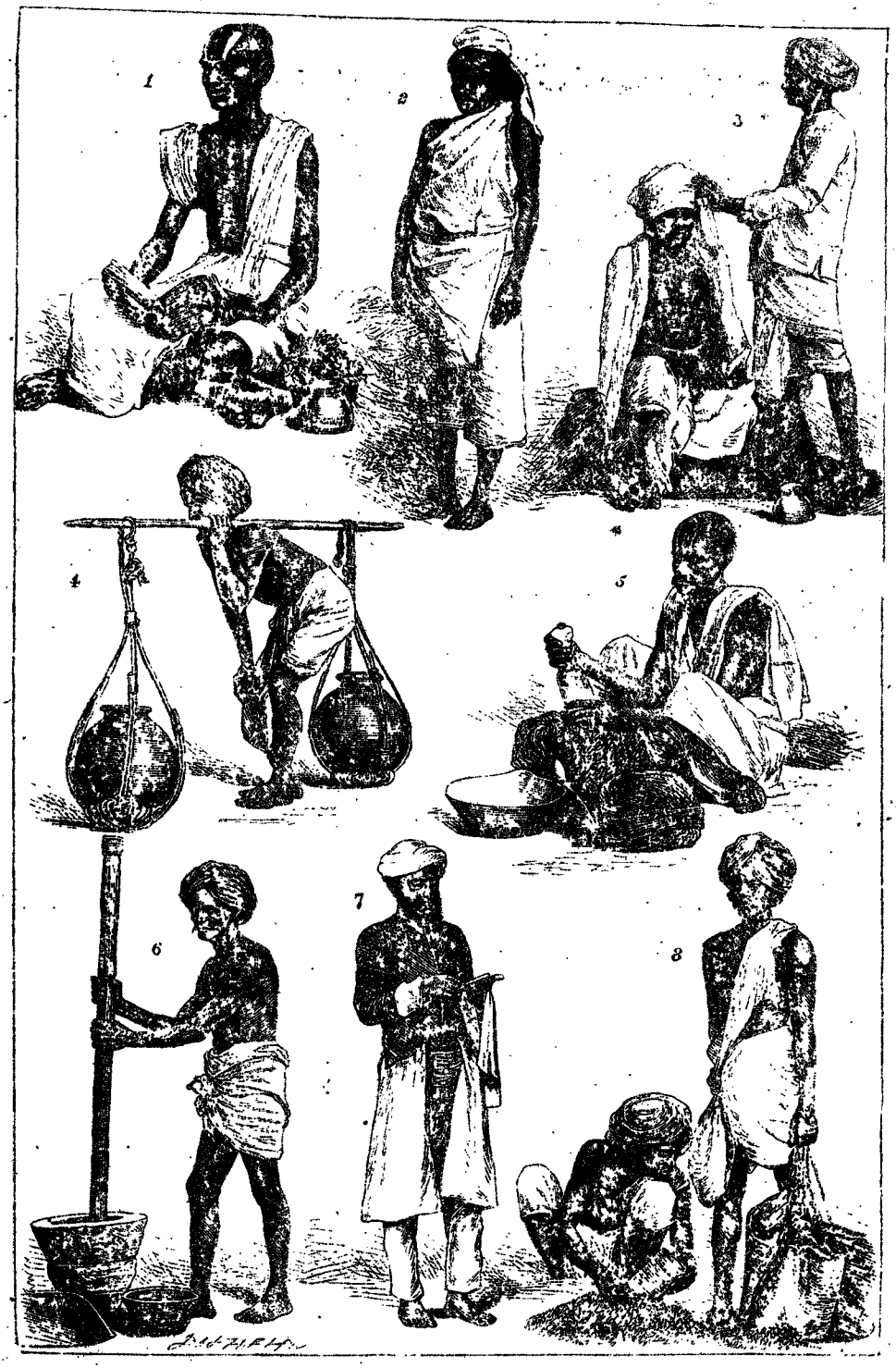
couples, to keep one another from sleeping. It is not a very exciting occupation, verily! Yet it is one necessary for the health—at all events, for the comfort—of the unhappy foreigner panting for air. There is a punkah over the sleeper in bed; over the preacher (even the most decided Sabbatarian!) in the pulpit; over the party at dinner, whether on land or sea; over every man, woman, or child who wishes to breathe with any degree of ease. Woe be to the old creatures who hold the cords of our fate in a hot night, if they pause for one moment and let the oven get overheated! A loud shout is soon heard from the gasping suf-



Madras Pier.

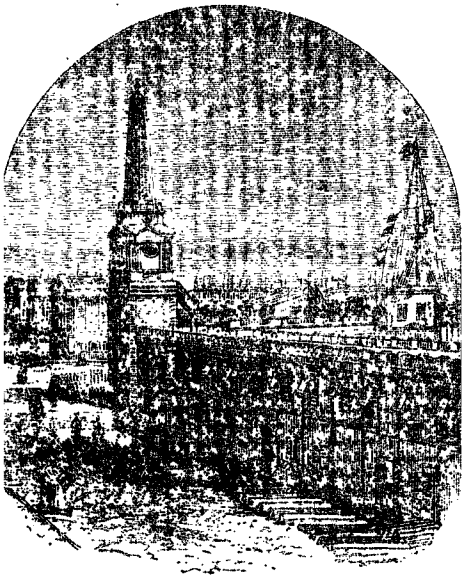
ferer, which quickly awakens the *punkawalla*, and restores the breeze.

The "Griffin," or newly-arrived European, hardly perceives any difference between one native and another as they move along the crowded thoroughfares of an Indian city. Yet those acquainted with the various races and castes easily observe marked distinctions of feature and expression among the thinly-clad and barefooted Hindoos. Some typical specimens of these we set before the reader without any special description beyond what is suggested by their trades. My remarks in Good Words, at this point in my narrative, on the Eurasians in Madras were kindly



1. Brahmin.
2. Grass-cutter.
3. Turban-tiers.
4. Water-carrier.
5. Butter-making.
6. Rice-pounding.
7. Barber.
8. Horsekeepers.

noticed in the *Madras Standard*, and more than one mistake which I had made corrected. I cheerfully accept the statement there given regarding this portion of the population, which is to the effect that of the 14,000 Indo-Europeans in Madras, the majority are of British descent, are engaged in honourable and independent callings, speak English in their households, and that at least two-thirds of them are Protestants, and these the more

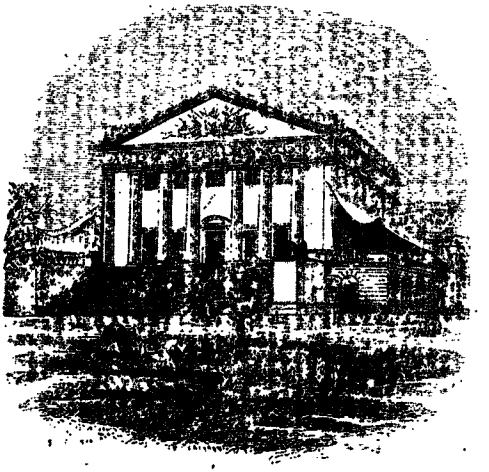


In the Fort, Madras.

intelligent and leading members of the community. Many of these East Indians are merchants and traders on their own account, while large numbers are employed in the mercantile establishments of the Presidency. Not a few are members of the legal profession, and of Her Majesty's Commissioned Medical Service. The "Madrasse" servants and cooks, who form a considerable class, are generally descendants of the Portuguese and the native woman of Goa. These excellent servants are supplied from

Western India, chiefly from Bombay and Goa. We had two, whom we found very intelligent and faithful. A servant in India is essential, as no other is expected to do your work, not even to attend you at table.

Madras is not a city with many "sights," beyond those which are more or less common to other cities in India. The *Fort* has nothing attractive in it, although it is not without its associations. The contrast between past and present is forcibly suggested by the fact that at the time we were beating Prince Charles Edward

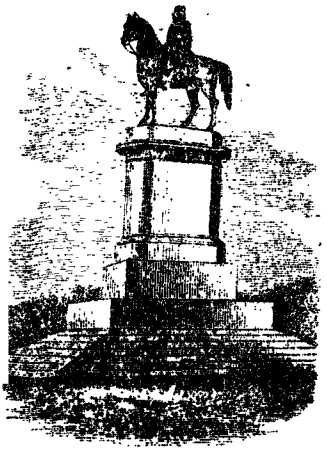


Memorial Hall, Madras.

Highlands this fort surrendered to Bourdonnais, who demanded its keys in the name of the French king; and also, that exactly a century ago, Hyder Ali, with his Mahratta horse, dictated terms to its governor. In its old quaint buildings, too, a clerk once filled up his ledgers, and, with a mind somewhat liable to disorder, twice snapped a pistol at his head, hoping to blow his brains out—a clerk who afterwards became Lord Clive. The other public buildings in Madras, such as the Memorial Hall, the Cathedral, and St. Andrew's Scotch Church, are most creditable

to the city. The statues of Cornwallis, Munro, and Neill, who commanded the Madras Fusileers, also "deserve attention," as guide-books express it, although, were I to give them the attention they deserve, my readers might not be disposed to follow my example.

There is, by the way, a connection worth noticing between Glasgow and Madras in the history of two of its governors. These — James Macrae,* "unknown to fame," and Sir Thomas Munro.



Sir Thomas Munro's Statue.

Macrae was born in Ayr, the son of a poor man. He mysteriously disappeared when he was a boy; but he returned many years afterwards a man of great wealth and ex-Governor of Madras (1725—30)! He behaved in the most generous manner to the friends of his youth, and to poor relations, two of whom, after having been highly educated and endowed by him with large properties, were married to men of rank. One was Lady Glencairn, an admirable woman, the mother of the Lord Glencairn who won the admiration and gratitude of Robert Burns. The Governor in

* For a short account of Macrae, see Good Words for 1866, p. 611.

1730 generously presented a statue of King William III. to the city of Glasgow, and it stands at "the Cross" until this day, with an inscription by the donor as "Ex-præfectus Madrasii."

Sir Thomas Munro was born in Glasgow, of respectable parents, and received a good education. He began life as a clerk in one of the oldest commercial houses in the city, that of Messrs. Somerville and Stirling, afterwards Stirling Gordon.*

Why has Glasgow never added a statue of Munro to those of her other illustrious citizens?

We were most hospitably entertained by the present Governor, Lord Napier, at Guindy, his beautiful country residence, some miles out of town. Few men have seen so much of the world as Lord Napier, having, apart from his rank, been a diplomatist attached to several courts, from Washington to St. Petersburg. It is impossible to be in his society without being impressed by his manners, his abilities and piquant conversation. The only rival he had to fear was Lady Napier. I need not say that there is always *some* pomp and ceremony at every "Government House;" but instead of this being diminished, it ought, in my opinion, to be increased. Two aides-de-camp, a small guard, and a military band do not worthily represent the only representative of majesty known to the natives of a kingdom like the Presidency of Madras, larger in extent than Great Britain. The fact is, we should invest with far greater pomp all our great Indian prefects, as well as the Governor-General. Such appearances cost comparatively little, and have great value in the eyes of the natives. Our handsome entertainment was followed in the evening by a large party and an excellent concert, in which the well-known professional, Mrs. Bishop, who was on a tour in the East, was the leading performer, while several of the ladies present, one especially, played and sang with the highest art. Young Lord

* It is a remarkable fact that Sir John Malcolm was also a clerk in the same office.

Huntly and some noble friends, who were on a sporting excursion to India, were present. Such meetings in India impress a stranger in many ways. One hardly knows where such a number of gentlemen and ladies have come from to fill these handsome rooms, considering that the European element hardly meets the eye when driving through the town. Perhaps the reason is that there are no idlers in India, every one being busy and confined to his desk or office. With such a host and hostess we spent a delightful evening, and not the less so as we met many related to friends at home.

And yet—yes, I must confess it—I was almost as much struck by the absence of others as by the presence of those who made up this large party of high-bred gentlemen and ladies. Where were the natives? I asked myself. Of course I knew the replies which could be given to this question—replies in no way implying any blame to this or that Governor. And we can at least echo back the saying of the natives, "It is our custom!" But after we have satisfactorily, as we say, accounted for the fact, and shown how caste principles on the one hand, and European prejudices on the other, to some extent operate against anything like complete social fusion, the tremendous fact itself still stares us in the face, and impresses us more at first than perhaps any other in India. There is a gulf which separates the rulers from the ruled—the European from the native. It is hardly possible to take this in fully, so strange and unnatural does it seem; and all the more as it cannot be much helped, or but very partially remedied. Although it has been noticed and descanted upon a thousand times, yet my feeling of wonder at it was not diminished in India; nor, I must add, were my anxious questionings the less earnest as to what it could mean, what purpose it was in God's providence intended to serve, and what the end thereof must be.

The causes of separation between the two peoples are many and powerful. There is first of all the element of race. We have

there blacks and whites, Englishmen and Hindoos; and what such antagonism may develop into we have all learned from history, and latterly in a special manner from that of America. I dare not affirm that such antagonism is to the same extent *characteristic* of British India; yet I am sorry to say that it does exist. I have myself heard an excellent and high-bred English lady, the wife of a high official, deprecate as strongly as any Southern could, the idea of a native woman being in any sense *her* sister, or of "one blood," accompanied too with something more than hints as to the desirableness of the continuance of the separation between them. "A nigger is not a man," is an axiom not yet wholly extirpated from Indo-European thought—the weakest kind of it at least; while the *prejudice* of race is as strong in India as, alas! it is generally throughout the world. And then, not to speak of the separation between the European and the native, which the knowledge as yet possessed by the educated native has but very slightly bridged over, the manners and customs of the two are wholly different. To eat together is impossible, because of the laws of caste; and even were it not so, what fellowship could there be when every native, however high in rank, eats as his forefathers did, squatted on his carpet, with his fingers plunged into his dish of curry?

As to female society in India, how different it is from European! By whatever standard her countrymen may measure a Hindoo lady, her position in her own family is to us almost inexplicable. No Hindoo wife, I have been informed, would ever dare to eat in the presence of her husband, or speak to him before any of his relations, or address his mother, his elder brother, or uncle! In rare cases alone, and only when under European influence, would she be taught to read or write. These privileges have been, strange to say, hitherto confined to the wretched women connected with the temples; and this has necessarily made such knowledge to be regarded as a mark of degradation by others of

their sex, or possibly as being too sacred to be possessed by those who are not allied with the priesthood. The wife, again, has no domestic freedom, but is at all times under the strictest surveillance of the old lady, or *Takhoor Ma*, who rules the whole patriarchal establishment with a rod of iron.* How wide, then, has hitherto been the separation between Europeans and natives in social life! And to make matters worse, there is this additional fact, that the governing classes are being constantly changed. The European tree transplanted to India is, indeed, always green, but its leaves are always changing. The ship is always full, yet she is ever full of strangers. No European settles, or can settle with his family, in India. The young white-faces who are born there must leave it to save their lives. Accordingly, no native, except perhaps a nurse, ever beheld European domestic life in all its manifold beauty of mutual confidence; and if they see it they cannot understand its freedom and purity. The Hindoos never saw a family met, as we in our colder climate say, "around the fireside." That intercourse between the old and the young, between parents and children, and the general mixing of friends and relations, so familiar to us and so beautiful withal, the natives may have heard of, but have never seen, far less mingled in. On the other hand, we are just as ignorant of their domestic life and its varied relationships, except from information received from themselves. And strange it is to think that, so long as

* The following law regarding the behaviour demanded from a Hindoo wife I extract from Halhed's translation (published 1781) of the "Code of Gentoo Laws:"—"If a man goes on a journey his wife shall not divert herself by play, nor shall see any public show, *nor shall laugh*, nor shall dress herself in jewels and fine clothes, nor shall see dancing, nor hear music; nor shall sit in the window; nor shall ride out; nor shall behold anything choice or vain; but shall fasten well the house-door, and remain private; and shall not eat any dainty victuals, and shall not blacken her eyes with eye-powder, and shall not view her face in a mirror; she shall never exercise herself in any such agreeable employment during the absence of her husband. It is proper for a woman after her husband's death to burn herself with his corpse." &c., &c. (p. 253). So much for the ancient "rights of women!"

human constitutions remain as they are, Eastern and Western races can never amalgamate without a loss to both. The Indo-European is inferior in power to either of the races from which he has sprung. The governing power is not in him! Providence has so willed it, and we must seek, as taught by experience, to ascertain its purpose. In the meantime we may see that, with our fresh European blood constantly renewed, and our gifts of mental and physical power, with all the results, direct and indirect, of European civilisation inherited by us, we can as yet govern India better than the natives. But it should never be forgotten that our government must not only be *for* the natives, but, as far as possible, *by* them; and that we should share with them all our precious gifts, our Christianity most precious of all, that so they may be enabled ultimately to share with us the government of their own people, for the glory of our common empire and for the glory of our common Father. And never, verily, to any nation under heaven since time began was such a difficult task assigned, or power given, and for a nobler end!

In the olden time it must be allowed that the Europeans were much better acquainted with the natives and with female society than now; for the zenana was not confined to Orientals! Europe was then practically four times further from India than it is in our time. Intercourse with it was difficult. Long residence by our Europeans in the East was the rule. The society of European ladies was rare. Little wonder that habits and customs then existed which could not be suffered now in European society. And if it be said that these enabled our countrymen to acquire a knowledge of the natives,—of their language, their habits, their opinions and feelings,—greater perhaps than is possible in these days, yet it cannot be doubted that this was done by demoralising the European, and, indeed, *Hindooising* him. An illustration of this was given to me by an eminent medical man who had attended one of those "old Indians dying"

in pain. No man knew the natives better than this old man did; for he was himself almost, if not altogether, a heathen, and so, when dying, invoked alternately Jesus and the Hindoo gods, and finally requested that his "body might be burnt at Holy Benares!" Our present separation from the natives, however much it is to be regretted, cannot verily be bridged over and remedied by any such compromises as these.

I had a long and interesting conversation in Madras with two educated native gentlemen occupying high official positions. They were not Christians, but, like many of their educated countrymen, wished to put the new wine of Christian morality and Theism into the old bottles of an idealised Hindooism. Among other subjects of conversation, we happened to touch upon one which becomes hackneyed to the "inquiring traveller"—the feelings of the natives towards us and our rule.

"The English are honest, just, powerful, and marvellously united," remarked my intelligent informer, "but they are proud and contemptuous, and have little capacity for sympathising with us, who have lived all our lives in a different world from them, and with different ideas and ways."

I expressed the hope that "none of his countrymen, far less a Hindoo gentleman like himself, ever heard offensive epithets applied to them, such as, to our great disgust, we were informed at home had at one time been not unfrequent among Europeans."

"These are not yet abolished," he answered with a bitter smile; "for only the other day I was travelling from Bangalore in a first-class carriage, when an officer looked in at the window and informed his brother officers that 'a black fellow had *boned* the seat,' and on this another repeated the information in a loud voice, that a 'nigger was in a first-class.' This language," he said, "was becoming far less common, and was almost entirely confined to the military, and chiefly, if not altogether, to young

officers, and to those only among them even who were probably without brains, and certainly without manners."

I am sorry to add that this information as to the insolent treatment of the natives, and the ill-usage of native servants by thoughtless young men, tallied with what I heard in other parts of India. Of all ordinary offences this should be visited with the swiftest and most marked punishment. The insolence of a few may tell on the loyalty of a whole Presidency. I need not add that public opinion is thoroughly sound in regard to such bad manners.

My informant acknowledged that since the mutiny an immense change for the better had come over the government of India; he believed that lessons had then been taught which would not be forgotten on either side. This he attributed on our part not to fear, but to our sense of justice being strengthened, and to wiser conclusions having been arrived at as to the proper way to treat the natives and native states. He was, of course, loud in his praise of education; but he added—

"I lament much that the aristocratic classes in the country are not taking greater advantage of it, or that special efforts are not made to induce them to do so. The old outlets, good or bad, for their energies in connection with their native states have been almost all closed, and they will either sink down to the dead level above which you strangers raise your heads, or the lower castes alone will become educated, and take the lead and fill up all important places. That they should do so is fair and good in itself, but it is not the *most* desirable state of things in governing this country, in which caste, rank, and old hereditary claims will hold their own for many a day. Orientalism is a phase of humanity that cannot be changed, although it may be moulded by education and contact with Westernism."

I paid a visit to the School of Industrial Arts in Madras. This institution was begun in 1850, and has been carried on ever since,

by the enthusiasm and energy of a good Scotchman who has fortunately made it his specialty—Dr. Hunter, Surgeon of the Madras Army. There is certainly not much art visible in the building itself, which consists chiefly of a number of sheds suited to meet the practical demands of each department of art. The "artistic," for example, includes engraving on wood and copper, drawing of every kind, photography, modelling, &c. The industrial department embraces a wide range, such as the making of bricks, water-pipes, cooking apparatus, and every kind of ornamental lamp, vase, balustrade, &c. In this, as in the case of everything else, the natives labour and study almost solely for their own pecuniary benefit. "Will it pay?" in India as at home is the great question. And because the native youth find that the school—which was begun by a European *not* for the sake of pay to himself—pays *them*, and pays them well in many a city and native court, it is accordingly attended by large numbers. I feel persuaded that the genuine benevolence of its superintendent will itself exercise an admirable and permanent influence on the pupils. I have been told that Dr. Hunter, who is a member of a well-known old Scotch family, began life as an artist, and was with difficulty induced by his father, a retired Bengal civilian yet alive, to enter the Indian Medical Service. The doctor has thus returned to his first love, with much advantage to India. When in Rome I was shown, in the studio of Mr. Story, one or two casts of beautiful hands and feet taken from Hindoo women in this Madras school, and which the sculptor admired exceedingly.

CONJEVERAM. VELLORE. AND BANGALORE.

LET us leave Madras now for a day or two, and visit first Conjeverain, which is about sixty miles off. This is one of the "holy" cities of India, yet one of the vilest in point of morals.

We were accompanied on this day's journey by our friend, the Rev. Mr. Stevenson, of the Free Church Mission, Madras, who acted as interpreter. The scenery is uninteresting, the country being a dead flat. When we reached Conjeveram, we found preparations had been made for our reception. Two small wooden conveyances awaited us, but they were not built to such measurement as I could have wished to secure room. But what was of some interest was a highly respectable-looking elephant, which had been sent by the temple authorities to bid us welcome. On our approach he obediently took a gentle hint given him by his rider to kneel to us, and to honour us by a valiant snort from his trumpet proboscis. Then turning round, he led the way to the temple with a pompous swing, as if sinking in sand. Poor old fellow! It was some relief to be conducted thither by one so innocent of all evil. This civility relieved one also from the thought of any opposition from the fanaticism of the Brahmins.

We entered the temple by the door shown in the illustration. There are houses on each side, occupied chiefly by the priests.

Hitherto we had not visited any of the great heathen pagodas. No country in the world has ever had so many temples as India, one being in every village and hamlet. Thousands, hundreds of thousands, small or great, are spread over the land. And as for holy places of prayer—in the form of a stone daubed with red paint, or a holy tree, consecrated as the abode of Deity—they are innumerable. Still great temples are comparatively rare, and, to a remarkable extent, are confined to South India.

All buildings in India are constructed according to principles laid down in the religious books of the Hindoos, which profess to assign to each man "his work." The most illustrious and the most servile are equally revealed, because "religion" includes everything. The mason as well as the priest works by the "rule" prescribed by God.

It is easier for a writer to describe temples or anything else as he himself has seen or remembers them, than for a reader to understand such descriptions. Fortunately I am not dependent on word-pictures, thanks to the photographic illustrations which accompany my narrative.

There are certain great features which, without going into detail, irresistibly attract both the attention and admiration of the visitor. There are the great gateways, or *goparams*, piled up story above story, with quaint imagery of grotesque-looking gods and goddesses breaking up every inch of the surface with carving, in a way unknown in the old temples of heathenism beyond India, unless, perhaps, in Mexico. The holy apes which creep and leap and jabber among these carved mountains only add to their wild grotesqueness. As we enter by the great gateway, we find ourselves in paved courts within courts, with quaint-looking buildings around a tank like a small lake, with steps descending to it. There is a noble hall on the margin of the lake, a grand hall crowded with a forest of carved pillars, with full access to the air from every side. Stone bulls squat all alone,

waiting for devotees to honour them, and here and there are pillars or obelisks, sacred as spots for worship. Acres on acres are covered with such buildings, hoary with time. The first impressions made upon one on entering these courts are those of religious retirement, learned leisure, holy abstraction. The imagination would willingly believe that all this has to do with a religion pure, real, and possibly reaching deeper down than its symbolism; and ideas are suggested the very opposite of those which knowledge brings and experience confirms. For it is sad to learn how so much architectural grandeur and beauty are connected with what is ignorant, vile, and thoroughly filthy and disgusting. In no place do stern realities so thoroughly destroy the delicate pictures of imagination as in a Hindoo temple.

The last and furthest building in the court within the court is the shrine of the god. There he sits, in darkness; for no windows exist, and the light is admitted by the narrow door only. There he sits—Vishnu or Siva—besmeared, black, filthy, with the outpourings on him of ghee or oil; every new anointing being an additional garment of piety. There he sits—a hideous-looking monster!

As we stood before the inner temple shrine, we heard wild, monotonous, and discordant music—the hard beat of the tom-toms, and the shrill squeaking of the wind instruments. The performers were unseen. But by-and-by, from one side of the stage, as it were, and in the gloom of the temple, we could see a white-robed procession slowly advancing with lighted torches, the music coming nearer. In a little, the image of the god was seen advancing, carried along on the shoulders of the priests. One was at once reminded of the description given by the prophet of the idols in his time, and which are still a snare to the earth: "For the customs of the people are vain: for one cutteth a tree out of the forest, the work of the hands of the workman, with the axe. They deck it with silver and with gold; they fasten it with nails and

with hammers, that it move not. They are upright as the palm-tree, but speak not: they must needs be borne, because they cannot go. Be not afraid of them; for they cannot do evil, neither also is it in them to do good. Forasmuch as there is none like unto thee, O Lord; thou art great, and thy name is great in might." The whole scene formed an ideal picture of heathen worship. The wild music heard from within; the light from the torches streaming out of the darkness, and illuminating the white-robed figures as they slowly came into view; the contrast between the intense glare of the sun without and the gloom within the house of the god—the god himself, the unattractive centre of all these piles of building, and the object of devotion to his attendants; the vacant, vulgar, degraded look of the priests, together with the known character of the women, who, like priestesses, took part in the ceremony—all combined to heighten the impression.*

Seeing the god on his throne, with the fans of peacock feathers and the large umbrella over him, as he is being carried on the shoulders of the priests, while hymns are sung to him, prostrations made before him, the procession all the time moving round the temple (by which its consecration is daily renewed), one cannot but have suggested to him by this, as by other heathen ceremonies, what is seen in many a hoary cathedral in Roman Catholic countries.

The priests showed us the jewels of the temple, the value of which has been estimated at £50,000. They never omit to point

* These women are supposed to be married as pure virgins to the gods—the gods being represented by the priests! But they are the vile slaves of all castes. From their birth they are often consecrated by their bigoted parents to the service of the temple and its votaries. They alone of all women in India, as I have already noticed are permitted to read, dance, and sing. To all virtuous women these accomplishments are thus made a disgrace. But these "priestesses" take part twice each day in the religious duties of the temple, and are supported by its funds in addition to what they derive from other impure sources.

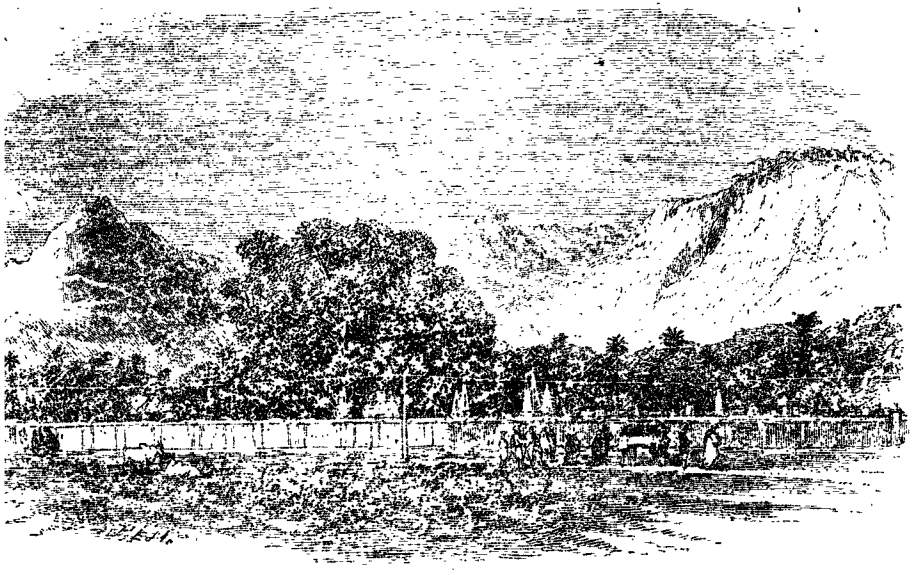
out with pride a rich present made to their god by Lord Clive, and another by a Mr. Glass, whoever that brittle Christian was. These were the days of what was considered wise and Christian toleration. Not that they have passed away either, as I am persuaded that but for public opinion there are Europeans in India who would patronise or look with indifference on this religion, while despising that of their own country. These jewels are all used as ornaments for dressing up the gods on great festal occasions. Some of my readers will remember similar treasures exhibited in one of the rooms in St. Peter's, and with which, on certain feast days of the Church, the statue of St. Peter and others are adorned.

On our way to visit another great temple of the same kind a mile or so distant, we passed a procession in the street. A crowd were carrying a great image of one of their gods, accompanied by music. As we passed, they halted, and, like children proud of a big toy, placed it so that we might get a good look at it. There was no appearance of reverence or of excitement in the mob. They seemed to be performing an amusing yet meritorious duty.

In the absence of every sign of European influence, we seemed at Conjeveram to breathe for the first time the whole atmosphere of heathenism without foreign or alien mixture of any kind.

We also noticed here specimens of those Fakirs, or Sanyassies, whose devoteeism consists in carrying the water of the Ganges to wash or sprinkle the images in celebrated temples. They travel hundreds of miles on foot, and live by begging. They appear to be a set of idle, unprincipled fellows, more knaves than fools.

The architecture of this second temple we visited was even more impressive than that of the one we had left. Some of the carvings were magnificent; and when it was in its glory, and crowded with worshippers, the effect of the whole upon the senses and imagination of the masses must have been such as no humble



EUROPEAN BURYING-GROUND AT VELLORE.

ROCK SCENERY.

Protestant place of worship could hope to produce. In this respect, indeed, heathenism has surpassed Christian worship so called. The temples of Thebes and Luxor in the day of their full splendour, and on their high and holy festivals, must have surpassed anything the world has yet seen as mere spectacle; and

Fakirs.

what of the Parthenon on a day of victory, with all its surroundings of art and nature? *We* cannot compete with "this mountain or that" in sensuous worship, but we alone possess, by the grace of God, the worship of the Father in spirit and in truth, and such worship alone He seeks.

But this great temple in Conjeveram is deserted. Its walls are going to decay. Thousands of bats occupy the recesses of its grand pagoda. It is fast passing into the land of dreams.

The Free Church has an excellent school here, taught by a

converted native, and superintended by the mission at Madras. This school was a sight to cheer the heart—a bright ray of a brighter future for poor degraded Conjeveram.

Little can ever be printed to give even the smallest impression of what that degradation is. But as the Abbé Dubois remarks—and he has said all that can be said in defence of the Hindoos—"a religion more shameful or indecent has never existed among a civilised people."

We returned at night to Madras.

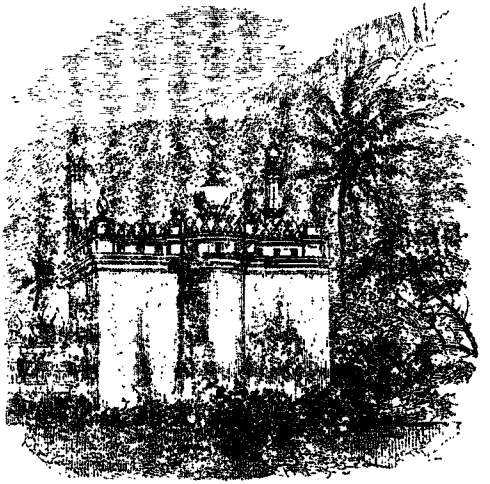
Another day's journey near Madras, and *en route* to Bangalore, was to Vellore, eighty miles distant by railway. We passed it when coming from the west, so that in visiting it we had to return along a part of the line of our previous journey. The railway, although laid across a dead-flat plain, is flanked the whole way by a picturesque range of hills some miles distant. The town is very beautifully situated in a bay within the hills to the south. The outlines of these hills are extremely varied, fantastic, and striking. Here is a bit of the sky-line as seen from the railway at sunset:—

The station is two or three miles from the town, which we approached by a very long bridge. The necessity for these long bridges results from the rise of the rivers in the rainy season. In the dry season the water dwindles into a narrow but respectable stream, which makes its way through a vast breadth of bleached shingle and sand. This enables us to form some idea of its size in the rainy season, when it expands and rushes on in majestic volume. Such contrasts as are seen in India between the rivers during the dry and the wet seasons are nowhere else visible. Hence the long roll and roar one hears at night as the train for

a mile or so dashes across some bridge which connects the distant banks of what is at one season merely a strip of Arabia Petræa, and at another a full-flooded stream.

What most strikes one at Vellore is, as I have already said, the beautiful scenery of its enclosing hills, and the remains of old Mahratta forts, built nearly four centuries ago by the father of Sivaji, the famous founder of the Mahratta power. Low walls encircle the summits of the hills like large sheepfolds. These must have been powerful defences against bows and arrows, or even matchlocks, but useless when attacked under cover of shot and shell.

When Mysore was finally conquered, Vellore was the place of



Tomb of Tippoo Family, Vellore.

residence assigned to the numerous family—twelve sons and six daughters—of Tippoo Saib, after his death at Seringapatam. They had many retainers; and this court, like other Mussulman courts, became a centre of intrigue, so cunning as to make it difficult of detection, and yet so stupid and senseless as to be quite unavailing

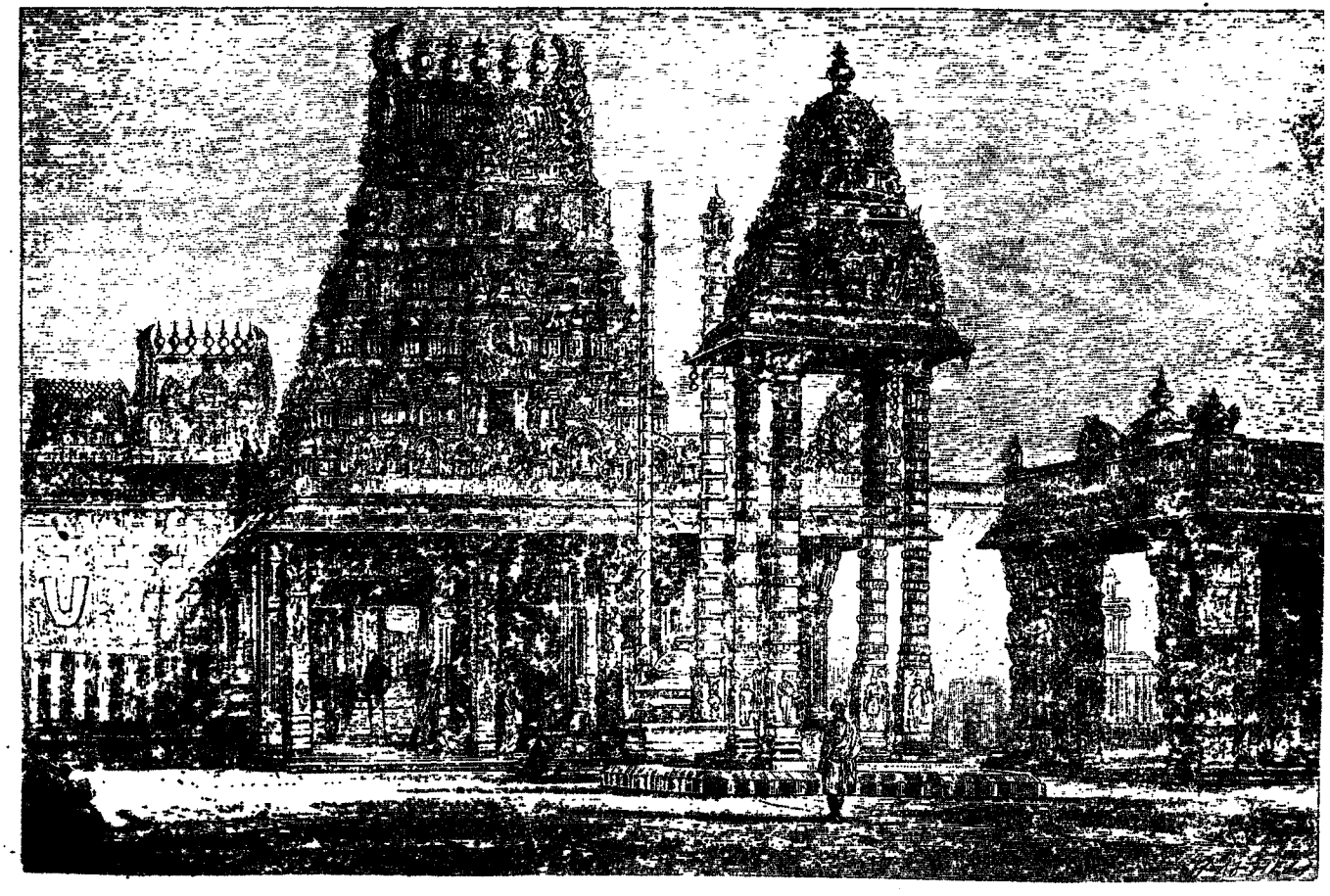
in the end. It is thus that the name of Vellore is associated with the mutiny of 1806. Some martinet innovations had been forced upon the troops—such as making them obliterate their caste marks, trim their whiskers and beards, and wear turbans of a particular fashion. The result was a sudden outbreak, which was prepared for cautiously, as in 1857, by the Sepoys (who veiled their thirst for revenge under pretended kindness and innocence), and allowed to come to a head by the commander, who pooh-poohed the possibility of any rising, although warned a month before of the existence of a conspiracy. Missions, or missionaries, were, without any evidence whatever, blamed for it by some of those who are always ready to disparage missionary work.

The mutiny ended, of course, in bloody reprisals. We could not afford to tolerate any pirates in a ship so great as India, and with so few Englishmen on board. Thirteen European officers and eighty-two privates were killed. Three native officers and fourteen non-commissioned officers were afterwards executed.

It is an old story now! The Duke of Wellington was known then only as General Wellesley, and had not entered on the Peninsular War. Yet on the day on which we visited Vellore, and ordained a native pastor, a soldier communicated at the English Church who had fought in this mutiny!

The ditch of the old fort, they say, used to be kept full of alligators, to prevent ingress or egress to the garrison through swimming. There is a story told of a Highland sergeant who dared to swim across and encounter these behemoths. It is said that he actually accomplished the bold feat, but not without having been dragged under water—the monster, I presume, getting hold of the kilt, but missing its wearer.

There is a very beautiful pagoda within the fort, covered in some parts with the richest and boldest carvings I had yet seen. But it is now a barrack, without priests and without ceremonies. The idols' chambers have become the home of bats.



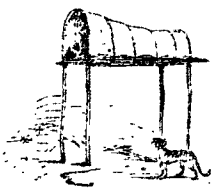
We received much kindness at Vellore, as at all other places in India. The English chaplain gave us the use of his church for our ordination service, affording another instance of the catholic spirit manifested by the different Christian Churches in India.

From Vellore we again returned to Madras. Our third and last expedition from the capital was to Bangalore, two hundred miles by railway. We were accompanied by our much-esteemed friend the Rev. Stewart Wright, Presbyterian military chaplain then stationed at Bangalore, and by Mrs. Wright. One striking feature of the scenery on the way to Bangalore is the remarkable disintegration in the hills, which rise from the plain towards the higher plateau, where Bangalore itself is situated, about three thousand feet above the level of the sea. It requires some such illustration as I have given to convey any idea of the strange appearance of these huge granite blocks piled up in the strangest manner. Yet few of them have moved, except when their props have given way. The whole is the result of "weathering," together with the crumbling of the softer parts of the granite, as though portions of the mass had been united by seams of ice, which, melting, left but isolated blocks. Had we passed such tumuli of rocks at home we should at first sight have put them down to glacier moraines, or judged they were the discharged cargoes of icebergs which had foundered and disappeared ages ago in ancient seas.

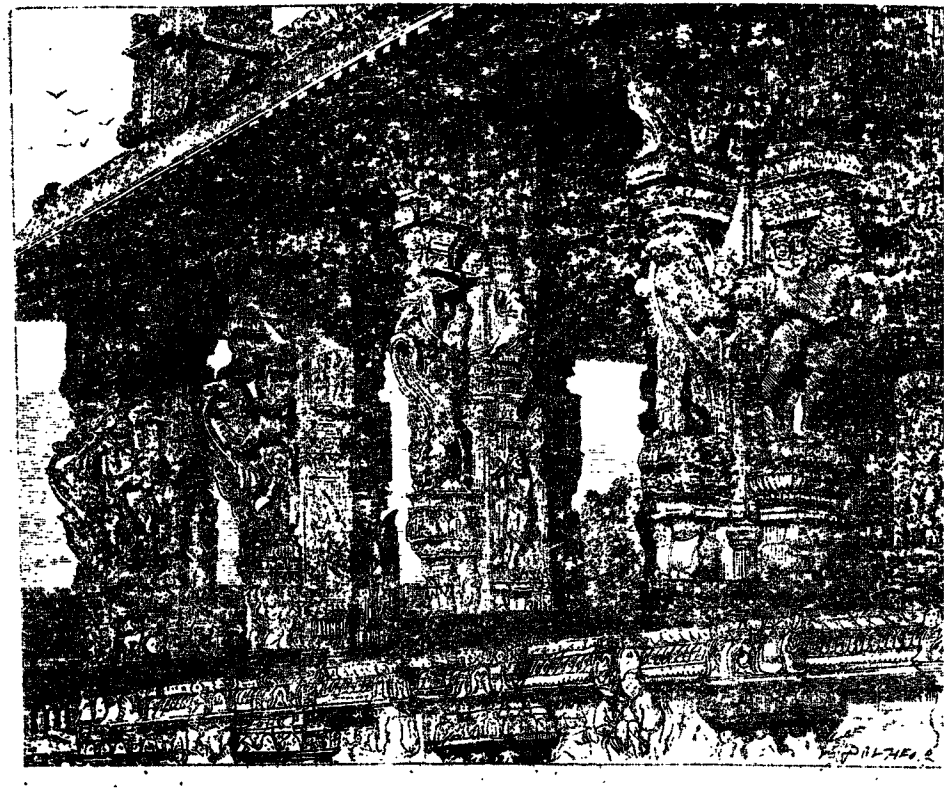
These hills commence just after leaving the Jolapert junction, where we begin to ascend the ghaut which connects the lower plain with the upper plateau. They give great interest and character to the scenery along this portion of the line. The same kind of island-like hills which I noticed dotting the plain as we journeyed from Beypore are also marked features in the landscape.

Agriculture in every part of India depends upon irrigation. In Southern India this depends again on tanks; while in Northern

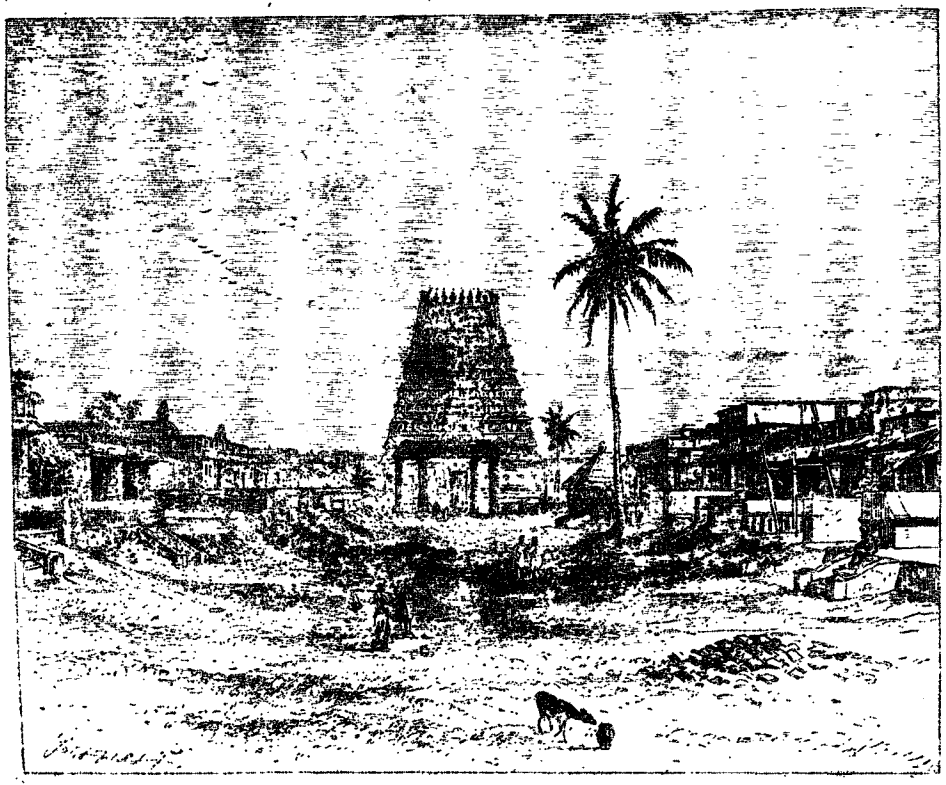
India there is a constant supply of water from the great rivers, which is distributed by canals, and an immense network of channels communicating with them. South India, on the other hand, depends solely upon the plentiful rainfall, while it again would be practically useless during the months of dry, hot weather, unless it was preserved and carefully utilised. These tanks, or reservoirs, are often many miles square, and centuries ago were so numerous that in the Madras Eastern Provinces alone there were upwards of fifty thousand. Partly from the effects of old native wars and revolutions, and the destruction caused by the Mahrattas, thousands of these have fallen into ruin, and consequently thousands of acres which they rendered fertile have again become a wilderness. Of those that remain too little, perhaps, has been done by the government to keep them in repair. Yet upon this depends the very existence of cultivated land, the prevention of famine, the prosperity of the people, and the revenues of the State. There is not a fifth of the Madras Presidency under cultivation. The Madras Revenue Report for 1867 tells a sad tale of the condition of the ryots—that out of 2,865,485 there are only 384 who pay, say, £100 a-year of land tax; that of the whole number, more than one-half pay less than £1 per annum; that the average land tax—which is practically their only rent—paid by each large holder is about 20*s.* per annum. Though the ryots increase in number, they do not increase in wealth in proportion to those in the other Presidencies, although they have greatly advanced during the last year.



Such of the villages as were visible from the railway looked very pleasing, with their thatch of palm leaves covered over by masses of creepers in full bloom. Every village has its little temple for worship. In the woods which clothe the hillsides there are abundance of bears and other wild beasts; and everywhere are visible small



SCULPTURED PILLARS AT CONJEVERAM.



STREET LEADING TO TEMPLE IN CONJEVERAM.

booths protected from the sun, and set on four supports, which are seven or eight feet high. In these the shepherds watch at night to frighten off the wild beasts from injuring the crops.

The climate was sensibly cooler when we reached Bangalore, the fresh elastic air of which was quite invigorating.

Bangalore is one of the pleasantest military stations in India. It consists of two distinct portions. The old fort, with the native town or Pettah under its once protecting shadow, forms quite a town in itself; while the military cantonments and European residences at a little distance might be in a different world, so far as community of manners, habits, and ideas is concerned. The fort is now used for public offices; and the old palace of Tippoo, in its Tartar-looking Orientalism, if I may so describe it, looks more peculiar than imposing. The rooms and audience chamber which were once crowded with the wild and dashing followers of that able despot are now business-like apartments. Red-tape bundles of papers and maps, and all the signs of European organization, are seen here, and are presided over by old officers and competition Wallahs, attended by white-robed and most obedient humble servants in cool and elegant costumes.

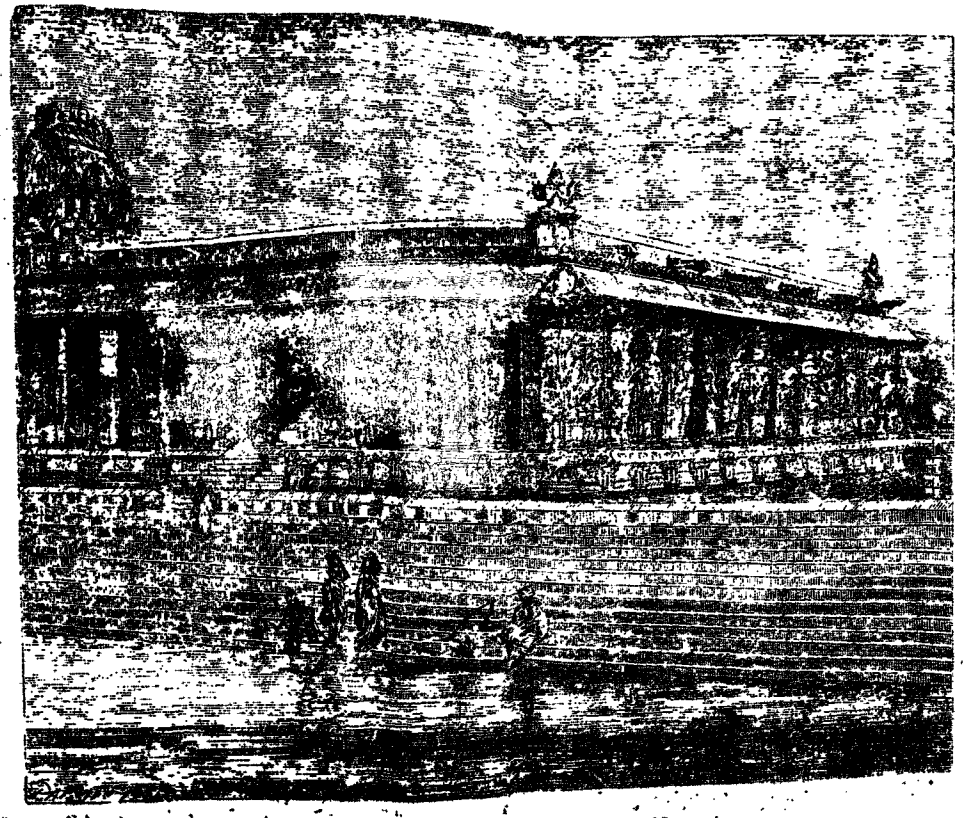
The fort was a powerful one, and its storming, with that of the gate of the Pettah, was a desperate conflict, which cost many brave lives. A monument on the spot where most of the men fell commemorates the event. The well where Sir David Baird was compelled to draw water for the daily amusement of the ladies of the harem is still to be seen in a small court full of weeds and rubbish, a solitary tree marking what was once the ladies' flower-garden. The harem itself has gone to decay, although the windows, which were once filled with fair faces, remain to hint of the former history of the place. The sleeping-rooms are mere closets, muggy and close, with little air and little light. The cell where Sir David was confined, near the gate, may yet be seen, although, from some obstruction or other, we did not get access to

it. We could not but remember the commiseration expressed by his old Scotch mother—not, however, for her son, but for the unfortunate man who was "chained to oor Davie!" But the draw-well, chain, and all, had probably subdued his impetuous temper. Tippoo was cruel to his prisoners. I was told that many memorials of such treatment have been inscribed by English soldiers, and may still be read on the rocky walls of his old prison-house high up on the neighbouring hills.

The native city has nothing peculiar about it. We saw what we had so often seen before—the same narrow and crowded streets or lanes; the same tumble-down houses; the same aroma from the dry cow-dung, consumed as fuel; the same kinds of bazaars, with the same products from East and West, presided over by the same lanky, white-robed, turbaned skeletons. Most of the houses in the less public streets have little courts attached to them, connected with the busy thoroughfare by a gate. Sheep, or goats, or cattle are, I believe, confined in these courts during the night. We entered one of them, and saw the weaving of silk in the old Indian loom sunk in the earth. The weavers were waited on by women, who arranged the golden skeins and balls.

The European quarter is as different from the Pettah as Belgravia is from the East-end of London. Here the houses are in their own "compounds," with shrubs and flower-gardens quite fresh and blooming. Open, park-like spaces meet the eye everywhere, with broad roads as smooth and beautiful as the most finished in England. Equipages whirl along; and ladies and gentlemen ride by on horseback. One catches a glimpse of a church tower or steeple; and these things, together with the genial air, make one feel once more at home—at all events, in a bit of territory which seems cut out of home and settled in India. There are delightful drives, among others one to the *Lal-Bagh*, laid out in the last century by Hyder Ali.

Our home feeling was greatly intensified by attending a flower



TEMPLE AND TANK AT CONJEVERAM.

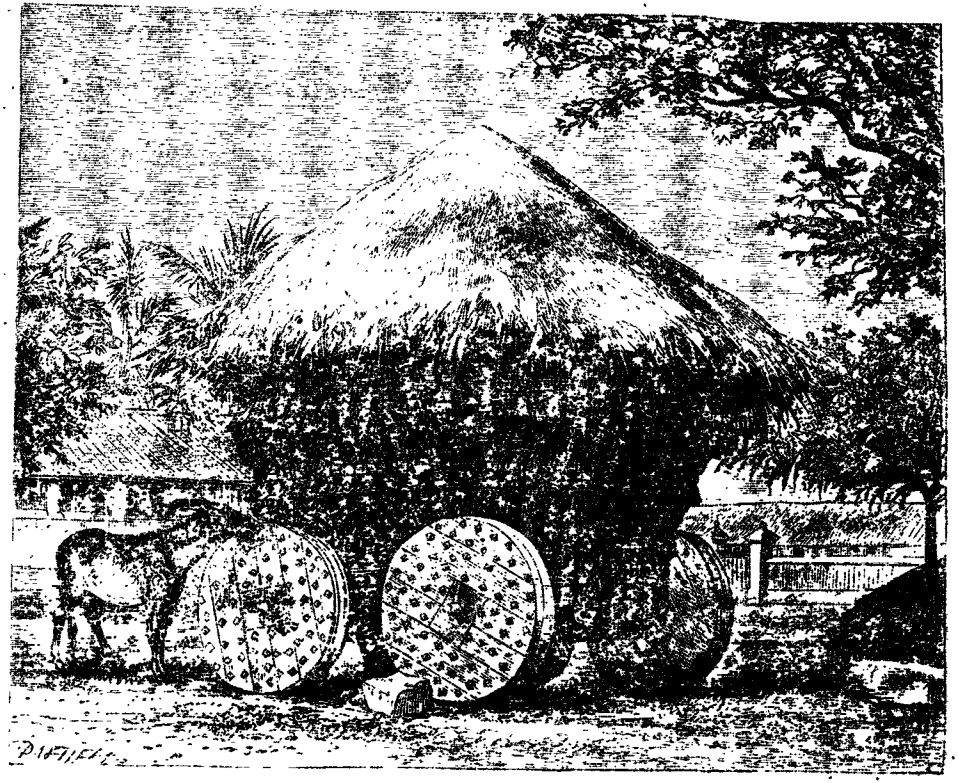
show, although it was the last week of December. There was the usual military band; and crowds of carriages conveyed fashionable parties to the entrance-gate. Military officers and civil servants of every grade were there, up to Mr. Bowring, the Chief Commissioner of Mysore, distinguishable by the extreme simplicity of his attire, and the absence of all that could attract the eye. He is, I believe, an able administrator.

The most remarkable and interesting spectacles to me were the splendid vegetables of every kind, including potatoes which would have delighted an Irishman; leeks and onions worthy of being remembered like those of Egypt; cabbages, turnips, cauliflowers, peas, beans, such as England could hardly equal; splendid fruit—apples, peaches, oranges, figs, and pomegranates, the display culminating in a magnificent array of flowers, none of which pleased me more than the beautiful roses, so redolent of home! Such were the sights of a winter's day in Bangalore.

Among other beauties, the show was not wanting in fair ladies, although I do not remember them so well as I do the native boys, grandsons of Parneah, the able and famous Brahmin minister of the deposed Rajah of Mysore. These lads appeared perfect ideals of high breeding and Oriental beauty. The delicate and refined outline of their features, and the glory of their quiet eyes, with their pure white robes and turbans, made me accept for the first time the idea of angels with bronzed skin, passing into mellow gold.

Another incident at Bangalore which lives vividly in my memory was a visit paid by my friend and myself to its most famous Pagoda. A great *guru* was holding his visitation of the district, and we wished to see him. Hindooism, as I shall afterwards show, is divided into an infinitely greater number of sects than Christianity or any other religion. These are separated from each other, too, by social barriers such as never divided even the Quaker from the Papist. Now, each sect has *gurus*, which means

"masters." The guru is not a priest who ministers in the temple, nor is he necessarily a Brahmin, but rather, like a Romanist "guide," an ecclesiastic who is invested with the power of settling such questions as affect caste, its duties and ceremonies, as well as expulsion from it or admission into it. The number and various ranks of the gurus are determined by the importance and extent of the caste which they govern. A large and influential caste has several principal gurus, together with hundreds of inferior ones, occupying chief cities, and visiting their respective districts, perhaps annually and with great pomp and dignity, if the districts are rich in dues and presents. A great guru or "pontiff" wields despotic power. His curse is dreaded more than death, and his blessing most eagerly purchased. He imposes his ecclesiastical dues and fines, and demands their payment with inflexible rigour, often amassing great wealth, which is assumed to be spent in charity among his poorer followers. The guru is esteemed an ascetic, or Sanyassie, of peculiar sanctity. His followers believe that his time is wholly given up to the reading of holy books, to prayer, meditation, and fastings. He is worshipped as the incarnation of all the gods, and as being able to prevail with them in prayer. The water in which he washes his hands or feet is drunk with thankfulness by the people, as sanctifying both soul and body. The guru may marry, and if he has children his office descends to one of them; but if he has none, he may elect a successor during his life. Should he fail in doing this, the other gurus meet and appoint one. When not engaged in visiting his diocese, the guru remains in a monastery, or in one of the cities, as a recluse, where he receives visits from those who wish to get his blessing or his advice, or to obtain his decision on ecclesiastical questions. These gurus are often great fanatics, and just as often men of intense greed—at once tyrannical and sensual. But such improprieties are overlooked in a "holy man;" on the same principle, I suppose, as that on which it is alleged a Pharisee in



IDOL CAR.

the Highlands excused himself when caught stealing, that it was "of little consequence what the hands did if the heart was clean."

The guru who had come to visit Bangalore was a great pontiff, and travelled in a gold palankin, surrounded by troops of enthusiastic followers, excited by "bang"—an intoxicating decoction of hemp. They waved their flags, and marched along with bands playing their wild music. Unfortunately, we did not see the procession either when going from the Pettah, where the guru had taken up his residence, or when returning to it; but the village, close to Bangalore, in which the temple is situated, had its streets adorned with arches, wreathed with flowers and green leaves. Every house wore a gay, holiday look, and there was all that crowding and excitement among the people which one sees at home on similar occasions.

In slowly driving along the narrow street in our open carriage, we saw the huge Idol Car, or Rutt, which, like a ship laid up in ordinary, seemed but a mass of useless lumber. It appeared to be unheeded except by a small donkey, which leant his wise head against one of the large wheels, sunk in meditation. His eyes were fixed on the ground. His ears moved not, but drooped like long fading leaves. He almost mesmerised me like another Peter Bell. I could not help conjecturing as to what he was pondering over. Was he comparing other donkeys—those which usually dragged that idol car—with himself? or, mounting higher in his mood, was he measuring himself with those who were giving him a holiday for the sake of the guru? or with the guru himself? or with those strangers in the carriage who were going to the heathen temple? We had no interpreter, yet I doubt not there were thoughts worth knowing in that brown shaggy head. Although I could not help thinking of Balaam, I yet passed on.

The outer court of the temple was crowded with multitudes moving to and fro, and passing out and in.

Could we not also enter by that gate in the great sombre tower,

and get access to the inner sanctum where sat the great guru, with thousands filling the inner court before him?

The carriage was soon surrounded by a packed mass of turbans, covering features with the caste-marks renewed by fresh paint and ashes.

"What do you want, gentlemen?" asked one of these men in good English.

"To see the guru," was our reply.

A most interesting conversation then ensued, in which about a dozen natives joined, all of whom spoke English! They told us what they knew about the guru; how holy he was; how he did not eat nor sleep for days; and how he was "their Pope," and so on. They then interpreted our wishes to some ignorant and fanatical-looking men who seemed to be the masters of ceremony, among others to a filthy-looking Sanyassie, almost naked and covered with ashes, with a leopard-skin—a common sign of such persons—over his shoulders.

The replies of these high chamberlains varied from time to time. They asked who we were. Were we missionaries desirous to argue? Had we letters of introduction from the Commissioner, Mr. Bowring? If we were travellers, then what did we think of their civilisation? Idolatry?—Yes—but that was custom—each country should have the religion best fitted for it—and all religions were equally good, with much more talk of a similar kind.

But could we not, as mere travellers, see the guru?

A great, very great, man! They would inquire.

And then another scene of talk and jangling.

No, we could not see the guru! He was at his devotions, and must not be disturbed. He might continue praying for hours. But if we came to-morrow, &c., &c.

So we never saw the guru! After various attempts we could not get any information as to his movements on which we could

rely. Our chief interest, however, was in the men who conversed with us. They were forward, conceited, yet, on the whole, civil and communicative. They at first argued as sincere and believing Hindoos; but on being gently pressed and slightly quizzed, as well as more earnestly addressed, one of them said, "To tell the truth, gentlemen, we who have been educated and speak English do not believe anything!"

On our suggesting that possibly, as he had been at a mission school, he held more religious truth than he was willing to con-

A Sânyassie.

fess, he acknowledged his faith in one God, and in right and wrong, although he was not a Christian. How, then, we asked, can you be so false to your convictions as to go through all this *pooja*, and profess what you deride and despise?

"We wish to honour our fathers," replied another of the group. On this the first speaker said to his countryman, "Our fathers, forsooth! what did our fathers do for us? Did they give us the steam-engine, the railway, or the electric telegraph?" Then, turning to us with a smile, he added, "Though we cannot forsake these national customs so long as they exist in the country, and our people believe in them, yet, if you educate the people, they will give them up of themselves." He spoke further of what they would suffer—and verily it is not small!—if they should lose caste. When I spoke of men losing life for the sake of truth, he shrugged his shoulders, as if that were a wholly foreign idea.

I certainly felt then, as I have often felt since, that the distance between earnest Christianity and the easy-going religion held by my educated Vishnuite, was as great as that between the East and the West. The *spirit* of the two is vastly different. That strong, earnest regard for truth which is common in the West is seldom or never to be seen in the East. A man like Paul or Luther seems at present to be an impossible product there. Yet when this great garden is once weeded, carefully tilled by the influences of the West, and sown with the seeds of a living Christianity, we shall undoubtedly have such products from it.

I may take this opportunity of giving another instance of the indirect influence of English education. A Rajah of a small Principality in the West had had transmitted to him some severe articles, written in English, which had appeared in a Bombay native paper, exposing grievous errors in his government. Irritated at the exposure, he employed spies to detect the writer. A Sanyassie was brought before him as the offender. To a native ruler, such a charge against such a man seemed absurd. It was very much as if an Irish tinker had been accused of writing articles in the *Times* against Mr. Gladstone. Yet the ascetic, with little clothing, and no ornament except ashes, claimed the articles as his, and proved his right to do so. On being questioned, he said,

"I was educated in a mission school. I did not see it to be my duty to become a Christian, but to remain a devotee to my own religion. As such I journey through the country, examining into and exposing all that is false, cruel, and unjust, and giving my support to whatever is good wherever I find it; and this I shall continue to do."

"I make you my prime-minister!" exclaimed the wondering Rajah.

"I refuse the post," replied the Sanyassie, "for I have this other work given me to do. But I can get you as good an adviser as myself, and one who has been educated like me."

He accordingly sent to his friend the editor of the paper for a prime-minister to the Rajah, while he himself went on his lonely way to fulfil his calling in the name of that truth and justice which he had been taught at the mission school.

The change from the scene I have described at the Pagoda to that of a mission school in the Pettah is great. But here, in a narrow street, in the centre of a densely-peopled native town, we came upon a cheering sight. It was not on British territory, but in the native state of Mysore, of which we long ago heard stories from our grandfathers, with the names of Hyder Ali and Tippoo Saib associated in tales of conquest and of cruelty towards English captives in the neighbouring fort. Two Englishwomen—ladies in the truest sense of the word, whose culture and manners were such as to fit them for any society—were here devoting themselves to the education of female children. It was beautiful to see it. There were from three to four hundred children present. In their obedience, frankness, and freedom they had the look and manners of children who had been well and carefully trained. We examined the classes through friends who were present; and I have no hesitation in saying that I never heard scholars at home give more accurate and thoughtful replies to questions in the history both of the Old and New Testaments. I more than once

apologised for the kind of questions I put, and was, of course, the more gratified by the replies. There was no *cramming*, but genuine *education* of the faculties. I was struck also by the truthfulness of some of the answers. For instance, I asked the senior class, "Do you ever pray to God?" "Never;" "Yes, sometimes, but not often;" "I know I ought, but I don't;" "Yes, I do"—so ran their replies, which were given in a simple, natural way which pleased me much. Some of the classes were taught by two male Mohammedans who teach religious *facts* from books put into their hands, as Christian teachers have yet to be trained for such work. It was curious to watch the eagerness with which they waited for the answers of their pupils, and their delighted looks when these were correctly given. Here we had another striking instance of the acquirement of Christian knowledge without any real belief in Christianity being produced by it. Yet who can think of all these facts and truths being stereotyped in the minds of those who are most probably to become the wives and mothers of native inquirers, or of Christian converts, without feeling how in manifold ways good must result, and the way be prepared for that fulness of time in which all history will culminate? I believe there are female schools in other parts of India as good as this one of the Misses Anstey; but I do not believe that a better exists. Mrs. Anderson has a noble one at Madras, in connection with the Free Church Mission. I had the pleasure of meeting her at Bangalore, but not of seeing her school. It was vacation time, and the school was closed.

I preached on Sunday in a beautiful church erected through the exertions of Mr. Wright. Chaplains like him are not missionaries in the technical sense of the term, but are connected with the army, and as such occupy fixed stations under government. Yet those who, like Mr. Wright, take a proper view of their calling as Christian ministers, have immense influence, which they ought to, as many do, exercise within the utmost limit of their

official duties, to aid their missionary brethren in every possible way.

The hospitality of Bangalore was on a par with what we experienced in India generally. If I do not record the names of our many friends here, it is certainly not from the lack of grateful remembrances of their kindness. One fact, however, is not without its interest to the barbarians of the North—that we had a famous Scotch dinner at Bangalore, in which the smiling "sonsy face" of a noble haggis was kept in countenance by other national dishes, all equally unapproachable in their savoury excellence.

We closed the year 1867 and entered upon 1868 at Bangalore. What my thoughts were at such a time and in such a place as, "revolving many memories," I thought of the past, need not be here recorded. However interesting these thoughts may have been to myself, they can have no interest to the most sympathising of my readers. Enough that to all our other blessings we had given to us this time of quiet rest, in passing from an old to a new year, in the house of old friends; and amidst its cheering, Christian influences, "we thanked God and took courage."

XI.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN SOUTH INDIA.

SOME of my readers may possibly be disposed to pass over this chapter, when they observe from its title that it treats of Christian missions, and may even wonder how men of common sense, common honesty, and some knowledge of the world, can seriously believe in Christian missions, and earnestly advocate them. Persons of this way of thinking are not rare in modern society. But surely I may be allowed to take advantage of another characteristic of our times,—the respect which is yielded to every form of opinion earnestly held, or of speculative thought seriously followed,—and ask, why should not the claims of missions to the heathen abroad, as well as preaching the Gospel to the ignorant and irreligious—who are practically heathen—at home, be heartily acknowledged by every professing Christian? Missions may have been a failure, or they may have been conducted on wrong principles. It may be, too, that the time has not yet come when the "Lord's house should be built" in heathen lands. But it may be the case also that those who think thus are misinformed; nay, more, that this work would interest them greatly, if they only thought of it, and took some pains to know about it. They might even come to see at last that it was the greatest work on earth; so great, indeed, that not only has India been given to us for the one end that it should be Christianized, but also that for this same end alone is the world preserved and governed.

The *duty* of "teaching all nations," and of "preaching the Gospel to every creature," needs no vindication to professing Christians. Nor is it necessary to fill pages with the oft-repeated arguments that the Church of Christ ought to recognise this as one of her most important functions. To know God as our Father, and his Son as our brother and Saviour, involves the duty and privilege of communicating this unspeakably precious possession to all mankind. Missions are thus, apart from all other considerations, the necessary expression of all true religion. Their object is not to destroy, but to build up; not to condemn, but to save; not to proselytize from one form of "religion" to another, but to draw men from ignorance and misery into the knowledge of the living God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent, and "whom to know is life eternal." Our missions to the heathen, whether at home or abroad, are the outgoing of sympathy with God, who has created all men for good and joy, and who desires us to be fellow-workers with Himself, that we should fulfil the end of our creation and redemption by becoming his sons and daughters through faith in Himself, as revealed in his Son.

To make known God in Christ being thus our highest duty, to withhold this knowledge when it can be given is our greatest crime. Still one hears it sometimes said, "Settle at home what Christianity is, before sending it to India." Does this mean that we are to delay revealing what we ourselves see as light, and giving what we ourselves know to be life, until every one in this country opens his eyes to this light and receives this life? Are the demands of unbelief, or the claims of faith, to determine our duty? Is the Christian Church to be hindered from going forth on its high mission until every caviller is satisfied, and the Positivists consent to honour us with a passport? The apostles did not delay their enterprise until they had made every cavilling Sadducee, every bigoted Pharisee, or every contemptuous Roman accept the cross. Nor will the living Church now be kept from

following their example. It cannot wait until men cease to speculate, and doubt, and criticise, and raise objections. Let those who will not join us by all means remain behind until their "honest doubts" are satisfied, their objections answered, or their crotchets disposed of; but those who know their own faith to be real, and more reasonable than doubt, must preach the gospel to every creature, and, with assured hope, "bide their time."

On the other hand, I must enter my protest against any missionary carrying to India his small one-sided ideas, and putting them in the place of essential Christian doctrine. Long, minute, and intricate Westminster Confessions, Thirty-nine Articles, High Church or Low Church systems, ought not to be thrust before Hindoos, or made the rallying-points of Christian fellowship. If sectarian opinions must be admitted, let them be so, but let the glorious sun of heaven be so revealed as the light of life, "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," that no man who enjoys it will be able to discover the small sectarian stars, but with the aid of his largest theological telescope.

The South was the first spot in India selected for missions, and nowhere else in Hindostan have such continuous labours been carried on for the propagation of Christianity. The first Protestant missionaries, Ziegenbalg and Plutscho, were sent out by Frederick IV., of Denmark (1706). The former of these, on his return for a short visit to England, had an interview with George I., who addressed to him a letter, encouraging him in his translation of the Bible into Tamil. These pioneers were followed by Schultze, Jænicke, Gericke, and, above all, Schwartz.* Schwartz laboured without interruption for nearly half a century (from 1750 till

* The interest which Denmark took in missions during the whole period of her connection with India is greatly to her honour, and affords a striking contrast to the timid policy of England. As far back as 1714, the King of Denmark established a college for missions in Copenhagen.

1798), and died at the age of seventy-two. His success was very remarkable in respect to conversions, but not more so than in respect to the impression which his noble character made upon the natives. Take one example: the fort of Tanjore was about to be besieged, and a famine was imminent—the people in its neighbourhood refusing to supply it with grain from the fear, grounded on experience, that they never would be paid for their supplies. Schwartz pledged his word for the payment, and abundant supplies were forthwith sent. It is also well known how Hyder Ali would not negotiate a treaty with any one but the humble missionary. "Send me Schwartz," he said; "I will treat with him, *for him only can I trust.*" It is worth remembering, too, that after his death, and until the mission was vigorously taken in hand by England, all its missionaries were supported solely from the interest of £10,000 which he bequeathed to it. Yet the name of this man, and of others like him, may be searched for in vain among the hosts of those of small men in our popular encyclopædias!

Alas! how little is known, and how little is remembered, of those noble men who, alone and solitary, amidst lawless and fanatical heathen, held up the banner of the Cross, and were, in God's sight, the salt of the earth and the lights of the world! Never was there a more fearful time in South India than that in which these Protestant missionaries laboured, after the death of Aurungzebe, and the consequent dissolution of his empire. Speaking of the Mahrattas, who then infested Southern India and Tanjore, Macaulay says: "Wherever their kettledrums were heard, the peasant threw his bag of rice over his shoulder, hid his small savings in his girdle, and fled with his wife and children to the mountains or the jungles, to the milder neighbourhood of the hyena or tiger." Yet in Tanjore the missionaries were then translating the Bible, and, in these terrible years of cruelty and anarchy, received upwards of seven thousand souls into the

Christian Church. From the time when Clive landed in India (1748) up till the impeachment of Warren Hastings (1791), a noble missionary, John Philip Fabricius, laboured and suffered, now flying from the enemy, now escaping in disguise, suffering heavily from nakedness, famine, and sword, but ever, as God gave him an opportunity, preaching in German, Dutch, Portuguese, and Tamil, teaching schools, composing hymns, many of which are yet sung, and revising from the original languages the translation of the Bible, which has almost been the sole version in use for a century.* Surely these heroes are as well worth being remembered and honoured by a Christian people as Lord Clive or Warren Hastings.

We arranged for a *pan-missionary* meeting to assemble in Madras, at which the secretaries of the several missionary bodies labouring in South India should report as to the state of their respective missions. Our chief object was to demand contradiction *upon the spot*, if such could be given, to the truth of the reports annually sent home to Europe. The meeting was held in "the Memorial Hall"—so called from the circumstances under which it was erected after the Mutiny—Madras having been exempted from those great sufferings. The excellent bishop presided; the Governor, Lord Napier, and most of the Presidency officials attended, with the representatives of the native and European press, and large numbers of all classes of society in Madras. Reports were made by the representatives of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Church Missionary, the London Missionary, the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and others.†

It may not be uninteresting to the reader to know something of the character of the native Christians in South India. We may rely upon what has been published on this point by one who

* See *Church Missionary Record* for February, 1868.

† The reader is referred to the statistics of Indian Missions appended to this volume for facts.

has laboured for years among them, whose judgment is trusted by all, whose candour is wholly above suspicion, and whose learning is known to every scholar in India. Dr. Caldwell, of Tinnevelly, in seeking to form a just estimate of the character of the converts in South India, insists that the native Christian community should be compared, not with a *select congregation* at home, but with an *equal portion* of the community at home—80,000 in the India district, with 80,000 in any district in England; that the same *classes* should be compared in both cases; that the real and not the ideal in both should be kept in view, and the characteristic vices of the one balanced against the characteristic vices of the other—such as drunkenness against lying. He thinks that the result would be favourable to the professing Christians in India. He defends the testimony of missionaries, as they alone know the real state of society—its good as well as its evil. He thus remarks:—

"Indian Christianity neither rises so high nor sinks so low as English. England is a country of bright lights, and of deep shadows. In India, or rather in the Indian Christian community, bright lights and deep shadows are almost unknown, and we see generally instead the equable grey light of a dull day. If there are fewer specimens of great excellence in the native community than in the English, there are also fewer specimens of great depravity. The great gifts which God has bestowed upon the English race are oftentimes turned by the devil into great crimes. The Indian race, less highly gifted, possessing less to answer for, has a smaller reward to expect and a lighter punishment to fear.

"I can bear testimony from my own personal knowledge—and my testimony is that of a person who has long had excellent opportunities for ascertaining the truth of what he says—I can bear testimony from my own personal knowledge to the existence amongst the Christians of this country of a class of persons, small in number, but 'precious in the sight of the Lord,' who have a right to be regarded as real Christians. They are a small, but an increasing class; and I hold, that taking fairly into consideration the educational disadvantages and the comparatively low social status of most of their number, they will bear a comparison with any Christians belonging to a similar station in life in England or anywhere else. Remembering that we never can know the private life of any class of people in England so well as we know the private life—if that can be called private which is perfectly public—of native Christians in this country, I maintain that the real earnest Christians of our Indian Missions have no need to shrink from comparison with the real earnest Christians in a similar station in life and similarly circumstanced in England, or in

any other part of the world. The style of character they exhibit is one which those who are well acquainted with them cannot but like. I think I do not exaggerate when I affirm that they appear to me in general more teachable and tractable, more considerate of the feelings of others, and more respectful to superiors, more uniformly temperate, more patient and gentle, more trustful in Providence, better church-goers, yet freer from religious bigotry, and in proportion to their means more liberal, than Christians in England holding a similar position in the social scale. I do not for a moment pretend that they are free from imperfections; on the contrary, living amongst them as I do from day to day, I see their imperfections daily, and daily do I 'reprove, rebuke, exhort,' as I see need; but I am bound to say that when I have gone away anywhere, and look back upon the Christians of this country from a distance, or compare them with what I have seen and known of Christians in other countries, I have found that their good qualities have left a deeper impression in my mind than their imperfections. I do not know a perfect native Christian, and I may add that I do not know a perfect English Christian; but this I see and know, that in both classes of Christians may be traced distinct marks and proofs of the power of the Gospel—new sympathies and virtues, and a new and heavenward aim.

"I will add a fact which must necessarily appear a very convincing one to myself. There lived a native Christian a few years ago—rather I should say there lives, for he still lives with God—with respect to whom I am able to say, and I say it without any disparagement of Christian brethren of my own nation, that I derived more benefit from my daily intercourse in daily labour with that ever earnest, ever humble, ever spiritually-minded man, than I did from any other person whatever during the whole period of my labours in these parts. I boldly say therefore that I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, or of the efforts that are being made for its propagation in India. I see that here, as elsewhere, 'it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth,' and my only anxiety is to see the number of persons that really believe increased."

We think this a fair account of the young Christian Church in every part of India.

Let us glance now at the Roman Catholic missions in Southern India, which were the first undertaken by the Latin Church after the Reformation. The Portuguese, on the conquest of Goa (1510), established an ecclesiastical hierarchy, and a mission under its auspices was immediately begun by the Franciscans and Dominicans, yet the first missionary of any name was the famous Xavier (1542), and after Xavier the most famous was Robert de Nobili, nephew to the Pope Marcellus II. But my space forbids my going into historical details.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Madras, Dr. Fennelly, is an

Irishman, but void of Fenianism. He gave me the impression of being a kind-hearted, devout man—out and out *Roman*, I should think, as a priest, but catholic as a man. We did not learn much from him. This, however, arose from no fault of his, but rather from the delicate position in which we were placed, and our unwillingness, as strangers, to put minute questions regarding the state and prospects of Roman Catholic missions. We thought it possible that information might have been offered on the subject; but, as this was not done, we had to fall back on what is published in the "Catholic Directory." From it we learn that there are in the Presidency of Madras 7 bishops, 565 priests, 683,218 of a Catholic population; while, in addition to these, there are 72 priests and upwards of 90,000 people under the Archbishop of Goa.

How many heathen children baptized when dying we should rightly reckon "converts" it is difficult to determine. Xavier was much encouraged by the number of infants he baptized *in articulo mortis*. He informs us that in one year he baptized a thousand infants when dying. To obtain spiritual blessings, he writes, "We may reckon as our intercessors the prayers of the infants and children whom I have baptized with my own hand." I learn also from the "Catholic Directory" (p. 221), that in one year within the Vicariate of Coimbatore, in South India, "1,456 children of heathens" were baptized "in danger of death," and I presume that numbers as large received the same salvation in other districts. I see also from an account of the *Propaganda*, written by a Roman Catholic, that there is a society among the young in France, called the "Society of the Holy Childhood, for securing the baptism of dying heathen children," which collects yearly upwards of £18,000. From twenty to thirty thousand are so baptized every year in China. "We pray," writes a Vicar Apostolic, "some Christians, men and women, who are acquainted with the complaints of infants, to go and seek out and baptize those whom they will find to be in danger."

How far the same "Apostolic" practice is followed in South India I know not. Nor can I say what amount of knowledge is required, what test of character is applied, to determine who should be received into the Church from among the heathen. Neither can I learn to what extent the Roman Catholic Church is increased from the heathen, as distinct from the additions made

The Abbé Dubois.

to it from the half-caste Portuguese and Catholics by birth. I had no opportunities of acquiring such information on these points as would warrant me in giving any opinion.

Few men have known India as the Abbé Dubois did. Flying from the French Revolution, he laboured with indefatigable self-denying zeal as a missionary in South India for a quarter of a

century. A friend of mine knew him well, and describes him as an urbane gentleman, in whose truthfulness all had confidence. His work, "The Character, Manners, and Customs of the People of India,"* was written in 1806, and because of its excellence was printed at the request of the Governor and Council of Madras. Lord William Bentinck expressed his admiration of it. Its translation was commenced under the sanction of Charles Grant, then Chairman of the Court of Directors. His "Letters on the State of Christianity in India" were written at different times. The translation from which I quote was published in London in 1823. These letters are cited by Cardinal Wiseman as an authority. Some portions of them, not those of course which are unfavourable to Rome, are also quoted in "The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith," as by "une autorité recommendable." On the Abbé's return to France he was appointed director of the Seminary of Missions in Paris.

This is his account of the labours of Xavier:—

"Xavier soon discovered in the manners and prejudices of the natives an insurmountable bar to the progress of Christianity among them, as appears from the printed letters still extant which he wrote to St. Ignatius de Loyola, his superior, and the founder of the order of the Jesuits. At last Francis Xavier, entirely disheartened by the invincible obstacles he everywhere met in his apostolic career, and by the apparent impossibility of making real converts, left the country in disgust, after a stay in it of only two or three years."

Xavier was succeeded by the priests:—

"By degrees," he says, "those missionaries introduced themselves into the inland country. They saw that, in order to fix the attention of these people, gain their confidence, and get a hearing, it was indispensably necessary to respect their prejudices, and even to conform to their dress, their manner of living, and forms of society; in short, scrupulously to adopt the costumes and practices of the country.

"With this persuasion they, at their first outset, announced themselves as European Brahmins, come from a distance of five thousand leagues from the western parts of the Djamboody, for the double purpose of imparting and receiving know-

* Second edition, large 8vo, with notes, corrections, and additions, by the Rev. G. U. Pope. Madras: Higginbotham, 1862.

ledge from their brother Brahmins in India. Almost all these first missionaries were more or less acquainted with astronomy or medicine; the two sciences best calculated to ingratiate them with the natives of every description.

"After announcing themselves as Brahmins, they made it their study to imitate that tribe; they put on a Hindoo dress of cavy, or yellow colour, the same as that used by the Indian religious teachers and penitents; they made frequent ablutions; whenever they showed themselves in public they applied to their forehead paste made of sandal-wood, as used by the Brahmins. They scrupulously abstained from every kind of animal food, as well as from intoxicating liquors, entirely faring, like Brahmins, on vegetables and milk."

The success of these compromises was great, but not permanent:—

"It appears from authentic lists, made up about seventy years ago, which I have seen, that the number of native Christians in these countries was as follows, viz., in the Marawa, about 30,000; in the Madura, above 100,000; in the Carnatic, 80,000; in Mysore, 35,000. At the present time *hardly a third of this number* is to be found in these districts respectively."

The priests of Pondicherry—

"accused the Jesuits of the most culpable indulgence, in tolerating and winking at all kinds of idolatrous superstitions among their proselytes, and with having themselves rather become converts to the idolatrous worship of the Hindoo, by conforming to many of their practices and superstitions, than making Indians converts to the Christian religion."

Then began quarrels with the see of Rome:—

"This disgusting contest, which was carried on in several instances with much acrimony, lasted more than forty years before it came to an end."

The result of these labours is thus described:—

"The Christian religion, which was formerly an object of indifference, or at most of contempt, is at present become, I will venture to say, almost an object of horror. It is certain that during the last sixty years no proselytes, or but a very few, have been made. Those Christians who are still to be met with in several parts of the country, and whose number (as I have just mentioned) diminishes every day, are the offspring of the converts made by the Jesuits before that period. The very small number of proselytes who are still gained over from time to time, are found among the lowest tribes; so are individuals who, driven out from their castes on account of their vices or scandalous transgressions of their usages, are shunned afterwards by everybody as outlawed men, and have no other resource left than that of turning Christians, in order to form new connections in society; and you will easily fancy that such an assemblage of the offals and dregs of society only tends to increase the contempt and aversion entertained by the Hindoos against Christianity."

The conclusion to which the Abbé came was that neither Roman Catholic nor any other persuasion would ever make any converts, for he asserts that up till then *all* had failed. The difficulties of conversion he regarded as insuperable. In fact, according to the Abbé, India is doomed, and is under the curse of God for its sins; for if any Church could affect them it would be the Roman Catholic, as being alone commissioned to preach to all nations, and having ceremonies so well adapted to the wants of the Hindoo. He thus describes the likeness between Romanism and Hindooism:—

"If any of the several modes of Christian worship were calculated to make an impression and gain ground in the country, it is no doubt the Catholic form, which you Protestants call an idolatry in disguise; it has a *Pooga*, or sacrifice (the mass is termed by the Hindoos *Pooga*, literally, sacrifice); it has processions, images, statues, *tirtan*, or holy water, fasts, *tittys*, or feasts, and prayers for the dead, invocation of saints, &c., all which practices bear more or less resemblance to those in use among the Hindoos. Now, if even such a mode of worship is become so objectionable to the natives, can it be reasonably expected that any one of the simple Protestant sects will ever prosper among them?"

And what has been the result of this adaptation of ceremonial?

"This Hindoo pageantry is chiefly seen in the festivals celebrated by the native Christians. Their processions in the streets, always performed in the night time, have indeed been to me at all times a subject of shame. Accompanied with hundreds of *tom-toms* (small drums), trumpets, and all the discordant noisy music of the country; with numberless torches and fireworks, *the statue of the saint, placed on a car which is charged with garlands of flowers and other gaudy ornaments*, according to the taste of the country, *the car slowly dragged by a multitude shouting all along the march*, the congregation surrounding the car all in confusion, several among them dancing, or playing with small sticks, or with naked swords; some wrestling, some playing the fool; all shouting, or conversing with each other, *without any one exhibiting the least sign of respect or devotion*;—such is the mode in which the *Hindoo Christians* in the inland country celebrate their festivals."

For aught I know, earnest priests may have changed the state of things here described. But these extracts prove how little had been effected by the Romish missions during upwards of *two centuries*, when they had the country all to themselves. They may also help to meet the attempts often made by the ignorant

to sneer at Evangelical missions and their successes as compared with those of Rome. They will also give a vivid impression of the utter hopelessness felt by the Romanists as to missions ever influencing the genuine Hindoo, especially the Brahmin, and that too immediately before the time when Protestantism entered the field with vigour, and more especially when Christian Mission Schools, whose apostle was Dr. Duff, began a different system of attack upon the citadel of caste.

On Christmas-eve I attended worship at one of the Roman Catholic chapels. What the eye saw was a church crowded by natives, with the usual spectacle and ceremonies seen at such times in Europe. There were gaudy altars, pictures of the Virgin, a blaze of light, prayers in Latin, bowings, crossings, incense offerings, &c. One could not gather from the stolid look of the congregation how far their minds had advanced beyond the *pooga* and similar ceremonies which were taking place in the heathen temple opposite.

It is quite possible that some of my readers may feel that I have said too much on missions. But is not the way in which we estimate the relative importance of things curiously interesting? The nose of one horse gets some inches before the nose of another horse on Epsom Downs, and forthwith the fact is telegraphed over England, and even over the civilised world. Excitement reigns in the Punjaub and in Canada, not to speak of the ferment among all ranks in this country, as to the great result! But the progress of missions! I repeat, it is curiously interesting the way in which we estimate the relative importance of events!

We had also at Madras a long and interesting private conference with some of the representatives of the various English missionary societies who are labouring in Madras and South India. Messrs. Hall and Corbold, of the London Mission; Mr. Fenn, Mr. Royston, and Mr. Symmons, of the Church Mission; and Mr. Burgess, of the Wesleyan Mission, kindly attended. All had the

same story to tell—the slow but certain breaking down of Hindooism and caste; the transition state of Theism, or nothingism, modified by such an amount of success in disseminating Christian truth as strengthened their faith and gave them confident hope in the coming of a brighter day for India. At the same time there were great lamentations over the Church at home on account of its contributing so comparatively few men to the great work of educating India; and on account of the indifference of some Europeans, and the opposition of others, to the spread of the Gospel, both by life and word—a source of unmingled sorrow.

We also had the pleasure of meeting fourteen ordained native pastors, who are labouring in connection with the various missionary societies. The meeting with these native brethren—their intelligence, their culture, frankness, and earnestness—was deeply interesting to us. They had all, I think, been reared in Hindooism. Some were high-caste men, and had passed through the severe and terrible ordeal consequent on their baptism. There was nothing in the information they gave regarding the state of their countrymen which was new to us; but they were unanimous in admitting the remarkable changes which had taken place in the general feelings of the people regarding those who professed Christianity. Caste prejudices and the old fanaticism had immensely diminished. It was impossible to converse with these brethren, and witness the same experience repeated in other parts of India, without feeling, on the one hand, the impossibility of Christian men of such culture again becoming Hindoos, and, on the other, that the Christianity which they had received, in which they rejoiced, and which had revolutionised their whole being for good, was equally adapted and sufficiently expansive to meet the wants of every soul in India, and capable of producing essentially the same effects.

As far as I could learn, there were few immediate or permanent Christian results to be found among the high-caste races in Madras

any more than elsewhere. Even among the poorest, little has been effected by mere preaching, however assiduously prosecuted by the ablest of the native preachers. But whatever may be its immediate results, it is wise and right to keep up a witness for the truth in this form by those especially who are also engaged in teaching. As I have before remarked, it casts abroad the seeds of truth, and leads to discussion and the *ventilation* of truth, in a country where a breeze is always beneficial; and of course the more those who have school education increase, the more will audiences increase who can understand the preacher. Thus sooner or later it is the native preachers of power and moral earnestness who will at once test the sincerity and the actual beliefs of the people, at the same time hastening to take advantage of the turning of the tide when masses are prepared to renounce caste. They, too, will ultimately reap the harvest from what has been long sowing by the slower process of Christian education. The Missionaries in Madras have, therefore, very wisely made the school an essential and all-important part of their agency.*

The native house in which Dr. Paterson, medical missionary, has his dispensary, and which we visited, afforded me an opportunity of studying the domestic architecture of the Hindoos, and of seeing the marvellous simplicity of their internal arrangements, as well as of their furniture. The street-door opens into a small room where all visitors can be received without their having to go into the more private apartments. From this room the interior is reached by a door, which communicates with a small inner square court. The court is open to the sky, but

* I regretted much that it was vacation time in the Free Church Mission School, which is one of the largest, oldest, and most successful in Madras.

One of the best schools in India was many years ago opened in the Madras Presidency at Vizagapatam, and conducted by the Rev. W. Noble, of the Church Missionary Society, a man of learning and singular devotedness of life. An interesting and instructive memoir of him has been published by his brother, a clergyman in the Church of England, which should be in every mission library.

surrounded on every side by a deep verandah, from which the small dark sleeping apartments of the family enter. As far as I remember, there is another court beyond this again, but without a verandah—a receptacle for what we would call all sorts of odds and ends. Now what furniture is needed for such a house as this? Tables, and chairs, and beds are not required where a carpet alone suffices for all these. Fingers supply the place of knives, forks, and spoons. Thin muslin robes require no wardrobes; while shoes and stockings are unknown. The cooking utensils required for curry, with melted butter, fish, or vegetables, are few; and the sweetmeats which may grace the feast are purchased in the bazaar. The tanks connected with every temple serve for ablutions, which are thus sacred as well as sanitary, and help the soul as well as the body. No wonder, then, that the Hindoo house can accommodate a great number of inhabitants, and that a "flitting" from it for any cause whatever is always easy and expeditious. In Dr. Paterson's dispensary above seventy persons were squatted; for no people under heaven can pack themselves so closely as the Hindoos. Their thin bodies, thin clothing, and mode of folding themselves up like foot-rules, enable them to arrange themselves side by side like portfolios.

One of our most pleasing missionary meetings was with our own native Church, under the teaching of the Rev. Jacob David—now gone to his rest—whose father was a catechist in connection with the Tinnevelly mission. He himself was not "a convert," having from his childhood known the Holy Scriptures. He had about two hundred members in his congregation. We received a hearty welcome from them in a social gathering held in the school-house; and although our addresses had to be translated into Tamil, yet this did not diminish the interest of meeting these our Christian brothers and sisters. On Sunday morning early we joined about one hundred and seventy in partaking of the Lord's Supper, after the simple Scotch form,—the sacramental table

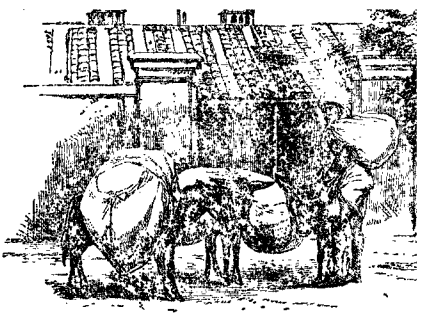
having been spread in the chancel of St. Andrew's Church. Immediately after the meeting I had the privilege of preaching in the handsome Wesleyan chapel in Blacktown. There was a good congregation, including missionaries belonging to different societies, all of whom afterwards partook of the Holy Communion. This was characteristic of the catholic spirit which pervades all missionary bodies in India, to a degree unknown in this country. I have hardly alluded even to the successful mission of the London Missionary Society in Travancore, as I did not come in any way into contact with it. It is one of the best in India.

I cannot close these brief notes on mission-work in Madras without mentioning the name and labours of my friend, Mr. John Murdoch, from whom I had received many valuable hints before leaving Scotland, and whom I had the pleasure of meeting at Madras. His name deserves to be honoured by all who wish well to India. He knows more of mission-work in Hindostan and Ceylon, from direct personal observation, than any man living, having visited every district north and south very many times. He has also written the best handbook for missionaries which exists, and for some time he published admirable "Year Books" of India, each being a summary of the chief events in the year connected with every department of Indian public life. He is at present the agent for a most valuable institution, the Christian Vernacular Education Society for India;* and I am glad to have

* This society was founded in 1858 as a memorial of the mutiny. Its object is to establish everywhere in India schools in which *the masses* may be instructed in secular and religious knowledge through the medium of their own mother tongues. For this object it trains native Christian teachers, in four central institutions, and provides school-books very carefully prepared. It endeavours also to take under its care, for improving them, and conveying Christian instruction to them, *heathen* village schools. No less than one hundred of these, with five thousand children, have already accepted of this arrangement. Three millions of school-books, and two hundred and fifty different publications, have already been supplied to schools in every district of India. It also publishes magazines, tracts, &c., with which to follow up the school instruction. The society is not connected with any Church, but

this opportunity of expressing my sense of the debt which the Church of Christ owes to this Christian layman for the long, patient, and most successful labours, in which he thinks of every one but himself.

has the confidence and receives the support of all our Protestant Churches, and of their influential clergy and laymen at home and in India. The office is 7, Adam Street, Strand, London; and I mention this as some of my readers may wish further information regarding its operations.



XII.

BRITISH INDIA.—CASTE.—THE BRAHMIN.

I WILL take advantage of this pause in our journey from Madras *en route* to Calcutta, to give those of my readers who may desire it some general information regarding the extent and government of our Indian Empire, and also about the Hindoo religion and Caste.

Many think of India as if it were only one country, with the same race, the same religion, and the same language! It would be just as near the truth to think of the Highlanders of Scotland being one with the Turks of Constantinople, because both claim to be in Europe. Let me, therefore, without wearying the reader by long statistics, select a few facts out of many; which from time to time I may introduce into my narrative for the information of those who wish to learn as much as a mere peep can teach regarding this vast portion of the British Empire.

The territory of British India is larger than all Europe, exclusive of Russia. Its population is between one hundred and eighty and two hundred millions. In this great territory *native rulers* govern upwards of forty millions of people, according to their own laws and customs. They enjoy princely revenues, but owe allegiance to Britain, and depend on her protection, without which there would be no safety to themselves, and but little security for liberty or justice to their people. This protection, though repre-

sented in a vast number of cases by the local magistrate, yet also implies the presence of an English Resident, or Commissioner, at each Native Court of any importance. With as little interference as possible, he is always ready to advise its government, to give a hint occasionally if he sees anything going far wrong, to prompt and encourage what is right, and to act as a check on the many influences, whether social, political, or fanatical, which surround native rulers. Accordingly, the "Yea" or "Nay" of the British agent, whether commissioner, resident, or magistrate, when the Governor-General says Amen to it, is omnipotent in any court from the Himalayas to the sea. However numerous his opponents may be, and however treacherous, yet he is as a decimal *dot*, after which all the figures, however great or numerous, become as ciphers for evil. But, when the native rulers are disposed to do good, the said dot retires, and then all the military and political figures, whether Brahmins or Wahabees, resume their old places, with their full powers for good restored to them. There are thus under British protection one hundred and fifty-three feudatory States, small and great, which, in addition to that of the Nizam, are ruled by Rajahs, Maharajahs, Nawabs, Thakoors, Jaghirdars, Chiefs, &c.

These native rulers, small and great, from petty chiefs to great princes, have thus altogether under their sway half of the area and nearly one-fourth of the population of British India. Such of them as do not represent dynasties begun by military adventurers are the successors of cruel usurpers or professed robbers. None of these native rulers have a tenure or a history older than our own in India, while the really old families, like the Rajpoots, would have been dispossessed and extinguished long ago, had it not been for the protection afforded to them, at their own request, by the English. The annual sum drawn by all these feudatories, either directly from revenue or from pensions granted by the British Government, amounts to ten millions and a half

pounds.* In 1862 the glad intelligence was announced to the native rulers that the governments of the several princes and chiefs of India were to be maintained, and that "on failure of natural heirs, the British Government will recognise and confirm any adoption of a successor by each of the reigning chiefs or his successor, made by the ruler or any of his successors." This inaugurated a new and just policy, and is to be for ever, so long as the ruler and chief continue loyal.

For the purposes of administration the whole of India is divided into ten divisions. There are, first of all, the three old districts called the Presidencies, which grew out of the factories, or innocent warehouses and counting-houses, first established by the London merchants in British India! Each of these required a council and *president* to govern them, and a fort also to protect them; thence came the term "Presidency," and the names of Fort William (Bengal), and Fort George (Madras), as representing the Presidency towns. These Presidencies remain, with a Governor and legislative council, each with its own army, law courts, revenue administrations, educational establishments, &c., as distinct (strange to say!) as the several States of the American Union. All, however, are responsible to the Governor-General in the first instance, and then, along with him, to the Imperial Government at home. But to become more definitive: the ten divisions are these—(1.) *Bengal*, now divided into two, with an area larger than France or Austria, a population of forty-eight millions, and containing wild tribes more numerous than the inhabitants of Scotland. Its southern division is under a Lieutenant-Governor, who resides at

* Among the pensioners are the King of Oudh, who receives £120,000 a-year; and the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, who receives £40,000. About £1,800,700 is given annually in pensions of this kind, or compensations to persons who have suffered by "the chances of war," or by political necessities. The rest is guaranteed to the several native rulers or chiefs out of the revenues of their several states or properties, while the tribute from them all, which is paid out of the same revenue to the Indian Government, is £700,634.

Calcutta. (2.) *Madras* has a population of twenty-six and a half millions, and an area greater than that of Great Britain and Ireland. It is peopled by various races, some among the lowest in India, and speaking various languages—Telegu, Gond, Canarese, Malyalam, Tamil, &c. (3.) *Bombay.* The population of this Presidency amounts to twelve millions; or, if we include Sindh, Gujerat, and Katewar, upwards of twenty-three millions, speaking Marathi, Gujerathi, Sindhi, with many dialects. (4.) *The North-west Provinces,* rivalling Great Britain in extent, and with a population of thirty millions; each square mile supporting more than is the case in any kingdom in Europe.* These have a Lieutenant-Governor, and form the northern division of Bengal. (5.) *The Punjaub,* from Delhi to Peshawur, which is as large as Italy, and nearly as populous, is also presided over by a Lieutenant-Governor. (6.) *Oudh,* which is governed by a Chief Commissioner, and is as large as Belgium and Holland, with a dense population of upwards of eight millions. (7.) *The Central Provinces,* governed by a Chief Commissioner, are nearly as large as Great Britain and Ireland, with a population of upwards of six millions, and with wild districts inhabited by wild tribes. (8.) *Burmah,* also with a Chief Commissioner, is three times larger than Scotland, but with a smaller population. (9.) *Berar* (for the Nizam), larger than Denmark, and having a million and a half of people. And, (10.) *Mysore,* with three millions and a half, which is now being managed for its future rajah, who, for good or evil, is to be placed on the throne when he comes of age.

The civil service of all India is on the same system as that of Bombay, which I described in a former chapter. The ten great

* The greater portion of Bengal has 300 persons to the square mile, which is above the average of Great Britain and Ireland. The average in British India generally is 126, the largest in the East except Japan, which is 153. In China it is 77; in Russia in Asia it is only 1·5; in Persia 22; and in Turkey in Asia, 29.

divisions enumerated are consequently subdivided into about a hundred and ten districts (or counties), each with a collector-magistrate, or deputy-commissioner; while in most provinces these districts are further grouped into what might be called departments, having each a chief commissioner; and of these there are twenty-three. The revenue of this great country has reached the sum of fifty-two millions, and in spite of wars, mutinies, and famines, has about doubled itself in fourteen years. It is governed by 848 covenanted civil servants. The number of British troops in India is upwards of 57,000, and of native troops 128,000.

These statistics, though necessarily dry, will not be uninteresting, and will convey to us some impression of the greatness of our Eastern Empire, and the magnitude and splendour of the charge committed to our country, and to us as her citizens. And this impression should be deepened when we come to reflect on the various languages of India, as indicating races either differing originally, or long severed from each other. The old Sanscrit of the Aryans has about fourteen family branches; while the indigenous, or Dravidian, has nine branches, besides many dialects. To these twenty-three languages, Hindostanee, or Urdu, has to be added, which is probably the most modern language in the world. Mr. Hunter, in his "Annals of Rural Bengal," states that there are two hundred aboriginal languages in India! And then there are also the various religions with whose followers we come into contact: Hindoos (140,000,000), Buddhists (Burmah and Ceylon), (4,000,000), Mohammedans (30,000,000), Sikhs (1,129,319), Parsees (250,000), &c. The aborigines, who are hardly known, number, according to Mr. Hunter, upwards of thirty millions, and have religious beliefs and customs totally different from those of the Hindoos. How difficult it is to understand how to rule and to Christianize such a country as this! We in England seldom think of the great cities in India; and yet there are *twenty* with upwards of a hundred thousand of a popu-

lation, very many more with upwards of thirty thousand, and hundreds with several thousands, while villages with populations as numerous as most of the capitals of our Scotch counties are clustered over distances greater than between London and any European capital.

This, and a great deal more than this, must be known and remembered ere a fair conclusion, approximating even to the truth, can be come to regarding the manner in which the Church and State in India have performed their respective duties.

I have hitherto avoided the attempt to convey to my readers any idea—such even as I myself possess, dim and inadequate though it be—of the Hindoo religion, or Brahminism, and of *Caste*. The very words repel inquiry! They seem to lead into a cloudy region, in which one's way is wholly lost among heathen gods, Vedas, Puranas, and metaphysics as incomprehensible as a madman's dream. And yet, as I have said, one constantly hears of Brahminism and Caste in connection with India, as accounting for everything, obstructing everything, entering into everything, whether meat, drink, politics, or religion, and causing every kind of mischief.

Now, if the reader wishes to master this question in what the Germans call its *innermost*, he has the means of doing so in volumes many, beginning, of course, with Max Müller's delightful "Chips," and passing on to his and other huger blocks of learning. But let me make some attempt to convey the general impression made on me as to what it practically is. I asked numberless questions about it, and received many answers, no two agreeing except in the haze which enveloped them all.

And first of all, as to the Hindoo religion, or Brahminism. Like Judaism and Christianity, it is one which has survived the revolutions of long ages. The religions of the Greeks and Romans, of the Egyptians, Phœnicians, and Assyrians, with many

others, are to us as fossils of a dead world. Hindooism, older than these, still exists as a power affecting the destinies of teeming millions. We can gaze upon it as a living specimen of one out of many of the monster forms which once inhabited the globe. Unlike all those extinct religions, it has its Sacred Books, and I doubt not that to this written word it greatly owes its preservation. These books have been written at intervals representing vast periods of history. The Vedas, at once the most ancient and the most pure and lofty, date as far back, possibly, as the time of Moses, and contain many true and sublime ideas of a Divine Being, without any trace of the peculiarities of Brahminism—nay, declaring positively that "there is no distinction of castes." The great collection of the Puranas was compiled in the middle ages of our era, and forms the real every-day "Bible" of the every-day religion of Hindoos, the Vedas being now known to and read by only a few learned pundits, and having from the first been a forbidden book to all except the priesthood. Now these Puranas are one mass of follies and immoralities, of dreaming pantheism, of degrading and disgusting idolatry.

This religion, as embodied in its Sacred Books, affords the widest scope for the indulgence of every phase of human thought, sentiment, and passion; furnishing as it does in the Vedic hymns and poetry an atmosphere so rare, and presenting such shadowy heights of speculation, as to tempt the most ambitious wing to put forth its powers to gain their summits; and furnishing in the Puranas the vilest mire, where the filthiest and most obscene may wallow. Among its disciples, the dreamy ascetic, labouring to emancipate his spirit by pure meditation and the destruction of the material flesh, and the profound scholar, rare though he be, nourishing his intellectual life by the abstract themes and endless speculative questions suggested by his creed, may meet with the disgusting fakir or yogi, with the ignorant millions who care for nothing but a round of dead superstitious observances, or with

the cunning or depraved crew—such as the Muhārājahs and Sāktas—who indulge in the vilest practices as the natural results of their heathen principles.

To form a rough notion of the system of Caste, let us first glance at the complex structure of European society.

Sum up, if you can, the various fragments of which it is composed, the network of lines which divide it, and the groups of living beings composing it, each group having its own unity, and yet forming a part of a compact whole.

Notice the distinction of *races*, and select these from the poorer classes—for Europeans of education and culture are much the same everywhere—from poor Scotch Highlanders, Dorsetshire peasants, Jews, Poles, Italians, Lapps, Russians, Turks, &c. Mark their differences—how great these are, and how wide the gulf between them.

Again, classify Europeans according to the various *ranks* which divide society, from that of the polished aristocrat down to the sweepers of the streets or of the chimneys. See this embodied in the different homes in which they respectively dwell, in their differences in dress, manners, ideas, and in their social and domestic habits.

Consider, also, the various *trades* and *guilds* into which men are grouped, including at once the most plebeian and the "most respectable"—the "guild" of gipsies and the guild of goldsmiths; the carter or coal-heaver's union, and that of the benchers of the Temple; the colleges of physicians, lawyers, or civil engineers; the various professions and trades of soldier and seaman, engine-driver, waiter, carpenter, gardener, blacksmith, and so on, until each trade and profession stands out separate and distinct by itself.

Remember, too, the divisions which mark the Christian Church, —Protestant and Romanist, in all their varieties; Quakers and Capuchins, Scotch Covenanters and Italian friars; Methodist

preachers in circuit, and metropolitans in their cathedrals; the Presbyterian minister in his kirk, and the Pope on his throne in St. Peter's. Add to these, specimens taken from Mohammedanism in Europe, such as the dancing dervishes in Constantinople.

Do we, I now venture to ask, realise the number of such castes among ourselves, how much social difference they imply, and to what extent they separate man from man? Are there no marks, too, on brow or lip, in dress or manner, by which caste is distinguished from caste? Let us, in fancy, bring them before us,—the lord and labourer, the rich and poor, the dignitary of this church and the no-dignitary of that, and ask, Can these eat together? can their children intermarry? or can they hold familiar intercourse with each other? or look and talk to each other like brothers? What answers to these questions would be returned from every kingdom, from every city, from every village in Europe!—from the Vatican to the conventicle, from the peer to the carter, from Lady This to Mrs. That! Look at the faces of the worthies in a country town when the district nobleman enters the room in which they are assembled! Was not Burns assailed as a dangerous revolutionist when he, a mere poet and a no-caste man, dared to describe a high-caste man as a "birkie ca'd a lord?".

But you tell me that there is a constant change in society—a constant passing of those in one circle up into another circle; that the pauper may grow up into a peer, and the outcast into a priest; that the dweller in any town or the member of any guild may become the member of another and a higher one, and that society is thus in a continual flux. Very true, and so far—and it is very far—caste in Europe differs from caste in Hindostan.

Now, to get a further idea of Caste, just conceive of this Europe or Christendom, with all its ranks and "guilds," in everything save differences in wealth or power, as *fixed for ever by a divine decree,* or suddenly frozen like a great Northern Ocean, with

every high wave and every riplet on its surface—each man remaining in the trade, sect, clan, family, or race into which he was born, and never passing out into another, but holding fast to his caste, as a thing imposed by the authority of God—a thing not to be lost except with the loss of family, friends, labour, and every blessing here below, as well as of salvation hereafter. Is he of the dustman caste or priest caste, the soldier caste or physician caste, the barber caste or shoemaker caste? then there he has been placed by God Himself, and there must he at his peril remain! His position has been ordained of God. It has grown out of some part of the body of Brahma. As he is, so were his fathers through endless ages, and so must his children be. Only within his own caste can he marry; and that caste has its own laws and customs, with power to enforce them on its members. It is an independent fortress, in which all the members of the caste reign supreme; beyond which none can go, and within which no stranger can enter. As all the members believe, and think, and act, so must each. It is an everlasting unity, one among thousands. Let the low-caste man be proud of his position, for it is of God as truly as the position of the highest!

It is not possible to describe the immense subdivisions of Caste.*

* If castes are grouped under different *guilds*, the following are the numbers of their chief ones, although the various subdivisions cannot be enumerated :—

The *Sacerdotal* Guild, Brahmins only. But these, in South India alone, have four divisions and twenty subdivisions, which prevent intimate association and intermarriage.		
Merchant Guild	18	castes.
Handicraftsman Guild (such as workers in gold and silver, &c.)	7	„
Artisan Guild (manual labourers, such as weaver, potter, tailor, &c.)	31	„
Agricultural Guild	20	„
Military do.	9	„
Mendicant do.	17	„
Gipsy and Robber do.	8	„
Herdsman do.	7	„
Musician do.	4	„

They are various as the different departments in a particular trade; and just as absurd as if the caste of pin-makers were subdivided into the castes of pinhead-makers, pinpoint-makers, pin-polishers, and pin-packers, &c. Nor are these fanciful distinctions; for, while the pin-maker caste, for example, might form a corporation high or low in relation to other castes, or as belonging to "right-hand" or "left-hand castes," and would fight for their lawful place in a procession, yet the pin*head*-maker caste might nevertheless have customs quite peculiar to themselves, which would distinguish them everywhere from, say, the pin-*pointer* caste. From generation to generation these could never intermarry, although both might break up into other castes, such as the caste which would use three files in pointing the pin, or the caste which would use but one! Nor is this an exaggerated illustration. One sect, for example, of the oil-mill caste yokes one bullock to the mill, and another sect of the same caste yokes two, and they are each named accordingly! In Mysore alone, Major Puckle, in his accurate and carefully-prepared report (1867) of the tribes in that province, enumerates a hundred and ten races and tribes, speaking four different languages, each having its own caste, and each its own peculiar laws and customs!

In Judaism we had what is more like Caste than is to be found in any other religion. In the separation of the Jew from the Gentile; in the minute ceremonies of the temple; in the sacred priesthood confined to one family or tribe; in the minute commands regarding eating and drinking, we have something like the distinctions found in Hindooism. St. Paul speaks as a high-caste man would do when he says, "Circumcised the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews," &c.; all these divisions or castes being moreover, by God's express command, a part of religion. There is, however, this immense difference between the rules of the Jews and those imposed by the Brahmins, that all the

arrangements of the Jewish Church and state were confessedly temporary. The Jewish rites had all a meaning with reference to a grand future. They were not ends, but means. Thus the very separation of the Jews from idolaters, and their education by rite and ceremony, were in order that in the fulness of time there should be realised in the best way a holy brotherhood of men, without caste, but all one in Christ Jesus. The water was carefully drawn off from the swamp with its miasma, and gathered together into a reservoir, but only that in the end it might irrigate the world. But it helps us to realise the power of a sacred custom to remember that some years after our Lord's resurrection it required a miracle to convince St. Peter that he could eat with a Gentile, and that Caste was no more. Yet even after this he "dissembled" at Antioch, and was rebuked by St. Paul for his fear of the "high-caste" brethren from Jerusalem! May this lead us to sympathise with the difficulties of the Hindoo!

Marvellous indeed are the power and endurance of such an organization as this, that can dominate over all those political and social changes which, in other respects, alter the relative position of its possessors as to wealth or rank, whether in the army or in the civil service. But Brahminism does more than make each man a member of this compact mass. Having fixed him there, it holds him fast, and governs him as a mere thing, in which no personality, and consequently no will, is recognised, save that measure which is required to consent to the destruction of his being, or its subordination, at least, to a system of mechanical rules that fashion his whole inward and outward life. As far almost as it is possible to conceive, that life is every day and in everything the obedient slave of "religion;" not, of course, in the sense which we attach to the expression—that of all things being done, endured, or enjoyed in a right spirit, or according to the rule of eternal righteousness towards God and man—but according to fixed authoritative rules, professing to embrace the whole

life, obedience to which is as mechanical as can be yielded by a human being. For to the religious Hindoo all that is to be believed and done on earth is revealed, and as such is obligatory. All the arts and sciences; the methods of every trade; the manifold duties incumbent on the architect, the mason, the carpenter, or the musician, and on the member of the family or community —what ought to be done upon ordinary days and on holy days; in youth, in manhood, and in old age; in health and sickness, and in the hour of death; and what ought to be done for those who are dead. Rules are prescribed to him as a sinner or a saint, in joy or in sorrow; directing him how to act towards superiors, inferiors, and equals; towards priests and princes; towards all men on earth, and towards all the gods on earth and in the heavens. No polype, in the vast gelatinous mass which contributes to the building up of a great island from the deep, can be more a part of that mysterious whole than an orthodox Hindoo is of this marvellous religious brotherhood. His individuality is lost. His conscience, will, and affections are in the strong grasp of habits and customs sanctioned by divine authority, consecrated by the faith of his race, and made venerable by a hoary antiquity. And, what might seem very strange to us if we could not point to parallel phases of human nature within even the Church of Christ, this slavery is not disliked or felt to be a heavy burden—a "bondage to the elements of the world"—but, on the contrary, is clung to with a desperate tenacity. The elements which give this undying vigour to Caste may possibly be found not chiefly in sloth and indifference, or in the supposed deliverance which it affords from the irksome sense of personal responsibility, but in its recognition of two great principles in social life, which, though in this case perverted, are adjusted by the Christian creed and a true Christian Church: the first, that our place in the world is assigned to us by divine sovereignty; and the second, that the co-operation and sympathy of a brotherhood are essential to our

usefulness and happiness in the world. Whatever be the secret of its strength, it is profoundly interesting to gaze on this gigantic system, existing like the Great Pyramid—each stone in its place, firmly cemented into the vast whole, towering over the arid plain, defying hitherto the attacks of time, which destroys all that is perishable—an object of wonder because of its magnitude and power of endurance, yet hollow-hearted withal, and preserving only the dust of ages. And yet even this tremendous system of Caste is not wholly antagonistic to the efforts of the Christian Church. Its very strength may at last prove its weakness. If on the side of wrong it "moveth all together if it move at all," it may do so also on the side of right. Let the wall be so far sapped that it must fall, it will do so, not by crumbling down in minute fragments, or even in separate masses, but as a whole. If the great army mutinies against Brahminism, it will desert, not in units, but *en masse*.

In these statements regarding Brahminism I have said nothing of its effects upon the morals of the people, although this is a most important aspect of it, not only as producing habits congenial to human depravity, but as raising the most formidable obstacles against the reception of Christianity even as a pure and uncompromising system of morals. Not that we would charge the actual vices of a people to their religion, unless, as in the case before us, these could be proved to be the necessary and legitimate consequences of faith in its teaching, and of obedience to its enjoined observances and practices. As far, indeed, as the observation of the ordinary traveller goes, I am bound to say, as the result, however, only of our own very limited experience, that nothing meets the eye or ear in any way offensive to good manners throughout India, not even in its temples, unless it be in symbols of worship to which I cannot allude, and the influence of which on the worshippers it is difficult for any stranger to determine, not knowing even how far their significance is under-

stood by the multitude. I must therefore refer to others better acquainted with India to say what its moral condition is as flowing positively from its religion. But I have no doubt whatever, from all I have heard, that, except where affected by European influence, it is, among both Hindoos and Mohammedans, as a rule, far below what is generally supposed. In spite of that amount of morality, and the play of those affections among friends and the members of the family without which society could not hang together; and while I refuse to believe that there are not, among such a mass of human beings, some true light and life received from Him who is the Father of light, in ways we wot not of and may never discover; yet I have no doubt that the description of heathendom as existing in the later period of Roman life, and as described by St. Paul in the beginning of his Epistle to the Romans, is true to a fearful extent of India. Facts, besides, have come out in trials showing how "religion," so called, may become the source of the most hideous abominations, for which it is righteously chargeable. Immortal man is seldom so degraded as not to seek some apparently good reason, and in the holy name of "religion" too, for doing the worst things. Thus the Thug strangles his victim as he prays to the goddess of murder; and the member of an hereditary band of robbers consecrates his services to the goddess of rapine.

Let us now look at the Brahmin. In this man you see the highest in rank throughout all India. But it is *spiritual* rank only, like that of the Pope, who would still be the head of the Roman Church, and as such would, in spiritual things, demand the reverence and obedience of monarchs belonging to it, although he was as poor and ill-dressed as the dignitary now before us. Yet as to dress it would be much more misleading in India than in the Vatican to be guided by Carlyle's doctrine of clothes as indicative of spiritual rank.

The Brahmin has been the ruling spiritual power in India since long before the Christian era. But he does not belong to a priestly class who attend only to the temple and its worship. He may follow any trade or profession he pleases. The Rajpoot Brahmins, for example, as we have known to our military glory, and to our sorrow also during the mutiny, filled the ranks of our Bengal army. The Brahmin as a soldier would, while on duty, obey a low-caste man as his officer; but off duty he would say to him, "Stand back, I am holier than thou!" Nor is the Brahmin separated from ordinary society, for he has his wife and family, and is employed in business, from the most common up to that of administering the political affairs of a native state. The Mahratta Brahmins have produced the ablest native politicians in India. In ceremonial usages only is he, like the priest or Levite of old, peculiar; for he will neither eat flesh meat nor drink wine; nor will he permit any other caste to cook for him, while he, being the highest, can cook for all. Nor can he, for the same reason, be polluted by contact with what other castes eat or drink, "touch, taste, or handle." Yet this thrice holy man—this purest emanation of Deity—may be a vile compound of greed, falsehood, and foulest corruption—a very Borgia—without his authority being thereby called in question, it being a gift from heaven from his birth, and altogether irrespective of character. His power has thus been so great and so universally acknowledged by the people, that we cease to wonder at his clinging to it with a grasp as for life. Nevertheless, his condition imposes many burdens upon him from his youth upwards, until, in the later years of his earthly probation, he is expected to withdraw himself as much as possible from all things material, and by meditation, prayer, and rigorous ascetic exercises emancipate himself more and more from his lanky limbs and defleshed frame. The secret of the Brahmin's power is the fact already pointed out of the Hindoo religion (of which he is the authoritative

exponent and guardian) being a system which professes to reveal and prescribe to man all the details of his varied life. Now, as every new work in which a man can engage, indeed every event in his life, requires the presence and aid of the Brahmin, in order that it may be blessed, and made acceptable to Deity by the proper ceremonies or "Pooja" being accurately performed, so *for these he is paid*, by a tribute which is *rigorously* exacted with pains and penalties, involving caste privileges, which he alone can settle, and which to the Hindoo are of more importance than life itself.

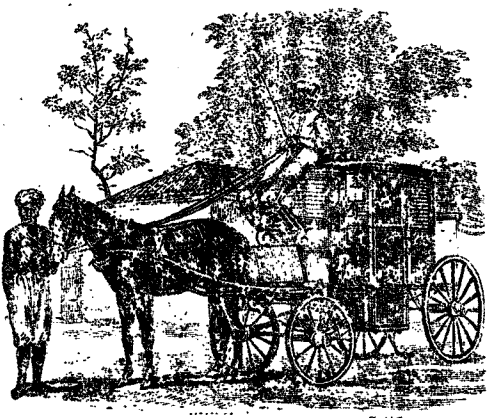
The Brahmin is therefore well worth looking at! We have more to do with him than with the Czar of all the Russias. His power extends over 140,000,000 of people. The battle we have to fight with him is one not against guns or rifles, nor against flesh and blood, but against spiritual principalities and powers, and it can only be fought with the same spiritual weapons, but those which the Christian Church alone possesses; and "the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." And there is no stronghold of evil on earth so impregnable as Brahminism! *

* The Rev. Mr. Kennedy of Benares, one of the oldest missionaries in India, gives the following account of the Brahmins in his pamphlet on the mutiny:—

"It is commonly thought in Europe that Brahmins are holy men, devoted entirely to religious services; at one time engaged in conducting the worship of the people, and then studying with eagerness the Shastres, which they deem the productions of the gods and sages; now unfolding to the people the meaning of these Shastres, and then, as their spiritual guides, applying their lessons to the varied phases of life; at one time dwelling among the people as their religious teachers, then retiring to the wilderness to give themselves uninterruptedly to devotion and ascetic practices; above all, regarding life with the utmost sacredness, shrinking from taking the life of an ant, far more the life of a human being. To such persons the announcement must be startling, that Brahmins abound in the Bengal army. Residents in India know well that Brahmins form in many districts a large part of the community; that they are a race, rather than a select class set apart for select work, and that they are obliged, whatever their theoretic views, to engage largely in secular employments for their support. Setting aside the many who find subsistence as priests, performers of ceremonies, religious teachers, plodding scholars, carriers of sacred

water, guardians of sacred places, ascetics, and religious beggars, there remains a very large part of the community to be otherwise occupied and supported. A vast number of them are so illiterate that they cannot read a word, but whatever their work may be, they never forget that they are Brahmins. They have had it instilled into their minds from their earliest years, that they are essentially different from and superior to others, and that it is only an iron age that is the cause of their depression. Of their deep humiliation during a large part of the Mussulman rule they know little, and think less; but the most illiterate among them are familiar with the traditions which represent them as superior even to the gods. In thought they live in the times of which their poets sing, when the world existed only for the glory of the Brahmins. That these men should be proud, and look down on others with contempt, is an inevitable consequence.

"Brahmins, even when illiterate, have first-rate talents for plotting, and with no check from a foreign element in the ranks, it would be strange if their talents were not drawn into exercise. They are also intensely superstitious. They are not high-principled, or even, as a body, orderly in their lives, but their immorality is quite consistent with superstitious zeal. They are superstitious from policy, as well as from education and habit, being well aware that the downfall of Hindooism would be the downfall of that fancied greatness to which they attach so high a value."



XIII.

CALCUTTA.

THE boom of a gun from the offing of Madras informed us that the steamer from Ceylon *en route* for Calcutta had anchored. We had therefore to prepare for embarking. With much gratitude and regret, I parted from my good kind host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Scott. My co-deputy, Dr. Watson, had been the guest of our excellent chaplain, Mr. Liston, who had been our constant companion during our sojourn. On our way to the steamer, we passed our beautiful mission buildings, their verandahs echoing to the roar of the ceaseless surf, and we looked with profoundest interest at the scene of our Christian work, which henceforth would be to us a constant memory. We passed down the long wooden pier which juts out into the restless ocean, where there is neither promontory nor island to form a harbour.

On the shore, high and dry, lay the Massowlah boats and catamarans. This is the only rest they enjoy. There is no repose for them at sea, as they never anchor, but keep on plunging through the breakers. Indeed, there is little rest for the ships either, even when they lie at anchor. They rock to and fro with ceaseless motion; for no dead calm ever visits this uneasy roadstead.

We were soon once more on the deck of a Peninsular and

Oriental steamer, and met a good countryman in the captain of the *Mongolia*. Our berth, six feet by six, was intended to accommodate all our necessary luggage, as well as ourselves, and made us again wonder how so much space is required at home, and so little at sea, to form a sleeping apartment. "The fresh air makes the whole difference," say sanitary worshippers of the elements. But why should not this universal commodity of air be obtained on shore as well as at sea? Windows are as easily opened as ports, and do not require to have dead-lights screwed over them in a strong breeze.

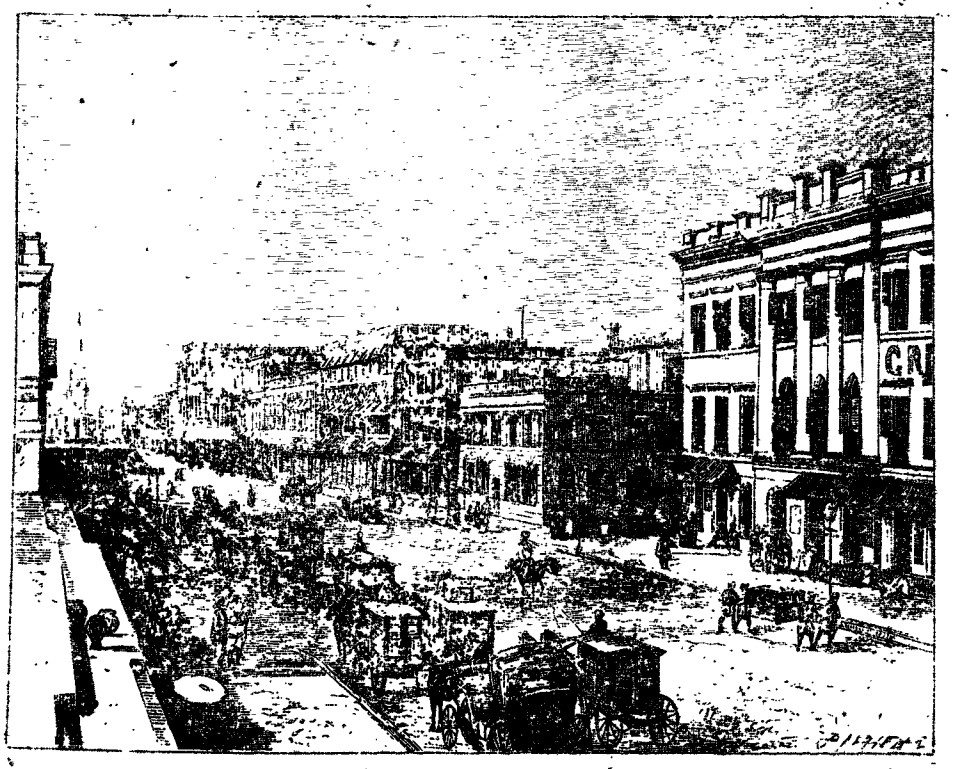
There was a large party on board; and among others we found, to our delight, one of the most distinguished civilians in India, Sir Richard Temple, to whom we had been introduced at Lord Napier's. Another passenger who much interested us was the widow of Sir John Franklin. Though seventy years of age, this was her third voyage to the East during the latter and sadder years of her life. She had visited China, Japan, and India in former voyages, having found the climates highly restorative; and, no doubt, unconsciously to herself, the very movement and change of scene must have helped to relieve her mind, which had suffered so much during her terrible anxieties. She was accompanied by her niece, and seldom—if I may take the liberty of saying so—have I had the pleasure of meeting with ladies who impressed me more by their rare intelligence and high character. We were gratified by Lady Franklin's kindness in telling us much about her husband, confirmatory of what we all know of the character of one of the bravest and best men who ever did honour to the flag of England. We had not the happiness of meeting these friends again in India; but we heard that they had seen all the "sights" in Calcutta, even climbing to the top of the Ochterlonie Monument (from which my all too solid flesh shrank back!); and that they had travelled up the valley of the Ganges, returning by the Indus to Bombay. Here were pluck and energy which might

put young and timid travellers to shame!* We were also glad to find on board ship our friends Dr. and Mrs. Murray Mitchell, who were proceeding to Calcutta in connection with Dr. Duff's mission. Dr. Mitchell had been long a successful and distinguished missionary in Bombay, and was full of information on the subject which most deeply interested us. In Sir Richard Temple we had an inexhaustible mine of wealth on all that pertained to India. He was most communicative, and the time seemed short in his society. Our acquaintance with him was renewed and continued in Calcutta, to my great advantage.

We left Madras on Friday afternoon, and on Monday morning were in the muddy estuary of the Hoogly. Not a breeze all this time had ruffled the surface of the sea. We steamed on through glassy gleaming waves. Soon the pilot brig was picked up. These brigs are manned by a goodly number of pilots, who receive large wages as they advance in the service. Most of them are high-class men, of excellent manners and superior education. It is wonderful what these little brigs come through. They encounter all sorts of weather, from the gales of the monsoons to the cyclone which makes men tremble in their strongest houses on shore. They brave the heaviest seas which roll in from the Bay of Bengal, tossing their heads in fury as their march is obstructed by the sandbanks and waters of the Ganges. Yet when great ships go down, and are "never heard of more," these brigs hold their own, and are ready to send pilots off to board any ship when it is possible for men to do so. With us there was fortunately no difficulty. We anchored in the afternoon off Saugor lighthouse to wait the morning's tide. At nine next morning we steamed up the river, between flat banks dotted with palm-trees and low huts.

We reached our moorings about sunset, amid a forest of ships' masts and black funnels, with crowds of smaller craft, by which

* Since then Lady Franklin has gone round Cape Horn to California, and thence by railway to New York!



OLD COURT-HOUSE STREET AND SCOTCH CHURCH, CALCUTTA.

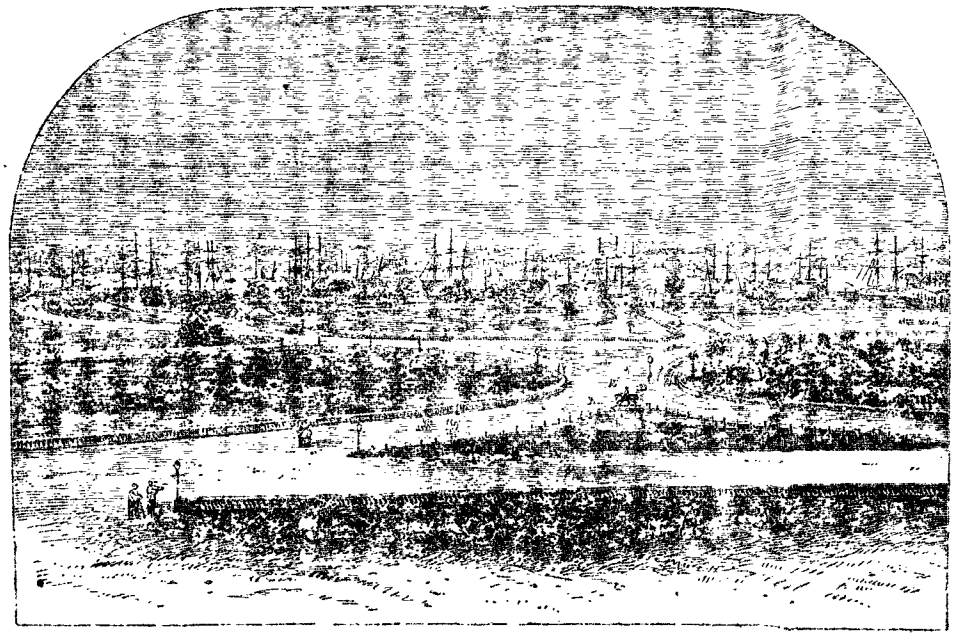
we were speedily surrounded. Then amidst a crush of passengers —servants with luggage struggling to get on shore, and streams of people with sun-topees struggling to get on board—steam screeching, boatmen roaring, passengers shouting and luggage whirling about, we found our hands grasped by friends who had come to welcome and receive us, and somehow or other we got on shore, and found ourselves in Calcutta.

Soon after landing I was in the hospitable home of my old friend Mr. Craik, the son of an older friend still—alas! now no more. Again, though for a short time only, I was parted from my "better half," Dr. Watson, who "put up" at the house of Dr. Ogilvie, the Principal of our Mission College.

In driving through the streets for the first time with my host and hostess, the impression made upon me was that Calcutta is in every respect worthy of being the capital of British India. No other Eastern city can be compared with it—the river making it differ in appearance from any other city I have ever seen. Unlike Bombay and Madras, too, it has, among other good streets quite European, one, Old Court-house Street, so fine and wide, and with shops so brilliant, that no part of London would be ashamed of it. None of the streets are paved, however, and but for those water-kelpies, the "bhesties," would be intolerable from dust. The European residences in Madras, which, so far as outward appearance goes, are a great advance upon the bungalows of the wealthy merchants of Bombay or Malabar Hill, are in turn surpassed by those of Calcutta. The Madras houses may in some cases be as stately, but they are fewer in number. Moreover, they are so scattered and isolated in their small wooded parks and gardens as to produce no general impression on the eye. But in Calcutta the splendid mansions, each within its own compound—self-contained, as we say in Scotland—form a noble line of street. The breadth of the great thoroughfares, the size and the imposing style of the residences which line them, the arrangements

necessitated by the climate,—which demands air and shade, and makes necessary a garden also, with its flowers and verdure,—all tends to spread the European portion of Calcutta over such extent of ground as no other capital can display. There is no packing or jostling one against another. Every house seems to say to the other, "Keep off, I am hot—let me breathe—let me have air! Besides, I am English, and wish to be as much as possible by myself, without the unnecessary intrusion of neighbours, even in a city." Yet I must add, in passing, that these palaces seemed to me to have a certain sadness and dulness about them in spite of the brilliant sunlight which steeps them in its lustre. This feeling was not occasioned by the thought, in some respects a sad one, that, like public hotels, they had often changed their inhabitants. What probably contributes most to give this sombre appearance is the style of blinds on the windows, whereby the eyes of the home are darkened, although it must be admitted the green *goggles* which conceal them are necessary to shut out the heat. Then there is the dilapidated look of the walls, which, being built of *chunam*, or plaster, are full of blotches and stains, and have a weather-beaten look, caused by the climate with its monsoon rains and summer heat, thus giving an impression of want of repair or of neatness.

But the glory of Calcutta is the *Maidan*, or Park! In shape it is a large parallelogram. At one end of it stands the Government House, stately and imposing, and near it the Town-hall, Treasury, and High Court. Opposite is Fort William—occupying the centre of the plain, which is a mile and a half in length—and beyond, the fine steeple of the Cathedral, piercing the sky. Along the one side is the noble street, or range, of Chowringhee, with its princely dwellings; while parallel with and opposite to it flows what was the greatest sight to me—a great river, such as is not to be found in any other city in so close proximity at once to the Park, the fashionable drive, and fashion-



PART OF THE MAIDAN AND RIVER, CALCUTTA.

able homes. And, moreover, this river is the Hoogly branch of the old Ganges.

We drove along its bank in the evening, when "all the world" was sharing the same enjoyment. Carriage after carriage rolled along with native drivers and native footmen—without, of course, shoes or stockings, cool if not comely. The Viceroy's carriage and four was among the rest, with the fitting state of outriders, and a splendid-looking Sikh body-guard. These last were well mounted, with high boots and scarlet uniform, and bore lance and pennon. Native gentlemen—but never ladies—of every hue and rank, from the prince, the *rahah*, or rich merchant, down to the most ordinary and common-place Oriental, passed in equipages and dress corresponding to their respective rank or wealth. Fine horses cantered along, some burdened by youth and beauty, others by uninteresting obesity, or by the mere weight of old Indian experience and authority: but all contributed, as in Rotten Row during "the season," to the liveliness of the scene. I could see no gentlemen on foot; for such exercise, if taken at all, is at early morning. Flowing beside all this busy, restless stream of human life is the grand old river, itself a very embodiment of Indian life, past and present. On its banks can be seen at any hour, and near to the busiest haunts of the commercial city, dying creatures, half immersed in its sacred waters, breathing their last, and dead bodies in process of burning. But at this point, alongside the fashionable Park, its broad tide has sights more agreeable. The finest ships of the commercial navy of all nations lie here silent and motionless at their moorings; and there are no ugly wharfs or uglier buildings for storing goods to spoil the beautiful picture. The river-banks are pure as those of the upper reaches of the Thames, and the waters which lave them have nothing to offend either eye or nostril. The East meets the West by adding to the shipping its own strange-looking picturesque craft of every kind, some acting as "lumpers" to the vessels, and others

carrying produce; with many which have come from far-off inland cities, floating for months along some of the innumerable streams which, flowing originally from the great range of the Himalaya, at last find their way in a mazy network to join the Ganges.

The minor ornaments of the Maidan are the Ochterlonie Column; memorial equestrian statues; and the flower-garden and ornamental grounds in front of Government House. The want of trees, both as to size and number, is at once felt. But the cyclones which drive vessels' rigging like feathers through the air are not favourable to their permanence, for their danger increases with their size. The Park has in this respect suffered much, its banyans, palms, tamarinds, and cocoa-nut trees having been cut down in the terrible storm-battle of 1864. Without wishing to depreciate the glorious river, it did seem to me that water—that Eastern god—might be turned to yet better account in the Park, if not for profit, at least for pleasure. The tanks in it have no more beauty than stupid-looking mill-dams. Why has it no *jets d'eau?*—none of which, strange to say, exist in any city in India. The very sight of one, flinging its spray around it, would be cooling; while it could be utilised for communicating, though possibly to only a small extent, more "glory to the grass," which is nevertheless wonderfully green. This has been successfully accomplished on a great scale in Paris, in the Bois de Boulogne, where formerly the grass was brown and dry as dust. Nay more, why is it that water has never been made use of within Eastern European houses, or in their courts, as is done in the grand old houses in Damascus and in the marble palaces of the Mohammedan Raj in Agra and Delhi? Surely some cunning architect could construct at least one retreat, in which streams of living water might be so disposed amidst plants and flowers as to afford a cool and beautiful spot of luxurious and healthful repose. But apart from these

possible defects, I think the Maidan of Calcutta worthy of this "city of palaces."

Turning now to the Indian side of Calcutta, we find that it is quite as characteristic of its Eastern inhabitants as the other is of its Western. In our drive we passed through a long, broad thoroughfare—I forget its name, or even that of the district in which it is situated—whose houses looked, when compared with what I had already seen, very much as the poorest and worst portion of the poorest and worst Irish village would do if transported to somewhere near Belgravia. Miserable-looking huts were huddled together, with no appearance of order. Cows, buffaloes, goats, naked children, lank and lithe natives, roved all about, giving motion and life to the scene. Between this native portion of the city and the road along which we drove there was a deep ditch, that seemed no better than an open sewer. A plank here and there crossed it, by which alone communication was kept up between the opposite sides. There are about 60,000 of such huts in the city. Yet, after all, he who remembers the low parts of our crowded cities in Europe, and the squalor and filth, and the dens and cellars which are the abodes of poverty and crime, will cease to wonder at these homes of the natives, in a country where heat soon evaporates moisture, consumes all smells, reduces the necessity of clothing to a few rags, and the covering for a roof to a mere shelter or temporary retreat. And then it must be remembered that Calcutta, with its crowded suburbs, contains nearly a million of inhabitants, and covers an area of sixteen square miles.

The native town covers six square miles, and contains upwards of 400,000 natives, exclusive of those in the suburbs. The streets are generally narrow, and the dusty brick houses which line them have not a single picturesque feature. The bazaars would be equally uninteresting, because like all similar cool and shaded lanes for merchandise in the East, were it not for the dense

crowds who move through them. One sees at a glance that these belong to different races. They wear turbans of various shapes, sizes, and colours, giving the impression of a moving bed of tulips. The shops in the native streets have little to attract, but if one leaves his carriage, he on his part becomes an object of great attraction to the shopkeepers, who follow him and give him the amplest information as to the variety, excellence, and cheapness of their goods. I noticed one most pleasing feature in some of these streets. This was a small stream of water conveyed in an open channel, and elevated two or three feet above the roadway. It runs along the elevated platform on which many natives squat at their work, or from off which their small shops open. This rivulet of Ganges water has value in their eyes both for soul and body. But it is a gift of yesterday, and has not come down from "the good old time." Much is being done, I may add, and done successfully, to obtain good water and good drainage for Calcutta.* This, I fear, will extinguish the poor bhestie with his water-skin on his back, who at present moistens the dusty streets with so much diligence. It was quite an ethnographical study to watch the specimens of the swarthy aboriginal races, as different from the Bengalees as from Europeans, and who, like our Irish labourers, were excavating the trenches for the water-pipes. A German missionary, puzzled as to the best field of labour, was led to visit the Santhals through conversing with one of them here, and the result has been that 12,000 of them are now gathered into the Church, or are under Christian instruction at Nagpore!

After my first afternoon drive in Calcutta, and before night was

* One can hardly conceive a city more difficult to drain by a system of efficient sewerage than Calcutta, with its immense population, and built on a dead flat. But I understand this is being done most effectually, to the surprise and delight of many who questioned its possibility. Waste land, moreover, is made fertile by the sewage, which is admirably utilised by ingenious machinery.

COLES—THE SCAVENGERS OF CALCUTTA

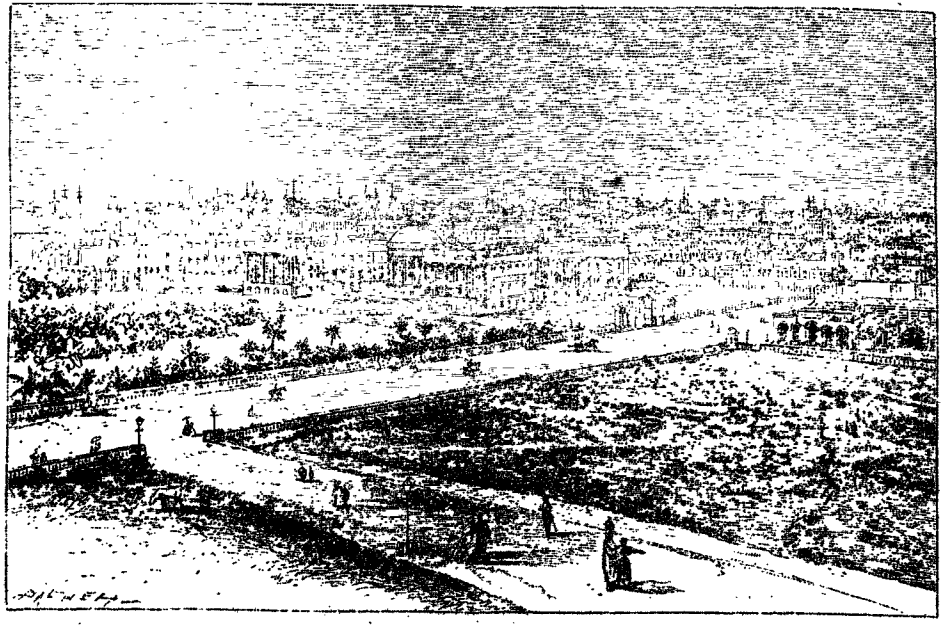
over, I had acquired additional experience of the jackals, of which I have made honourable mention when first introduced to them in Palestine. This acquaintance was renewed at Madras. But those in the capital surpass in their frightful energies all I have ever had the horror of hearing. There is no twilight in the East, as all know, but only a momentary pause or quiver in the eye of day before it suddenly closes for the night. It is pleasant at such a time to sit out in the verandah, in the interval between sunset and dressing for an eight-o'clock dinner. It is then that the jackal music begins, with which no other portion of creation can compete. In a moment, sudden as the first crash of an orchestra when the conductor gives the signal, the howl strikes the astonished ear. In this case, it was as if some demon led the choir of a thousand other demons fierce and ferocious, until in an instant, when darkness falls, the whole horizon resounds—Waai! —waa—waa! waap!—whoo—ooo!—whap—whop—waee—waa! Never on earth can there be heard anything more unearthly! Have these wretches any object? Are they in revenge let loose nightly in pursuit of some foul spirit for his destruction? Does a wild mania seize them, and are they devouring one another? Whatever is the history of this demoniac race, I feel that their wild yells can never be equalled or approached, even at a contested election in "the Isle of Saints," when it culminates with the shrieks of Irish freemen round the hustings. But these creatures —I mean the jackals—are not fierce. Nor are they ever seen in the daytime: then they retire into sewers, and dens of the earth. It is said that they have their hole-and-corner levees even under Government House! Sanitary philosophers alone rejoice in them as consumers of garbage and as unpaid scavengers.

The hour of dinner in India is generally eight o'clock, in the cool of the evening, after the labours of the day are over. This would be an excellent arrangement, were it not for the Eastern habit of rising early to enjoy the cool of the morning.

But it is rather trying for a stranger who is entertained hospitably every evening, and who consequently retires late to bed, and probably feels the heat very much, even in "the cool and delicious season," to have what seems his first sleep broken by the card of some distinguished and kind official being handed to him about daybreak! It is no consolation at such a moment to be told that an early ride is at once delightful and necessary for health.

As to dinners in India, I may state that among the many means of securing good health, a spare rice diet did not strike me as being characteristic of the *menu*. Breakfast and lunch are as substantial as in northern climes, being distinguished, too, by rich curries and other equally tempting condiments, none of which are a vain show. It is alleged, indeed, that the European constitution requires to be thus "kept up;" and there must surely be some truth in it, since ladies as well as gentlemen not only assent to the doctrine, but practise it as conscientiously. And judging from their good looks and very pleasing manners, the results seem to justify the wisdom as well as the agreeableness of their convictions. Yet I must repeat that the unacclimatised Western who, in ignorance or innocence, follows these bright examples of good living day by day, must make up his mind to suffer for it night by night.

Probably the first sound which greets one on waking at the dawn of day is the *kirr kirr* of the kite. These birds are protected as aides-de-camp to the grosser jackals in destroying noxious things and creatures. When the bedroom windows are opened for fresh air, one is sure to see them flying about in the still sunlit air and cloudless heaven, swooping down and wheeling round the compound, and uttering their peculiar cry. Another marked object in the morning is your Oriental servant. He has, probably, been squatting at the door watching for your waking, or may not unlikely have been walking about the room on his bare feet, like a ghost, arranging your things, and so quietly as not to attract



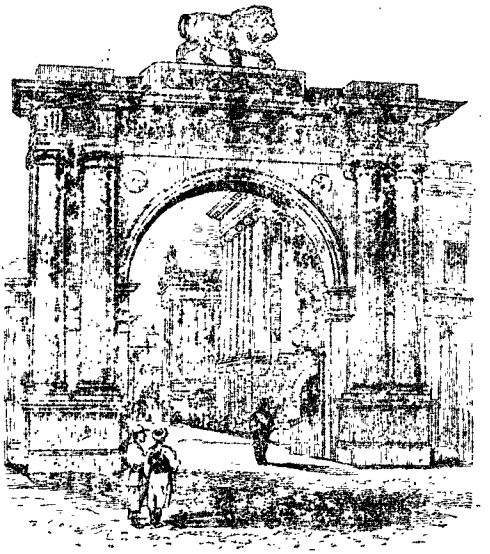
GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA.

attention. But, as I have before remarked, the moment you cry "Boy!" he suddenly appears, like one of the genii in the fairy tale, and with the instantaneous responsive cry of "Sahib!"

Our first duty, after having rested for a day at Calcutta, was to present our letters and pay our respects to the Viceroy. I had the honour of making his acquaintance when he visited Scotland some years ago, so that I did not meet him as an entire stranger; but had I done so, all who know his urbanity and kindness would anticipate the nature of his reception, even for the sake of the mission which had brought us to India. We were ushered into his private waiting-room, where he was alone, and there we were welcomed with the cordiality, nay, the affection of a friend; and this was but the beginning of a series of most considerate attentions.

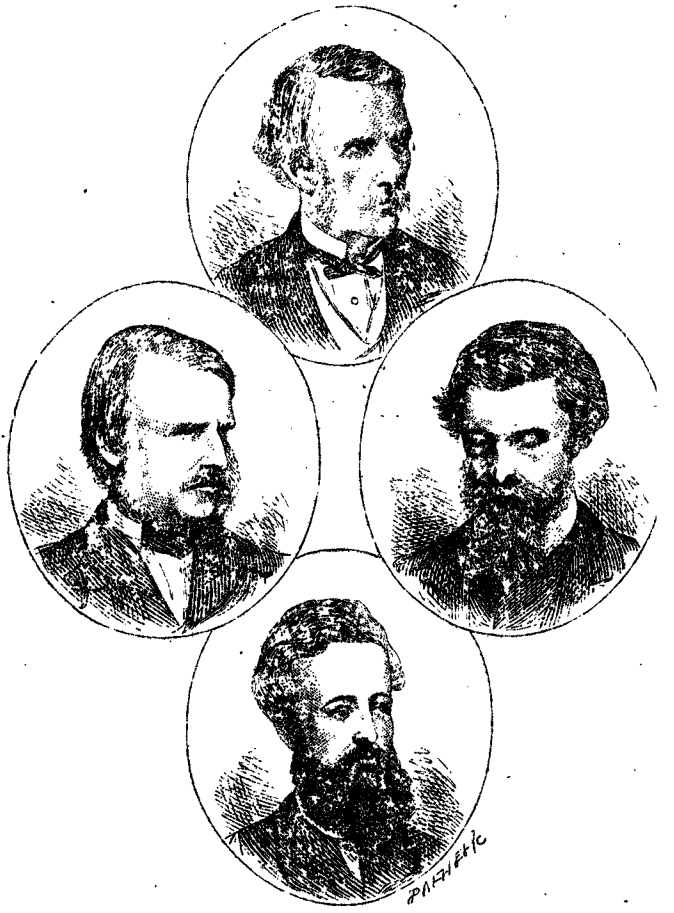
I shall never forget my first impressions of Government House. These were produced not by the fine building itself, nor by its noble public rooms, nor by the grand view of the Maidan from its semicircular balcony, although in these respects it seemed to me a palace worthy of a British Viceroy. But what chiefly occupied my thoughts was the memory of the men who had lived here as the representatives of Britain, who here held their councils and from hence issued their commands affecting the destinies of so large a portion of the human race, and who had each carried day by day such a weight of personal responsibility and anxiety as seldom falls to any man's lot. I never before felt so proud of my country as when I thought of all this. I have trod the gorgeous halls of almost every regal palace in Europe from Moscow to Naples, and those of the republican "White House" in Washington. But with none of these could I associate such a succession of names as those of the men who had governed India;—men high-bred and cultivated, with talents of the highest order, both as soldiers and as statesmen; with a rare personal honour such as no money could purchase, and an unselfish desire

to do their duty such as no party objects could destroy. Sir John was the last link in this long chain, which has even in this century alone included men like Canning, Elgin, Dalhousie, Hardinge, Ellenborough, Hastings, Amherst, Bentinck, Minto, and Wellesley (by whom Government House was built),—all supported, too, by local governors and public officers of their



Gate of Government House, Calcutta.

own spirit and character, like Elphinstone, Malcolm, Munro, Sir Charles Metcalfe, Sir Henry Lawrence, &c., who were statesmen of the highest stamp. Among all those who lived or laboured here during this century, there is not one whose memory should cause a blush to suffuse the cheek of a British patriot. They had their personal failings, they made mistakes in policy, many of them possibly indefensible, but all were men of high character, high honour, who acted according to the



1. LORD LAWRENCE.—2. SIR WILLIAM MUIR.
3. GENERAL SIR W. MANSFIELD.—4. COLONEL NORMAN.

CHARACTERISTIC BENGALEE PORTRAITS.

best of their judgment for the good of India and the glory of their country.

Orientalism, generally speaking, is singularly tenacious of its primitive manners, social habits, and ideas. In these respects the "East" of Arabia, or Asia Minor, nearest to Europe, is more unchangeable than the farther "East" of Hindostan. The few English who have governed India have done more to bring it into harmony with Western civilisation and culture than perhaps all Europe has done for the world south of the Mediterranean. And no part of India presents a more striking contrast between what was and what is than Calcutta. The city itself does not date further back than the era of the battle of Plassey. The old fortified English Factory was erected on what was almost a marsh in the middle of a few straggling villages, surrounded by jungle, and given up to tigers. It had a garrison of three hundred men only. This insignificant fort, being rich in merchandise, tempted the Nawab Surajah Dowlah, who attacked it with his huge army in 1756. It was this despot who at last took it, after a splendid defence, and, as every one knows, thrust one hundred and forty-six persons into a dungeon eighteen feet square, of which number only twenty-three came out alive. Then came down upon him at Plassey the sword of the avenging Clive, followed, very properly, by acquisition of territory, and soon afterwards by the building of Fort William and of Calcutta as well. Immediately behind Government House is Tank Square, and beside this is the site of the Black Hole, which was long used as a warehouse. I keenly realised the change which has taken place when I remembered how much safer the life of an Englishman is now, when travelling by day or night in any part of India, than it is in some kingdoms in Europe. This sense of change was but a few weeks ago still more forcibly impressed upon me when I gazed on the present Nawab of Bengal, the successor of Surajah Dowlah, as he paid his respects to the Prince of Wales at a levee in St. James's, along

with Englishmen—his fellow-subjects.* The Black Hole tragedy was like most instances of native perfidy in its results—it hastened on a brighter day for India and its people.

* The personal allowance made by Government to the Nawab and his family for "value received" amounts to upwards of £75,000 per annum.

XIV.

SCENES IN CALCUTTA

DURING my stay in Calcutta I visited one or two of the houses of the native aristocracy; and as I am now writing about the outside aspect of things in Calcutta, I may say something of these houses in passing. One was that of a rich Zemindar. It was large, but gave me the impression of confusion, neglect, and squalor. It entered from a nasty street, and seemed built amidst rubbish, with no attempt at ornament, order, or beauty. There were not even good drains. The rooms, or cells, off its verandahs appeared unfurnished, because *native*. One room, it is true, looked most comfortable, being furnished in European style; but it was never used except as a show-room to foreigners. Sundry remains of paint, oil, or ghee, with decayed flowers, littered the floor of the verandah, telling of the pooja and religious ceremonies which the family Brahmin had been performing; for every day he has to discharge some such duties as priest. The proprietor was not at home; but his brother, bare to the waist, received us very kindly—we having gone as friends of their European physician. The "laird" himself arrived as we were departing. His loose tunic was so arranged that it disclosed the bare skin within, having been constructed for coolness rather than for elegance. I was not impressed by the residence of this possessor of £10,000 a-year. In the house of another native gentleman I saw but one room comfortably and

nicely furnished, and it, too, was for the reception of European guests. Nothing could exceed the kindness and courtesy of the rich host. At the request of my friend the physician, he displayed the costly and beautiful family jewels, some of which ornamented his splendid hookah. He also introduced a fine-looking boy—his son and heir—dressed in tartan plaid, in token of respect for our nationality. The servants were all present as part of the household; and it was delightful to watch the eager interest they took in this exhibition—so natural and so kind—of family wealth and power. Another of the native houses—for I refrain from taking the liberty of mentioning even the names of their possessors—was on a still grander scale, and the most aristocratic I saw in India. It was a large, square-looking palace, surrounded by a considerable space of ground, high railings separating it from the street, which was in the native town. A huge bull from some part of India, chained up, was feeding in the large compound. There was a guard of native infantry at the main entrance to the house, assigned because of the high rank of its owner. Around the compound was a very large and interesting collection of beasts and birds, many of them rare, and arranged as in the Zoological Gardens. Whether such a method of spending vast sums of money is prompted solely by love of natural history, or to some extent by beliefs more or less seriously held as to the affection due to animals based upon the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, I cannot say. Among the animals exhibited and preserved with much care was a huge and venerable tortoise, which had been in the possession of the family for, I think, about seventy years, having been more than threescore and ten when purchased by them! It was very curious to study that creature! Why was such long life granted to one who seemed as stupid as a stone? Yet the whole of humanity had died at least twice since he was born! Why was he blessed with such a thick skin, and thick shell over it,

when such a vast portion of the sufferings of mankind and womenkind arises from their being thin-skinned? Why should he have been alive when Nadir Shah ransacked Delhi; have attained his majority when our people were choking in the Black Hole, and Clive fighting at Plassey; have grown into sober years when Warren Hastings was first Governor-General; and have lived during every succeeding reign until now, and yet either could not or would not tell us a word about these things, or manifest interest in anything except in eating? Yet how many noble historians have come and gone without his advantages! A tortoise, they say, holds up the world; and truly he has all the patience and long life needful for such a work. No rough ground would trouble his skin in the discharge of such an onerous duty, nor would anything pain him, or put him out, or make him nervous. What a first-rate fellow he would be to govern Ireland, if my many Irish friends will not be so thin-skinned as to be offended at my saying so! He would at least be safe from the bullet of a revolver.

But to return to the house. It was built in the form of a square, with an inner court. We were ushered into a splendid drawing-room, furnished in European fashion, and in the most costly manner. Among other pictures was one of Her Majesty by the host, or rather by his eldest son, who conducted us through the apartments. It was touching to see the keen desire this native gentleman displayed to do all honour to European tastes by thus expensively furnishing those fine apartments, which neither himself nor his family ever occupied. Nor was it less touching to see his anxiety to show respect to the Queen, not only in painting her portrait himself, but in speaking of her frequently in the most loyal manner. It was evident, however, from the unnecessary quantity of furniture of every kind—great crystal candelabra, bronzes, busts, timepieces, and such-like—which crowded the rooms, no less than from the quality of much that was there, that the rich native gentleman's kind heart and

want of knowledge, as well as his wealth, had been taken advantage of by tradesmen. An English lady or gentleman of taste could have produced infinitely better results with immensely less outlay. After all, however, this is a private matter with which I have nothing to do. But I never can forget the young host who was kind enough to show us his father's house. He was a high-bred gentleman, and very good-looking; spoke English perfectly, and had manners singularly elegant and pleasing—such, indeed, as are rarely to be met with in any society, whether at home or abroad. His father was unwell, but kindly came to greet us. All these receptions I gratefully acknowledge.

In spite, however, of all this grandeur and show, I believe the highest natives live in what Paddy calls a "hugger-mugger" state. Such is their "custom." Their private life is very simple, all their magnificence being reserved for public display only. It would astonish many a European to see the apartments where an Eastern family of rank live, eat, and sleep, as contrasted with what the outside world is permitted on great occasions to see in their palace-home!

But human life, as it exists in Calcutta, deserves a little more attention. Representatives of all the leading races and forms of religious belief in the world are to be found here. Europe is represented by Protestant Churches of almost every orthodox denomination of any importance—Episcopal, Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational, and Wesleyan Methodist, and also by those of the Greek, Armenian, and Roman Catholic communions. The Europeans number from 11,000 to 12,000. The native population is divided chiefly between Mohammedans, who amount to 70,000 or 80,000, and Hindoos, who number 400,000. There are, besides, of the Indo-Europeans about 8,500; Jews, 671; Parsees, 100; Chinese, 400; and Asiatics, 1,400.

Calcutta contains upwards of one hundred and seventy heathen temples, many of them small and unimportant, save as keeping

alive idolatrous worship in every district of the city. One of the most influential of these temples is at Kalighat, from whence the name Calcutta probably is derived. We paid it a visit. Kali was the wife of Siva, the god of destruction; and she seems, from all accounts, to have been in every respect a helpmeet for such a worthless and bloody husband. It is needless to narrate the long and wildly absurd fable which tells how this Kali was piously cut in pieces; and how wherever a bit of her body fell a temple was built, as here at Kalighat. These temples are chiefly shrines, this one being a large dim hall lighted from the door or the pillared sides, and intended to serve only for the habitation of the divinity. In India no public preaching or instruction, as in the mosques, of any kind is given in the temples.

The form of the head and upper part of the body of Kali is placed in this shrine of Kalighat. A more hideous image cannot be conceived! The black face is surmounted by long hair, and a red tongue protrudes from the hideous mouth, and descends to the chin. The body has four arms, one of which grasps a scimitar, while another holds the head of a giant by the hair. For ornaments, the figures of two dead bodies serve as earrings, and round the neck is a chain of skulls. To represent blood, her eyebrows are coloured with red paint, which descends in streams to her breast! This is the representation of the deity worshipped at Kalighat!

I need not describe the forms of worship here, which are common to all heathen temples. What—to us at least—was peculiar in this temple were the sacrifices. It is certain that human sacrifices were, at no very remote period, habitually offered to Kali. There are minute rules as to these in the formulas of her priests. "By the sacrifice of three men she is pleased 100,000 years," is an expression indicating the place men held in her tariff of piety. So recently as Dr. Duff's residence in Calcutta

a man was executed for sacrificing a human victim to Kali; and a rajah was disinherited for doing the same thing with three British subjects! It would be bold to affirm that such practices, common during the rule of the native dynasties, *never* occur even now, amidst the falsehood and darkness of a horrid superstition which, as a religion of fear, takes a passionate hold of its votaries. We saw several goats sacrificed. A few ceremonies were performed over them by a Brahmin, who received the head of each as a small fee. The head of the animal was inserted in a square frame made secure by a pin, and then severed at one blow by the executioner. The priest received the head, and the body was removed by the offerer, to be eaten, I presume, by him and others. Those animals are thus offered every day. On great festivities oxen are killed and hundreds of goats. I tried in vain to ascertain whether these people really had any intelligent theory of sacrifice; whether it was intended to appease divine wrath, to express gratitude, or to purify offences? or whether, if the appeasing of wrath was the object, the wrath was appeased by the sufferings of the animal or by the gift of it? Whether, again, the offering was a gift or a substitute? or whether the offerer was purified by the offering of the gift of the animal, or merely by the physical blood? Others may be able to throw light on these questions, but as far as I could learn there was a dim idea only of doing that which was pleasing to the blood-thirsty goddess.

The officials connected with these temples seemed to me stolid and ignorant creatures, full of grovelling superstition. They had also the aspect of being stimulated by bang. One observes no sign of reverence, unless, perhaps, on the part of the poor worshipper, who sits cross-legged before the image in silence, yet with a most stupid and inane look. Before him are arranged his small, simple offerings,—tiny saucers filled with rice, flowers, lemon water, and so on.

Kali's temple left a most horrible impression on my mind. To those who have no faith in a living, personal God, all acts and forms of worship must appear childish—mere matters of indifference, in which the ignorant worshipper alone can have any interest. But to every one who believes in God as our Father, whose character is perfectly revealed to us in Christ, and imperfectly, although truly, reflected in the life of every good man, such foul worship as this is very shocking. It never, of course, can in the very nature of things be pleasing, but must be abomination, to God to be represented by so hideous a demon as Kali. Is it by such means that men can be educated to say, "Our Father which art in heaven?" And who dares accept the terrible responsibility of withholding from men grovelling in such superstitions the knowledge of a common Father? Talk of the necessity of our being ourselves agreed as to our theology before preaching to the heathen, as if Christendom could not send anything better to India than Kali! Those Europeans who think thus have more to be ashamed of than the most ignorant heathen who ever worshipped at her shrine.

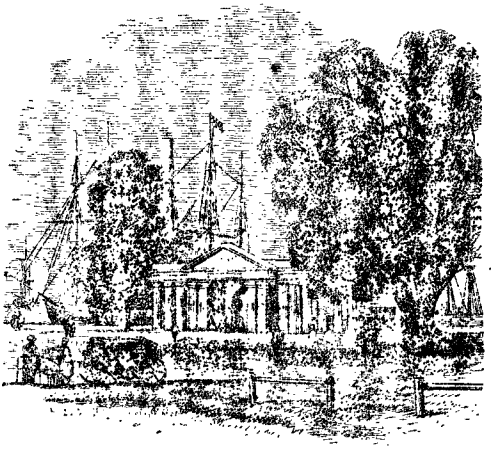
We saw one idol festival only. Not being well versed in the festival days of the Hindoo pantheon, I cannot at this moment recall the name of the distinguished god or goddess who was honoured on the occasion to which I allude. I think it was the festival of *Suruswatee*, the goddess of learning, in honour of whom every Hindoo who can read or write makes this his holiday. Every street was crowded with carriages and processions. So much, indeed, was this the case, that in one place we were brought to a stand-still for nearly half an hour. Procession followed procession, each group bearing aloft a doll-like image, with surroundings more or less gorgeous and expensive, according to the wealth or liberality of the party exhibiting. Each procession had also its band playing their wild screeching instruments, accompanied by the hard monotonous beat of the tom-tom. These

so-called bands of music always impressed me with an *eerie* nightmare feeling of idolatry—they sounded so determined, inharmonious, and unearthly. One procession especially arrested my attention, as it consisted of about eighty persons, all dressed with tartan kilt, hose, plaid, and bonnet, in imitation of Highland soldiers. "I could hardly believe my eyes," as astonished people say. My native guide and interpreter said he knew no other reason for this European costume having been adopted on such festal occasions than the strong impression made upon the native fancy by the Highland regiments they had seen on parade in Calcutta, and which had been increased by their brave deeds during the mutiny.

In connection with the processions there were also many tolerably good fireworks. The end, strange to say, of each procession was the river, into which every god was hurled with shouts of glee! We saw this ceremony in connection with two other phases in the customs and life of India. One was the burning Ghat. It is a large, handsome, lofty shed, open to the winds of heaven, in which the bodies of the dead are housed. Officials like our gravediggers do the work of selling the wood and making all arrangements for consuming the body. We saw iron machines like small locomotives, minus the mechanism, which were intended at once to conceal, and to consume, the body, as in an oven, but they had not as yet been used. I will not describe the appearance of those funeral pyres, and the sad remnants of mortality upon them. No relations or friends were near. The body was left alone with the officials. The other was the death-bed of a Hindoo mother. On drawing near we saw an old woman breathing her last as she lay motionless upon the wet oozy sand with which her grey hairs mingled. Her feet were in the water, and a wet cotton cloth partly concealed her emaciated form. Four women, apparently her daughters, sat round her, watching for her last breath. They sprinkled the holy water of the stream on

her thin face, her glazed eyes, and silent lips. An old man, her husband, with a young man beside him, stood a few yards off, and turned away their eyes, as if in sorrow, from the place where the dying one lay. When at last neither eyelid nor lip quivered, a great cry of anguish rose from the little group to the sky—to them empty of a Father and a Redeemer. The boisterous crowd rushed along with shouts of laughter, and the wild din of pipe and drum filled the air; but these mourners found no comforter!

Those who have witnessed the peaceful death-bed of one they loved, amidst all the sanctities of Christian home, will surely thank God for their being able to share such hallowed memorials with their brothers and sisters in India, who "sorrow as those who have no hope."



XV.

BENGAL.—BENGALEES.—BRAHMO SOMAJ.—MISSIONARY MEETING.

I NEED hardly inform my readers that Calcutta is at once the capital of the Bengal Presidency and of India. It may, however, be necessary to inform them as to the district to which the term "Bengal" is applied. So many political changes have taken place during these latter years, that the old names no more describe our present territorial divisions than the "Kingdom of Great Britain"—meaning by that England, Ireland, and Scotland—describes the British Empire. Thus "Bengal" may be used as designating the district only in which the Bengalee language is spoken; or as indicating the "Bengal" of the old Mohammedan Viceroyalty, which consisted of the three great districts of Bengal, part of Orissa, and Behar; or, if by "Bengal" is meant our so-called "Presidency," then it includes not only all the provinces grouped under the old Mohammedan Viceroyalty, but likewise Assam and Cuttack; and, again, "Bengal" is applied to the vast plain stretching from the sea to the Northern limits of the Empire, because the Bengal civil service and the Bengal army are here officially located. But it must be remembered that there are in "Bengal," as that term is used in this latter sense, large "governments," such as "the North-west Provinces," Oudh, &c., quite as independent of the Viceroy or the Lieutenant-Governor

of Bengal as are those of Madras or Bombay; while, again, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, although residing in Calcutta, is also equally free from the central imperial government administered by the Viceroy.

Let us consider a few of the characteristic features of this "Bengal Presidency."

As I have already observed, it consists of several great provinces, which, as a whole, are of greater extent than either France or England, and has a population by some millions larger than either. One of its provinces, Assam, is as large as England and Wales; and another, Behar, is as large as England. A direct line connecting its most distant points would measure upwards of 800 miles. This vast territory is as varied in its external features as one can well imagine, and it is not less so in the character, culture, religion, and history of its various races. It has the richest plains (stretching like an ocean for hundreds of miles), watered by noble streams, and teeming with inhabitants. On the south it is washed by the ocean, and to the north it is bounded and overlooked by the highest mountain range in the world—the stupendous Kanchinjinga—high as Mont Blanc with the Jungfrau added to its summit, or as six Benlomonds piled upon each other! The inhabitants of this Presidency include men of every degree of culture, from the most learned men in Calcutta to the wildest savages. There are millions of aborigines, some of whom live like brutes, and are broken up into various tribes, scattered among wildernesses of hill and jungle which have never been penetrated by a European foot, speaking different languages; in one small district near Assam no fewer than *thirty!* There are, too, in Bengal followers of almost every religion, from demon worshippers, offerers of human sacrifices, Buddhists, Brahmins, Mohammedans, and Parsees, up to the worshippers of Christ. What a field does this open up for discovery, for commercial enterprise, education, and Christian civilisation!

When a traveller reaches Calcutta, the great terminus in which all the leading lines of Indian and European thought meet, he very naturally tries to "make up his book," and, if possible, to generalise all the facts which he has gathered—to weigh and decide upon all the various opinions he has heard discussed in steamers, railways, newspapers, books, or private parties. But how presumptuous does it appear to attempt this! I for one am quite alive to the danger of generalising from a few data; and when tempted to generalise at all, more especially on Indian questions, I should wish to remember a story—true or manufactured I know not—which was told me in New York by an American. A certain St. Louis man visited Liverpool, and, returning by the next steamer, gave it as his unbiassed opinion, formed on the strong evidence of personal observation, that there was no difference between England and America, or, if there was, it was unquestionably in favour of the latter! Other facts warn me to be careful. For instance: within a walk of a few minutes from where I now write a physician poisoned his wife and mother-in-law—crimes for which he was tried and executed;—a lady was tried for poisoning her paramour, and escaped by a verdict of "Not proven;"—a photographer, who preached a rousing sermon to the mob round the scaffold of the first poisoner, soon afterwards deserted his wife, fled to America with the wife of another man, committing various forgeries;—and, lastly, a very shocking murder was committed by a woman on a servant, her companion, for which she was found guilty—the sentence of death being commuted into imprisonment for life! These are *facts* from "the West-end" of Glasgow which have occurred within the last few years. But am I warranted in concluding that these cases represent the normal state of morals in Scotland or Glasgow? And if not, then I dare not apply a different rule to Bengal and Calcutta in dealing with their morals and manners, and am therefore compelled to be silent.

Were I, for example, to venture an opinion regarding the Bengalees from my very brief intercourse with them, I would say that I had never met more pleasing, intelligent, and agreeable men. But in saying this I hear the traditional European laugh and joke at my simplicity and ignorance in having been taken in by all this "humbug;" and the unhesitating statement made by not a few that the Bengalee, as a rule, is one of the most oily, crouching creatures in the world, full of vanity and lies, supple as an eel, and without any back-bone or real strength in him. Others, again, will admit what is said about his deceit, but would account for it by the gentleness and timidity of his nature, which, owing to long tyranny, have forced him to make use of deception as a weapon of defence, and would attribute his vanity to his ignorance, and interpret his very failings as a mute cry for justice, and for such training as may make him respect himself and be a true *man*. But every one knows what has been said and written against the moral character of the Bengalees by those who have long resided among them. I am not entitled to give any opinion on so grave a matter from personal observation. I may mention one fact *per contra*:—Dr. Watson, and a friend of his who had been in India for a quarter of a century, lost their way in seeking a certain place beyond Hooghly. They at last met a respectably-dressed native, who put himself to great trouble to procure a boat, and after a long walk and a long row, he at last conveyed them across the river to the best landing. He turned out to be a native policeman. Grateful for his kindness, they cordially thanked him, and presented him with handsome *backsheesh*. He gracefully accepted their thanks, but as gracefully refused their money, and disappeared in the darkness. This is a fact, but I would not like to add that it is characteristic of Bengal; nor, perhaps one might safely add, of any other country. Yet we forget such exceptions in all.

Whatever defects, real or alleged, there may be in the Bengalee

character, it is to me very remarkable, and even touching, to see the enthusiasm with which these natives have availed themselves of the many gifts offered to them by us. As coming from strangers and conquerors, we might have expected them to reject these. But the Bengalee, to the utmost of his ability, accepts of European culture; makes our language and literature his own; adopts as far as possible our manners; sends his children to Christian schools; and yields up his old convictions as to the religion of his fathers and his people! What independence is here! We may learn from it. His vanity and boasting, at which we smile, are nevertheless flattering to ourselves, for they are caused by his possession of what we have given him. In these respects the Bengalee presents a striking contrast to his former conquerors and our present subjects, the Mohammedans, who have not yet forgiven us, and who sullenly determine to be under as few obligations to us as possible. It surely becomes a generous people to deal generously with the Bengalee graft in the old English oak, even although the branches may boast against the root.

As to the intellectual powers of the Bengalee, I have neither observed nor heard any very convincing proofs of the superiority which has sometimes been claimed for them. He reaches his mental growth rapidly, and is a very sharp lad; but he soon becomes stunted, and subsides into an average educated European. He is receptive, not creative; and more disposed to play hide and seek in the dark with abstract questions than to grapple with facts in the daylight and master them. Young Bengal, who forms a too high estimate of himself, is not original, but reflects the religion, the philosophy, the Christianity, or infidelity of Europe. I wish he understood, sang, and lived the truth of the grand song of Burns, "A man's a man for a' that!"

But I must pass on to speak of some of the questions which press themselves upon every man who desires to know anything

of those changes which in India, and especially in Bengal, "ring out the old, ring in the new." The foremost of these in its results—some of which have themselves in their turn become the germs of great social and political changes—is one which I have already noticed in some of its leading features, viz., *Education in the English language.* Dr. Duff, together with Macaulay, Trevelyan, and others, under the auspices of Lord William Bentinck, in 1835, aided most effectually in realising this, although I cannot now go into details regarding its eventful history since the day when the battle against mere Orientalism was first fought and gained in Calcutta.

Now this knowledge of English, acquired by the most influential men in every part of India, and which not a dozen natives could speak fifty years ago, is destined ultimately, I think, to effect great political and social changes. For the first time in the history of India it furnishes the gift of a common tongue—a medium of communication between all its various peoples and races. This enables them to become acquainted with each other, and with the history and opinions of foreign nations; and acting along with a free press, penny postage, and the telegraph, is destined to put the Rajpoot and Mahratta, the Mohammedan and Brahmin, as fully *en rapport* with the debates in the House of Commons as are the citizens of London. And all this must tend more and more to form a *public opinion* which has hardly hitherto existed in India. It will give unity, force, and direction to the fragments of political plans and purposes everywhere scattered abroad. As education extends, opinions so formed must soon permeate downwards *from native sources* through the vernacular languages and vernacular papers, and by a thousand channels reach and mould the minds of the millions. It must also force itself to be heard in England, expressed as it will be in England's language, and with England's culture; and as the opinion, too, not of this or of that newspaper, nor of some hired and paid

agent of this rajah or of that, but as the public opinion of native India.

The English-speaking natives, who have become everywhere the leaders of political movements, will have a great advantage over us in more than one respect. Masters of their own language, as well as of ours, they can thus get easy access at once to the mind of the natives and of Europeans. Then again, owing to the necessity of the constant flux in European Indian society, there cannot be, on our part as individuals, that united and persevering effort by which great measures are carried out ultimately because carried on steadily from year to year. Whether the natives are capable of this higher education of wise thoughts, sound judgment, perseverance, union, and love of country, which is so necessary for statesmen, remains to be seen. But if these capacities are in them, the English language will be their most powerful ally in giving coherence to their plans and purposes. The fact, too, that the non-caste aborigines and others are being taught English, and are thereby taking their places among the influential classes in India, will also have its own important social results.

There is no reason to think that all this must end in turning India into a series of confederated states, far less of its becoming an independent native empire, at least in our day. That the whole tendency of education, of railway communication, and such-like, is to give a greater unity and compactness to India is obvious. But no sign has yet appeared in the distant horizon auguring the coming of a class of natives who would be able to keep India together, to preserve its peace, and secure its progress even for one month. The strong arm and governing hand of the North are still needed. But when education takes root in India, and its vile idolatries become a thing of the past, then such an intellectual and moral power will be created as will necessitate, for the good of the commonwealth, a fair share at least of government being

given to or taken by the natives. I see no reason why Britain and India should not be thus for ever united, alike for their own good and the good of the world—each being rich in peculiar gifts bestowed by Him who divideth severally as He will for the good of the whole; and then we may receive from India as well as give; and receive not merely what will add to our material, but much more to our moral and intellectual wealth. A living Native Church would be very helpful in many ways to us at home. Certain it is that whatever we sow in India, that, in some form, we shall also reap. So let us take heed.

But however great the influence exercised upon India by means of English education, I do not think it likely that the *literature of India*, however brilliant it may become, will assume an English form, although English culture will tell more and more through the medium of their own vernacular. Hence the importance of at once cultivating a *thorough* knowledge of English and of the vernacular and the classical languages of India. There are seventy-one printing presses in Calcutta for vernacular literature alone, and I believe these send out about six hundred separate publications every year. What an elevating and purifying influence may not English education exercise through such channels, and when thousands more are opened up! For we must look forward to the time—may it be near at hand!—when the Government will by any *possible* sacrifice of money and by any possible cess which the Zemindars and the tax-paying inhabitants of rural Bengal can bear, direct its energies to advance vernacular education, for the benefit of the many millions who are now sunk in that ignorance which is the teacher of crime, the nurse of superstition, the leader of rebellion, the robber of wealth, and the destroyer of independence. "Orientalism" need never be feared, but always welcomed, when we can make it speak in its own tongue European truth in science, history, morals, and religion, although it be ignorant of the English language. It is only when the capacity for

receiving instruction by means of the press, and the due appreciation of the social advantages which education brings, have been once awakened in the breasts of these millions, that the blessings now conferred by English culture on the upper ten thousand only, will also tell upon them by means of an improved vernacular literature.

The *destructive* power of English education with reference to idolatry, and possibly also with reference to all positive beliefs, may be inevitable before the *constructive* process can begin. But by what means can this construction of a new temple amidst the ruins of the old be accomplished? Not certainly by Government schools, except in so far as the education of the faculties and the acquisition of intellectual truth promote a spirit of inquiry, and increase the power of acquiring mere knowledge. But as regards direct Christian instruction in these schools, while I think that the Bible should at least be read in them even as a history, or branch of general knowledge, and that no teacher should be appointed who notoriously professes to *dis*believe in Christ and Revelation; yet it would be unwise in the present state of things, and with no security for the teacher's faith, to intrust to him the teaching of Christianity. It was to supply this want, in addition to others, that the mission-school system was established in Calcutta. One great object of this system, I need hardly repeat, and one which, if abandoned, would destroy the distinctive feature of the *Christian Mission* school, is the instructing of the young in the knowledge of the Bible, with special reference to Christianity. What has been accomplished by this and other mission agencies in building up the young generation in a positive religion I shall not pause to inquire or determine. I believe it has at least furnished data to thousands in the form of historical facts, moral truths, doctrines regarding God and his relationship to man, of which earnest-minded natives can and must avail themselves, when once they begin to build up a really Native Church.

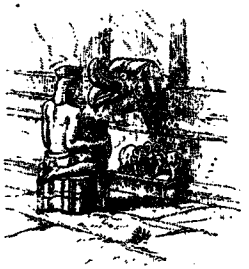
Another topic of profound general interest which constantly occupied one's thoughts in India, and specially in Calcutta, was *the policy of the British Government.* Especial zest was given to this question at the time of my visit by the publication of the volume containing the returns of the Chief Commissioners and Residents in India to a confidential communication made to them by the Viceroy, demanding their opinion with reference to the correctness of a doubt expressed by the present Marquis of Salisbury (then Lord Cranbourne), in the House of Commons, as to whether the system of British administration in India possessed, in the minds of the natives, any superiority over the method of government pursued in the Independent States. This called forth about thirty replies, which were published by the Indian Government at Calcutta in December, 1867. In this correspondence the question started is fully treated, and the amplest justice is done to all sides by the men most competent to deal with such a matter. It impresses one very deeply, I think, with the political wisdom, the intellectual grasp, and thorough fairness and honesty of the leading civilians who practically govern India; and it is full also of deeply interesting information.

It would be very presumptuous in me to give any opinion whatever, merely because I had been a few weeks in India, upon so wide and complicated a question, whether as regards the wisdom, failures, or needed reforms of the Government. I would only request those at home who feel interested on the subject to remember that India, ever since the mutiny, has been passing through a transition period in her momentous history. The mutiny represented, if I may dare so express myself, the death of old India, while the Queen's proclamation represented its resurrection to a new life. With that great crisis, in which so many of the innocent suffered for the guilty, and a very expiation of blood atoned, as it were, for past sins, there began a new era of promise, by the fact of India being made a part of our

great empire. The singular changes in regard to communication with India which have since then taken place must affect our whole Indian policy to an extent which no one can calculate. Let us only think of these! Very many of my readers can remember, but as yesterday, when the only passage to India was by the Cape, so that the reply to a letter written from England, and addressed to any *up-country* station, occupied almost a whole year. Now we can reach India in about three weeks from Europe; and a telegram within an hour can communicate with Calcutta. But as yesterday travelling was by palki or palankin, at the rate of three miles an hour; now there are nearly five thousand miles of railway, bringing Calcutta almost as near Edinburgh as was Vienna in the days of coaching and diligences. Besides this, the old questions involving so many possible wars with native states have passed away. For the first time in the history of India, peace reigns, and a firm government is established from Affghanistan to Cape Comorin; the old Company and Board of Control have given place to Parliament; India is opened up to the traveller, and to every class of trader and cultivator; a free press, native and European, affects public opinion; new sources of wealth are developed, and old sources made productive by railway communication; and as the result of all those changes, the Government is able to direct its energies to the internal good of the country, and to those measures which tell upon the preservation of health, the promotion of agriculture and trade, the equalisation of taxation, the education of the people, the elevation of the lower classes, and the opening up of situations of affluence and power to the natives. Who can doubt that, under God, and with his blessing, a new day is dawning on the millions in India, in which Great Britain may be privileged to earn for herself their increased gratitude and hearty loyalty?

As regards the fears of Russian invasion and plots with the

natives, we may feel assured that the Foreign Office department in Calcutta is thoroughly well informed on all such questions. There is not an article appears in any Russian or native Indian journal, apart from all private information received from the most reliable sources, which is not epitomised and regularly sent to the Foreign Office. The "mares' nests" which home journals expose from the discoveries of foreign correspondents have long before been familiar to the "detectives" of the Calcutta Foreign Office, not to speak of our own in London. But detectives of every class are silent while on the trail of a plot of any kind. We need have no fear of Russia in India so long as we are not afraid of war in Europe, and then only as keeping a large portion of our army in check. Our best defence, East and West, will consist far more in improved government than in improved artillery—though both are best. But I have not the slightest doubt that, however much the natives may growl against us, they never would hesitate to support us against Russia; and, what is of the utmost importance, the Mohammedan population, who are the most warlike, would to a man oppose the enemy of the Sultan and of the Mohammedan faith and rule.



XVI.

INCIDENTS IN CALCUTTA.

WE had in Calcutta, as in Madras, what was called a Pan-missionary meeting, at which Bishop Milman presided. With true catholic feeling, he himself offered to do so. The meeting was a very crowded one, and all classes, native and European, were represented, from the Viceroy downwards. It was a fine sight, and made one wonder why it could not be seen at home, and thus help at least to strengthen and express that unity of spirit, and that love to God and man, which Christ Himself prayed for, as being the grand evidence for the fact of facts, that God had sent Him. One object of this meeting, as of the one at Madras, was to make known the facts regarding the condition of Christian missions, and *to challenge on the spot* any denial of them. The various branches of the different missions were ably represented. Mr. Lewis spoke for the Baptists, and told us how they had laboured in India for seventy-five years; how their brethren, Carey, Marshman, and Ward, had so long found protection under the Danish flag at Serampore, near Calcutta, until 1812; and Schwartz and his fellow-labourers under the same flag at Tranquebar. He told us what these noble men of our then forlorn hope had accomplished, and how they had given to Bengal the only translation of the Bible it possessed, of which they themselves had published eight editions, with twenty-six editions of the New Testament in the same language. He contrasted the low condition

of society, both native and European, at the time when their missions began, with what it is now, as evidence of what all the various Churches had done, of which he gave full statistics.

Dr. Murray Mitchell gave an account of the Free Church Mission Schools, referring to Dr. Duff's noble efforts. Dr. Duff was a link between the labours of Carey—who visited his school—and the present day. On that occasion Dr. Carey said, "What hath God wrought! When I began my missionary labours I could not have got one of these youths to wait upon my teaching if I had bribed him with all Bengal!"

The Rev. Mr. Payne reported for the London Missionary Society.

The Rev. Mr. Stewart reported at considerable length for the Church Missionary and Propagation Societies, which had, he said, 16,000 converts and children of converts within the Calcutta diocese. These were but the germ of a future Church. A few months before this he had urged a convert of great intellectual attainment, who occupied a Government situation, to become ordained, but he said, "No; the time has not yet come for me to give up my present position of influence, but when I see my way clear to be a missionary to my countrymen, and to seek ordination from the bishop, I will go forth as a native evangelist supported by the Native Church!" He told Mr. Stewart that he had spoken to some of his Christian brethren on the subject. His plan had met with hearty sympathy, and he had no doubt that what was lacking they would supply.

The Rev. Professor Banargea—a native Episcopal clergyman of excellent talent—spoke gratefully of Dr. Duff, by means of whose lectures he had, as a Hindoo, been brought at first to the knowledge of the truth.

Dr. Watson and I spoke, but it is unnecessary here to reprint our speeches. I wil only say that we felt profoundly grateful for the Christian reception given us, and the cheering words addressed

to us. I may, however, be pardoned for substantially repeating what I said regarding my ideal of the future Church of India; chiefly because, for many reasons, I do not wish to be misunderstood, as I have been, on this point.

By a Native Church I do not certainly mean—what, in present circumstances, we thankfully accept—Native Churches in ecclesiastical connection with the different European and American missions. It surely cannot be desired by any intelligent Christian—I might use stronger language, and assert that it ought not to be tolerated by any reasonable man, unless proved to be unavoidable—that our several Churches should reproduce, in order to perpetuate in the new world of a Christianized India those forms or symbols which in the old world have become marks, not of our union as Christians, but of our disunion as sects. We may not, indeed, be responsible for those divisions in the Church which have come down to us from the past. We did not make them, nor can we now, perhaps, unmake them. We find ourselves born into some one division, and so we accept it and make the most of it, as the best we can do in the circumstances in which we are placed. But must we perpetuate these divisions in India? Is each part to be made to represent the whole? Is the grand army to remain broken up into separate companies, each to recruit to its own standard, and to invite the Hindoos to adopt the several uniforms, accept the different shibboleths, learn and repeat the respective war-cries, and even make caste-marks of the wounds and scars which to us are but the sad mementoes of old battles? Or, to drop all metaphor, must Christian converts in India be necessarily grouped and stereotyped into Episcopal Churches, High and Low, Presbyterian Churches, Established and Free, Lutheran Churches, Methodist Churches, Baptist Churches, or Independent Churches, English or American, and adopt as their respective creeds the Confession of Faith, the Thirty-nine Articles, or other formulas approved of by our forefathers, and remaining as the separating

sign of some British or American sect? Whether any Church seriously entertains this design I know not, though I more than suspect it of some; but I feel assured that this condition of things will be perpetuated unless every opportunity be watched and taken advantage of to propagate a different idea, and to rear up an independent and all-inclusive native Indian Church. By such a Church I mean one which shall be organized and governed by the natives themselves, and, as far as possible, be independent of us. We would of course claim, as Christians and fellow-subjects, to be recognised as brethren, and to be received among its members, or, if it should please both parties, to serve among its ministers, and, in any case, to rejoice always to be its friends and supporters. In all this we would only have them to do to us as we should feel bound to do to them. Such a Church might, as taught by experience, mould its outward form of government and worship according to its inner wants and outward circumstances, guided by the experience of history and by the teaching and spirit of Christianity. Its creed—for no Christian society can exist without some known and professed beliefs—would include those truths which had been confessed by the catholic Church of Christ since the first; and, as necessary to its very existence as *a Church of Christ*, it would recognise the supreme authority of Jesus Christ and his Apostles. It would also have, like the whole Christian Church, its Lord's day for public worship, and its sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper. Thus might a new temple be reared on the plains of India, unlike perhaps in its details any to be seen in our Western lands, yet still with all our goodly stones built up in its fabric, and with all our spiritual worship of the one living and true God—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. A Church like this would, from its very nationality, attract many a man who does not wish to be ranked among the adherents of mere mission Churches. It would dispose, also, of many difficulties inseparable from our position, whether regarding baptism or the selection and

support of a native ministry. And, finally, it would give ample scope, for many a year to come, for all the aid and efforts which our home Churches and missionaries could afford by schools and colleges, personal labour, and money contributions, to establish strengthen, and extend it.

Moreover, it seems to me that India affords varied and remarkable elements for contributing many gifts and talents to such a Church as this. The simple peasant and scholarly pundit the speculative mystic and self-torturing devotee, the peaceful South-man and the manly North-man; the weak Hindoo who clings to others of his caste for strength, and the strong aborigine who love their individuality and independence;—one and all possess a power which could find its place of rest and blessing in the faith of Christ and in fellowship with one another through Him. The incarnate but unseen Christ, the divine yet human brother, would dethrone every idol; God's Word would take the place of the Puranas; Christian brotherhood, of caste; and the peace of God, instead of weary rites and empty ceremonies would satisfy the heart. Such is my ideal, which I hope and believe shall one day become real in India! The day indeed seems to be very far off when a "Church of India," worthy of the name, shall occupy its place within what may then be the Christendom of the world. A period of chaos may intervene ere it is founded; and after that, how many "days" full of change and of strange revolutions, with their "evenings" and "mornings," may succeed ere it enjoys a Sabbath "day" of holiness, rest, and peace! But yet that Church *must* be, if India is ever to become *one*, or a nation in any true sense of the word. For union strength, and real progress can never henceforth in this world's history either result from or coalesce with Mohammedanism or Hindooism, far less with the cold and heartless abstractions of an atheistic philosophy.

But let us pass from this to other incidents in Calcutta.

I recall with peculiar pleasure an evening party at the "palace" of the Bishop of Calcutta, who heartily welcomed us and assisted us in our mission. This party was full of interest to me. Nowhere else had I seen in India—though possibly similar meetings may take place—such an assemblage of Europeans and natives of all ranks and professions. The Viceroy and state officers, missionaries, judges, merchants, and professors, represented European society; while natives of rank—rajahs and princes, with Hindoos and Mohammedans, barristers and editors of native papers, represented native society. Here they all met in the home of a truly Christian bishop, as his friends and guests. How wise, how conciliatory, how Christian, was the idea of such an assemblage! And what an advantage it was, too, to have a clergyman who had such means and social position as enabled him to exercise this gift of hospitality! The more we know of the world as it is, the more we value the vast power of personal intercourse as a means of creating a better understanding between man and man, of increasing charity, of destroying prejudices, and of diffusing that *spirit* of good-will which is essential to the best and surest kind of Christian progress. Nowhere on earth is this personal intercourse more difficult, and yet nowhere is it more needed than among the natives and Europeans in India. It is much needed between governors and governed, as a means of creating that sympathy which is the soul of true union and the secret of real and lasting political power. It is immensely wanted between missionaries and those whom they instruct, in order that, as members of God's family, they may realise what they have in common, whether in their joys and sorrows, their affections and hopes, their doubts and fears, their pleasures and their pains. It is wanted, too, between the native and European laity—at present separated so widely! To attain it sacrifices must be made on both sides—sacrifices of tastes, feelings, and prejudices. Let the best and noblest, then, who have most to

give begin the great work! Above all, let Christians do it, following the example of Him "who was rich, yet for our sakes became poor." The party at the Bishop's was thus to me peculiarly pleasing, as recognising, and in as far as possible meeting, this great want.

Whilst I was in that episcopal residence I could not but think of him who had last occupied it, and whom, above all other men in India, I had longed to see—the good and noble Bishop Cotton! As with my heart I searched for him in vain during my journey in Bengal, and thought of him in his helplessness, falling at night into the Ganges, I could not but repeat to myself these lines—giving to the words a meaning not their own :—

"I sought him east, I sought him west,
I sought him far with moan and sorrow;
I only saw the cloud of night,
I only heard the roar of Yarrow!"

Another question, that of female education in India, is one which, I need not say, is full of difficulties, owing to the peculiar position of the women in relation to their husbands and families, and especially in relation to European society. Their ignorance is necessarily great, their inferior position incredible, and their seclusion from the outside world complete. The Mohammedan conquest of India exercised a debasing influence on the social status of Hindoo females. All this, combined with native orthodox prejudices, which have been wrought by time into native society, make the condition of women most deplorable, but most difficult to deal with. My readers will appreciate some of these obstacles to Western influences when they remember that Hindoo girls may be betrothed, or formally married, as early as their fourth year; may occupy their husband's house at eight; and be mothers at twelve! So long as the natives themselves do not revolutionise their national customs, an efficient system of female education is

almost an impossibility, especially among the higher castes. But the natives themselves *are* beginning to do this. The education, knowledge, and tastes acquired by the men, together with the position occupied by women among the Europeans, are gradually creating an impression, which is every day taking a deeper hold of the more intelligent natives, that their women *must* be educated so as to be able to sympathise more thoroughly with themselves both intellectually and morally. A revolution in the right direction has long been slowly but surely advancing; and though as yet comparatively weak, it is fast gathering strength, and its results will, I have no doubt, appear before many years are over. This will not only affect the women themselves, but react on their husbands, as well as on their families. It will be the means also of making personal intercourse between the ladies of the East and West more and more possible and agreeable to both. I have only in this case as in others to reiterate the advice—Patience, Patience, Patience!

It is about twenty years since Mr. Bethune opened a female school for natives in Calcutta, which was afterwards supported by Lord Dalhousie. Since his death it has been upheld by the State. This was the beginning of that movement which has advanced more rapidly in Bengal and the North-west Provinces and the Punjaub than in any other part of India.*

* I regret to have no information later than 1866-7 on female education. At this date there were, in *connection with Government in Bengal*, 244 schools attended by 4,844 pupils; 2 normal schools, with 34 pupils. In the *North-west Provinces*, 595 schools, with 12,002 pupils; and normal schools 2, with 31 pupils. In the *Punjaub*, which began in earnest only in 1862-3, there are no fewer than 650 schools, with 20,534 scholars. But, in addition to these, there are a very large number of private female schools. In *Bengal* there were—at the date of Mr. Marshall's report in 1865-6—217 schools, with 5,559 pupils. In the North-west Provinces, 77, with 1,494 pupils. In the Punjaub there were 223 elementary schools, in Lahore and Umritsur, superintended solely by native gentlemen, and having 3,841 pupils. Missionaries besides have done their share in this work, and support many female orphanages as well as schools, which are not reckoned in the above estimate. All this shows what great strides female education has made during the last ten years,

The purpose of "the *Zenana* mission" is, by the aid of female missionaries from Europe or America, to gain access to the native Zenanas, and to influence the women in their own homes. This mission is partly evangelistic, in so far as it endeavours to convey to the adults, by conversation only, a knowledge of the Gospel, not, however, to the exclusion of instruction in what are called the "secular" branches. This is as it ought to be. It is taking a very narrow and unwise view of mission work to assume that we must at once begin with direct Christian instruction, and ignore all those means which *prepare* for its reception. The first duty, it appears to me, of the missionary, more especially when dealing with the sick as a medical missionary, or with the ignorant, degraded aboriginal tribes, or with the prejudiced and bigoted, who fear proselytism, as those in the Zenana, is to teach all such what Christianity is by the manifestation to their hearts and consciences of a Christian *life* in such forms as they can best feel and comprehend, by truth, justice, patience, by unselfish kindness, and that whole life of self-sacrifice shown in ways innumerable, and such as genuine Christian benevolence will suggest. If this begets confidence, gratitude, affection, or sheds a new light upon character, the way is prepared for receiving instruction as to how alone such a character is produced, and how they may themselves share it as a gift and grace from God. Surely, too, the revelation of a true brother in the flesh is one of the best means of preparing the learner to receive instruction regarding the perfect Brother. Our Lord did no *direct* mission work, as far as we know, for thirty years, and He began it by training missionaries through what they saw

about which period the movement began in anything like earnest. What may we hope for in the future! We rejoice in the noble and self-sacrificing attempt of Miss Mary Carpenter to organize well-taught female *normal* schools, which are *essential* for the carrying out of this work, which must eventually, like mission work, be accomplished by the natives themselves. The seed is but sown. We must wait, I repeat, with patience, and labour with earnestness and hope.

in Himself, in all He was as well as from all He taught; and when He sent them on their first mission journey, their work was to heal the sick, to perform deeds of love which all could understand and appreciate as human beings, and then to tell them that the kingdom of God—the highest good, and the highest form of healing—was come nigh unto them. It is a gross misapprehension of Christianity to present it chiefly as an escape from future punishment, and not as a deliverance from evil now. The very soul of mission work should be to make known a Saviour from all sin, now and for ever; one who can alone accomplish this—one, indeed, who has atoned for the sins of the world, but all, all, to bring us to God, whom to know, love, and serve *is* life eternal!

One of the first objects of this mission is to get the female children of the different families taught in the Zenana. We had the greatest pleasure in meeting at the house of Sir William and Lady Muir—names dear to all Christians—nine ladies who are employed in this work, in connection with societies in England and America. They had then altogether twenty-two schools and five hundred scholars in the Zenanas. It should be remembered, however, that owing to the patriarchal customs of the East, these families contain the representatives and offshoots of more than three generations, and have from fifty to a hundred and twenty souls in each household. There is no more hopeful mission work in India than this, when such agents can be found to undertake it as those we had the pleasure of meeting. All of them were earnest-minded and thoughtful, possessing too what is of importance—very pleasing manners. I may here take the liberty of expressing the desire that home societies, which have the easiest portion of the work to do, would not so greedily demand from their agents "interesting" information and "interesting" stories, as if our home Christians were like babies to be kept in good-humour with sweetmeats! Such demands are a stumbling-block and a

snare in the way of true and honest missionaries. Let us carefully select our agents, and see that they have not only piety, but good common sense, good manners, and a knowledge of human nature: then *trust* them out and out; pray for them earnestly; support them liberally; and be willing to wait *long* and *patiently* for the fruit of their labours, allowing them to be guided by such fruits of experience as home labourers know nothing about in the jog-trot of a small congregational experience.

This Zenana mission affords a grand opening for the energies, talents, and devotion of many of our ladies who now sit idle and listless at home. I wish also that those who are engaged in it may meet with much encouragement and advice *from their countrywomen in India.* Certainly *they* ought not selfishly to ignore this work, but, as they can, should help those labouring in it, and this, too, for their own personal good as much as for the good of others.

There is a great department of education which one would like to have seen represented in Calcutta or anywhere else in India: that is a native Eton or Oxford, where the children or young men of the old aristocratic families could receive such an education as would fit them to occupy positions of power and influence in their native country. The Imperial Government is fully alive to the importance and the desirableness of thus employing natives, as a measure of justice and as a means of consolidating and strengthening the empire, and would no doubt be glad to find among the higher classes persons fitted for such employment. This, too, would probably prove the best practical solution of the difficult question—how to utilise for the good of the country those who were connected with once powerful but now broken-down dynasties, and who once supplied the native armies with officers, and filled, sometimes to their credit, various high and responsible positions in the native states. These youths must be educated in the true sense of the word, and not *crammed* merely.

They will thus be enabled to take a worthy place in the government of the country. There is no reason I can see why all their prejudices in regard to caste should not be as fully respected in any Government schools specially established for the higher classes, as the prejudices of taste or claims of rank are recognised at home.

One great object of missionary schools, by whatever Church upheld, has been to raise a native ministry, so as to realise, sooner or later, that one hope of establishing Christianity in India—a native self-supporting Church. To some extent they have succeeded. A few able, well-educated, and good men have been ordained. But there are grave difficulties in the way of attaining this end, which are not sufficiently estimated by the Churches at home. For example, it is far from easy in a large *heathen* school to fix upon any pupil who, from his talents and character, seems likely to have in him the embryo evangelist; and there are, as yet, no schools among the *Hindoo Christian* families where the experiment, as at home, might be hopefully made. And if one or more boys give promise of higher and better things, they must of course profess Christianity, with such evidences of their sincerity and intelligence as, for their own sake as well as for the sake of the "without," will vindicate their baptism. But this baptism involves not only serious consequences to the convert himself, but to the mission also, in as far as temporal support for the convert may be required; which, again, may affect the *morale* of the convert himself, and the judgments of the heathen regarding him. Even should all these difficulties be got over, there arises the further question as to his education for the ministry, which requires some years of special study, and compels the missionary teacher to ask himself:—Am I warranted in hindering this young man from providing for himself in other ways, and in educating him solely for the ministry, when there is no native congregation ready either to call him or support him? And can I

assure him that the home Church will guarantee him an adequate salary?

Whatever this sum may amount to, so as to satisfy the fair demands of an educated Bengalee, I do not think it at all likely that the Churches at home are prepared to support such a number of men *of this stamp*, reared in our colleges, as would *tell* on British India. Besides, the Bengalees trained in Calcutta colleges, while possibly fitted to give *prestige* to a native ministry; to command the respect of educated natives; and to *begin* an influential Native Church, are *not* well fitted—as far as one can see—to undertake the rough common-place work in the Mofussil. These remarks, which apply especially to Calcutta, are equally applicable to the other Presidency Mission Colleges, and are made chiefly for the purpose of enabling people at home to form some idea of the practical difficulties which missionaries encounter in seeking to meet the demands made by their supporters at home, who, because a native clergy are not poured in among the Hindoos like a flood, are disposed to fly for immediate results to the aborigines, and to leave the Hindoos alone!

They are also intended to lead to the conclusion which I have already expressed, and which even pushes itself on our convictions more and more, that we are only as yet feeling our way to the best method of conducting missions; that time and experience will develop new plans suited to the altered circumstances of India; and that ultimately we must depend upon missionaries rising up among the natives themselves, possessing varied gifts,—the learned Christian pundit, the eloquent orator, the able Christian administrator, down to possibly the native enthusiast, or Christian Sanyassie, who may set on fire tribes and provinces by his fiery zeal, and, like a John the Baptist in the wilderness, prepare the way of the Lord.

But I take this opportunity of expressing my humble opinion that in the meantime something more might be done to meet the

wants of the many whom we saw were already so far taught—I cannot say *educated*—as to receive instruction in the English language. Why should not men, both laymen and clergymen in this country, whose names are known in India—some of them like household words—men who have a firm belief in Christianity as taught by Christ and his apostles, and possess a knowledge of those questions of the day bearing upon it—why should they not go to India for a season, to preach or lecture to the educated natives? They might not, possibly, know more than *the best educated* Christian clergy or laity on the spot; but the very fact of their going for such an unselfish purpose would command a large, intelligent and most attentive audience everywhere. What a noble use this would be of the highest talents! What knowledge might such visitors acquire, and afterwards turn to account for the good of the Church and of the nation; and what encouragement would they give to the few labourers in that difficult and far-off vineyard! Such a work as this would be worthy of the highest dignitaries, the ablest men, of any Church or of any profession. It would be a high honour conferred upon themselves to be permitted to aid in building up Christ's kingdom of truth in India; and if they engaged in the work in a right spirit, however high in rank or talent they were, yet would it not be to the work of Christ?

Why again, should a residence of a lifetime in India be insisted upon more than in an English or Scotch parish or village? This is going ahead of Providence, and is in nowise called for. We would rather engage every missionary for, say, five or seven years, and insist upon it that he should come home before his constitution is broken, and his energies weakened. But as *quality* above all, and much more than quantity, is needed to educate the awakened mind of India, the Churches at home must pay such missionaries better; and if they spend their strength in India, and are called home to make room for younger soldiers,

we *must* have some fixed provision made for them and their families.

On what conditions a missionary may be disposed to give his services—for what amount of salary, small or great, or whether for any guaranteed to him—is what he alone can determine. It is a question between himself and his conscience. But it is for the Church to determine what she ought, in justice, to guarantee to any labourer whom she sends to work in the vineyard, and who is thereby declared to be worthy of his hire. A good salary, of course, cannot make a good missionary, but neither does it make a good missionary worse, or lessen the probability of his services being obtained. We must not apply one principle to clergy at home and another to clergy abroad. The Apostle Paul—and by what money-standard could *his* services to the world be measured?—went forth, casting himself on God's providence for support, at the same time labouring with his own hands to gain it. But while this was noble self-sacrifice and sublime faith on his part, specially demanded by the circumstances of the Church, was it like worthy conduct on the part of the members of the various Churches not only to permit such a man to be sometimes in want and nakedness, but even to taunt him with being actuated by motives of selfish aggrandisement? He was too noble to complain, yet he was also too much alive to the duties of Christian love and justice not to assert his claims as a missionary for support, and to express in deeply touching language his gratitude to those who ministered to his necessities. It follows, therefore, that whatever sacrifices any missionary may be willing to make in serving us, we are ourselves bound to make such sacrifices as will adequately support him while doing so. Let me state, however, that the idea which seems to be entertained by some, that missionaries live in luxurious ease and enjoy large salaries is very unfounded. Will any one say that £350 or £400 a-year is too much for an educated minister at home or abroad? And what commercial

man, after eight years spent in preparatory study, would go abroad for this salary, and under the same conditions? But *there are very few missionaries in India who enjoy anything like this salary;* and when one knows their noble struggles, and the salaries they might possibly obtain in other spheres of labour, and the large share they contribute to the good and happiness of the world, it makes us blush for those who grudge them their miserable pittance! To the honour of the Church Missionary Society be it told that there are (I believe) six university men among its India missionaries who support themselves from their own private funds.

Let me here say a few words about the new school of religious thought called the Brahmo Somaj, as it connects itself with the first movements in regard to English education and Christian missions of which it is the result; and also with the Church of the future, of which it professes to be the type.

The word "Brahmo" is the neuter impersonal name for the Supreme, and "Somaj" means assembly. The originator of the movement was that learned scholar and illustrious man, Rajah Rammohun Roy.* Early in the century he began to seek earnestly what was truth, and although he began with the Vedas, he soon went beyond them. In 1818 he published selections from the Gospels in Sanscrit, Bengali, and English, under the title of "The Precepts of Jesus, the Guide to Peace and Happiness." Of his creed during his later years Miss Carpenter says, "that his value for Christianity continually increased—that he distinctly declared his belief in the Divine mission of Christ, in the Miracles and the Resurrection, and, although he never was baptized, he was in the habit of attending public worship, and was regarded at the time as being in full sympathy with the Christian religion." The tes-

* A memoir of him was written by Miss Mary Carpenter, who has dedicated to the Rajah's memory her recent volumes on India, in the first of which is an interesting notice of him. He died and was buried in England in 1833.

timony of the late Bishop Liscombe of Paris was even stronger regarding his faith in Christ as a Divine person.

The Rajah built a church in Calcutta for monotheistic worship. The Brahmos still worship in the same building once a week. Miss Carpenter was much disappointed by all she saw and heard. She says, "Instead of that candid search after truth which was so characteristic of Rammohun Roy—that devoted study of the Holy Scriptures—I found among the Brahmos an extreme prejudice against Christianity, combined with ignorance of the contents of the New Testament, which they were unwilling to study, having fortified their minds by a perusal of deistical books of the antecedent impossibility of revelation or miracles." This, it must be remembered, describes the old Brahmo party, from which Mr. Keshub Chunder Sen has seceded, along with others, who form a new party, which professes to be the advanced religious society of Young India, and the germ, if not the model, of the Indian Church of the future.

The number belonging to this party is estimated at from 4,000 to 10,000. These I have heard are made up almost entirely of pupils from Government schools, comparatively few being from the missionary schools. They have built a church in Calcutta. Their outward forms of worship are the same as those in any simple Christian church—singing of hymns, extempore prayer, and lecture. The women have a separate prayer-meeting for themselves. The society has no professed creed, no fixed ministry—each person who pleases may address the meeting. Mr. Keshub Chunder Sen is recognised as leader simply because of his superior powers and eloquence. A fundamental principle of the Brahmos hitherto has been the rejection of all objective revelation as being of no authority. They rest upon intuition and the moral sense while seeking light from every source. What the eyes of their inner spirit can see to be true when their faith is claimed in anything presented to them in the name of truth, that, and that alone, they

accept of. If truth, as light, comes to them from the Vedas, or the Koran, or the Bible, it is received as light, irrespective of its source.

Such a one-sided or eclectic theory as this is specially congenial to the Hindoo mind, in which the historical faculty seems paralysed. Investigations as to the alleged facts of historical Christianity do not interest a Bengalee, if indeed he is capable of making them.

Keshub Chunder Sen.

This want of an objective basis, or, as it is foolishly phrased, a book revelation of authentic facts, which, at the same time, are doctrines, is what must ever prevent the Brahmo Somaj from cohering as a body, or making any real progress. It must be ever hanging, ever breaking up, and its fragments gathering round

some new centre or phase of subjective thought. It is anchored on a shifting and treacherous quicksand, or rather, it has a cable without an anchor, and cannot find rest. In their attempt to eliminate the essence of religion out of all religions, they will fail to realise its substance; in their fears of sectarian parts they will become sectarian, and lose the catholic whole; and in their cry, "We are of Christ," they will be as much a sect as those who cry, "I am of Paul," or "I am of Apollos." Christ cannot be divided, or separated from the facts revealed concerning his Person or his supernatural work for the salvation of man.

But, nevertheless, I fondly hope and believe that in proportion as earnest members of the Brahmo Somaj *seek* truth—such truth as will also commend itself from its own light to the *spiritual* eye—they will see more and more that Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life in all He was and in every word He spoke as recorded by the Evangelists. Judging from the lectures of Chunder Sen which I have read, as well as from the one I heard him deliver, and from the impression he himself made upon me, I feel persuaded that but for "the book revelation," he, like greater men, such as Plato and Socrates, would never have learned a fraction of the truth he professes; that he owes more to it than he himself is aware of; and that, but for Christ, and the Book about Him, he would never have discovered even the Fatherhood of God.

On the evening of the day in which the new "church" of the Brahmo Somaj was opened, Chunder Sen delivered an address in the old place of meeting. I arrived too late to obtain a seat, and had, therefore, together with Sir Richard Temple, Dr. Murray Mitchell, and others, to stand on a table in the crowded verandah. We were near enough, however, to see and hear the speaker in the hall within. The hall was crowded with a remarkable audience, almost all natives of the better classes;—the Viceroy, Commander-in-chief, and the leading civic functionaries and celebrities of Calcutta, being also present. Mr. Sen, dressed in a simple native

costume, spoke in English, and without any notes whatever. His language was perfect, his manner calm, with little action, but very impressive. His countenance is singularly interesting, and he was listened to by all of us with rapt attention.

It is impossible to read Chunder Sen's lectures—especially when one has had the pleasure, like myself, of making his personal acquaintance—without being impressed by sentiments of respect and affection for him as an earnest, cultivated, and good man. I should be grieved to do him injustice; but he does not profess to believe *in Christianity as taught by Christ and his Apostles.* When he does this, then, but not till then, he may have the high honour of establishing in India ~~a Church of the future~~ which will last till the world ends, because built on the only true and enduring foundation of apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ being the chief corner-stone. In the meantime those who join his "Church" are recognised as members without any initiatory rite like baptism. In this way all those personal and social sacrifices are avoided which Hindoos necessarily make when professing Christianity at baptism. I have heard that Rammohun Roy always wore his Brahminical thread, the sign of his formal admission into the holiest of castes, and was buried with it. There is at all events no necessary rejection of Hindooism, or loss of caste, by becoming a Brahmo. The party, or school, may consequently be enlarged by many a Nicodemus who can as yet come to Jesus only at night from fear of the Jews. Time will tell how far this new party will prove a stepping-stone or a barrier to the Christianity of the New Testament. We have our hopes and fears.*

Let me here state my conviction that the missionaries in Calcutta are well able to defend their own holy cause, and also to advance it, alike by the press, the pulpit, and the platform. The

* When Mr. Sen visited this country he became almost identified with the Unitarian party, and if he has halted at this "half-way house," his relationship to the Christian Church will be very different from what it has hitherto been.

manner in which men must go to the very roots of all questions is characteristic of India. There is hardly a debate on general policy, revenue settlements, or social reforms, that does not involve a discussion of first principles. This holds equally true of religion; and men wishing to know the real battle between every form of error and Christianity will hear more about it, and learn more of its real nature, in some of the best missionary periodicals abroad, than in most of our Church magazines and religious periodicals at home.

The short period which we had at our disposal for Calcutta was rapidly drawing to an end, and even this was practically lessened, to me at least, by temporary illness. But even this time was not wholly lost. A number of missionaries, at my request, visited me; and they formed such a *cordon* of brotherly kindness and instruction round my bed, as made this a time of improvement and happiness which is gratefully remembered by me.

One great disappointment was my being prevented from accompanying my colleague to a dinner at Government House, which the Viceroy had prepared in our honour, and to which he had, with his considerate kindness, asked many to meet us.

I have not alluded to the Sunday services which we had the privilege of conducting in Calcutta. The crowded audiences included the highest functionaries in Calcutta, with all the leading natives. The sight of those congregations, so full of varied and overwhelming interest to a Christian minister, and the like of which was not probably to be seen by him again in this world, will remain in my memory with such freshness and vividness as cannot fade with years, or become dim even to the eyes of old age.*

The last day we spent together at Calcutta, immediately before our intended visit to the Punjaub, was the busiest, the most interesting, and the most fatiguing I ever spent in my life. It was closed by a magnificent public festival, which took place in the

* £500 was collected for our mission after our two Sunday services.

Town-hall, and was attended by about a hundred and fifty persons, including his Excellency the Viceroy, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, the Commander-in-chief, &c. It was the highest honour we had received, and in strict truth I felt it to be indeed "the proudest moment of my life," and as such I now look back upon it. Wishing in these pages to avoid as much as possible allusions to personal matters, I trust I may yet be pardoned for recording this event, which was so gratifying to us, as evidencing the sympathies of all ranks of our countrymen in India with our mission, and their approval as to the manner in which we had hitherto conducted it. This was a good ending of our work in Calcutta. We thanked God and took courage!

The question has sometimes been asked, what were the impressions made upon me by English society in India. The only reply I can give is, that it is much the same as English society at home!—although I would add, English society of the best kind. Whatever defects may be attributed to the administration of patronage by the old Company, they certainly managed to send to India such a number of well-bred gentlemen as to found a type of *high-caste* refined manners which has lived down to our own day, and has become traditional in India. If it has a weakness, it is a tendency to degenerate into pomposity. It was supposed by some that the "Competition Wallah," from the mode of his selection, would disturb this tradition, and introduce a lower caste. But, while he is superior in other respects to the average of his predecessors, he has not done so. In point of intellect and statesmanship, the civil servants are, I think, higher than the average members of the House of Commons. With all due reverence for that distinguished House, I would dare to hazard the assertion that Great Britain would gain much more than India by an exchange, say, of five hundred of her M.P.'s for a similar number of India's best civilians. As regards forms of religious thought, India reflects England. If there is any difference between them, it appeared to me to consist

in this—that our countrymen abroad were more pronounced and decided, whatever side they determinately embraced—Christian men, on the one hand, confessing their faith more openly; while, on the other, unbelief uttered its dicta with less hesitation. The public native opinion against Christianity tends, of course, to strengthen the tendencies of both parties.

During this my last busy day in Calcutta I knew that I was running risks as to health, and that the "bull was after me." But I hoped, if I survived till ten next morning, to escape his horns; and then, all severe work being over, I should be refreshed by my northern journey, and find sleep and repose even in a railway carriage. At night I was surprised, and rather amused, at my teeth chattering beyond my power of checking them. I awoke, however, tolerably well, and early in the morning we sent our first telegram home—"All well; off for the Punjaub." But an hour afterwards the bull caught and tossed me! and I was laid down again. A medical order, signed by three kind physicians, forbad my going to the Punjaub. So Dr. Watson had to go alone.

There was one scene near Calcutta, which, owing to the time lost by the few days I was confined to my room, it was impossible for me to visit, and that was Serampore, where Carey, Ward, and Marshman opened the first parallel in the great siege of the fortress of Hindooism. Under the guidance of Dr. Smith, the able Editor of the *Friend of India*, who resides there, and who kindly invited me to visit him, I should have greatly enjoyed the excursion.

XVII.

CALCUTTA TO BENARES.

ALMOST immediately after Dr. Watson's departure I was permitted to follow him, as far as a railway would convey me, (which to my thanksgiving enabled me for a little work, but for much enjoyment,) to visit some of the most famous cities in India. I had days only, and very few of these, at my command; but they are among the most memorable in my life. I think a vast amount of nonsense is uttered regarding the uselessness of mere brief visits. Food for life may be harvested in a few days or hours by the quiet eye; while one may travel or voyage round the world without being able to see anything much worth remembering. Let no one be discouraged from visiting scenes of beauty or of historical renown by the bugbear of want of time, raised generally by travellers who have had abundance at their command. Go and see! Open eye, heart, and mind; photograph all with accuracy on your memory; and depart gratefully with your pictures, which will last for life, and be the "bliss of solitude." So I found it with my days in North India.

I left Calcutta on the evening of the 11th of February. Many friends accompanied me to the railway station at Howrah, across the Hooghly; for a railway bridge does not yet connect Calcutta with its iron roads, although one is about to be erected. My official work in India had now terminated. There were no other mission stations connected with our Church to be visited by me.

Dr. Watson was to do all this alone. Still, wherever I went, and as far as my time and limited opportunities permitted, I made myself acquainted with missionary operations. I did not, however, feel as heretofore the necessity of devoting myself almost exclusively to this one great object for which our Church had sent us to India.

In spite of heat and other drawbacks, I experienced now for the first time since leaving home the feelings of the boy quitting school for a fortnight's holiday. I anticipated with delight any glimpse, however transient, of "Holy" Benares, of Cawnpore, of Lucknow, Agra, and Delhi, names which no longer summon up, as of old, mere associations of Oriental splendour, but remembrances of scenes at once the most revolting and tragic, and of adventures the most heroic and exciting, during the mutiny.

There is nothing in Calcutta itself which recalls the mutiny. But the moment one enters the railway terminus at Howrah, he cannot fail to remember the famous scene when, intent only on keeping time according to the rules of the company, a station-master with his force here tried to resist General Neill and his "lambs," bent upon pushing on to the rescue of our countrymen; and when the question was practically and promptly settled by Neill putting the stokers and station-master, the drivers and guards of the train under arrest until all the troops were seated, and whirled off, few of them ever to return.

I found myself alone, rushing along the line which, for upwards of a thousand miles, leads to Delhi. There is little interesting to attract the eye or break the *ennui* of this long journey. I do not remember any tunnel the whole way. We passed along the shore of the Ganges, though not always close to it, and across plains, except when, at some points, we skirted a low line of hills rising like a line of beach to this ocean of alluvial soil. There was not much visible of any of the towns we passed. The natives who crowded the station-houses were very like the people we saw

everywhere. They pushed along in feverish anxiety to get their seats, being frequently encumbered with their bundles of household gear. Their wives and children clung to them all the while, and jabbered with nervous earnestness.

The first-class carriages are very comfortable. Each compartment is capable of accommodating six persons, but they are never crowded, the greatest possible consideration being shown to European travellers. They are much more lofty and roomy than ours, and are protected from the sun by double roofs, projecting shades, and Venetian blinds. The mode of accommodating sleepers is very simple and efficient. The portion which forms the cushioned back of the long seats is lifted up like a shelf, the outer edge of which is made fast by straps to the roof. Couches are thus formed, each capable of giving stretching room to the travellers at night. At every station abundance of cool drinking water is supplied by a bhestie, and earthen jars are sold for a trifle, in which it may be kept cool in the carriage. The refreshment-rooms are at convenient distances, and are well supplied, and at many of them the traveller may remain for the night. As there are English officials everywhere, there are no difficulties in getting along. Most travellers are wise enough, however, to provide some luxuries for the journey; and the private box is often resorted to in preference to the refreshment-room. I never saw any native gentleman travelling in the same compartment with Europeans. This circumstance, however, arises not so much from any difference in race, as from customs and habits which make the native repugnant to the European, and the European equally repugnant to the native.

We reached Bankipore, the station nearest to Patna, next day, and were most hospitably received and entertained by Mr. Richardson, the magistrate. Dr. Watson had travelled by palki to Gyah, some sixty miles off, and returned with our two missionaries, Mr. Clark and Mr. Macfarlane, old friends of mine, that

we might confer together at Patna. I was unable to see anything of this great Mohammedan city, but I had the happiness of meeting at the house of Mr. Richardson a large party of our countrymen.

We left Patna next evening, and reached Benares about midnight. Here we were welcomed by the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, the respected missionary of the London Society, who has long laboured in this city. Mr. Clark had returned to Gyah, but Mr. Macfarlane accompanied us as far as Lucknow. Mr. Kennedy had made every preparation to enable us to see as much as possible of the city. The handsome English carriage of the Rajah, Sir Deo Naryen Singh, was waiting for us at the station, and conveyed us to the mission-house.

Benares is on the frontier of the great governmental division called the North-west Provinces, which to the north, near Umballa, is bounded by the Punjaub, and along its western frontier, south of Oude, by the Himalayas. These magnificent provinces are in area nearly equal to Great Britain, with an average of three hundred and sixty-one persons to the square mile. There is a Lieutenant-Governor, and the provinces are divided into thirty-five districts, with six commissionerships.

Benares is to the Hindoos what Mecca is to the Mohammedans, and what Jerusalem was to the Jews of old. It is the "holy" city of Hindostan. I have never seen anything approaching to it as a visible embodiment of a religion; nor does anything like it exist on earth. Its antiquity is great—how great I do not know. As in the case of most ancient cities, there are in it few remains of the old portions, so that probably not a single building, or even a portion of one, exists which dates beyond three or four hundred years, and this owing to the domination of the Moslem, with his hatred of idolatry and idol temples. Even poor, desolate Jerusalem has many more vestiges of the past than Benares. But nevertheless it is now, as it has been for long ages, the grand

centre of Hindoo worship and veneration. It contains a thousand temples, and tens of thousands of images of all the gods worshipped in Hindostan. To make a pilgrimage to Benares, to visit its shrines, and walk for fifty miles around its sacred territory, especially if tottering with age or sickness, and almost crawling on the earth, has for centuries been the highest ambition of the devotee, from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas; while to die there has been the sure passport to millions longing for glory. The orthodox rulers of territories, small or great, recognised its sanctity; and in person, or by the substitution of their *vakeel*, have paid their respects and money to it, and sought its blessings. Many nobles have built their palaces in it, and have reared temples, ghauts, or long flights of stairs, for the convenience of the faithful; and not a few have spent, and many still spend, the evening of their days within its walls, atoning for their sins by their asceticism, or by their liberal hospitality and largesse to the ever-recipient Brahmins. Benares has been the Vatican, the Oxford and Cambridge, of Hindostan. Here the most learned men of India have lived, studying the sacred Vedas. The pundits of Benares have written learned treatises on grammar, metaphysics, and theology; and students from every part of the country come to live with them and study under them. Here, miserable devotees covered with ashes have endured fiercest torments; and holy beggars in crowds have collected their alms. Holy bulls have wandered through the streets, and as gods were revered, being made welcome to eat at every grain shop they were pleased to honour with their attentions. No *melas*, or holy fairs, were so attended as those of Benares. Hundreds of thousands every year gathered to this the scene of their solemnities.

Changes to some extent have taken place. The *melas* are not now so well attended. Without much opposition, the bulls have, for sanitary reasons, been denied the freedom of the streets. The monkeys are as holy and as numerous as ever. As the last

convulsive effort of dying Brahminism, the temples increase rather than diminish; and the city is as much as ever "wholly given to idolatry."

The difference between the finest temples in Benares and those in South India is very visible. The former are paltry and contemptible in comparison with the latter. This, I understand, has been occasioned by the Mohammedan persecutions in former days, when the Great Mogul was all in all. Large temples would then have been destroyed, and large shrines were consequently preferred, as being more easily built or restored. The Hindoos never had such freedom under "native" Mohammedan rule as they have enjoyed under the foreign Christian government of Britain.

Sir Deo put his carriage next day at our disposal, and our first duty was to wait personally upon the Rajah, and to acknowledge his kindness. Sir Deo, I may state, was most faithful to the British Government during the mutiny, and did us the greatest service. To testify his sincerity he lived with the Resident, and put himself wholly in his power, when things were at the worst. No wonder that he should have had knighthood conferred upon him, and the order of the Star of India. Sir Deo's house and its arrangements seemed in some of their features characteristic of India. The outer gate led into a bare open compound, surrounded by the houses of the servants and dependants; thence into a beautiful, well-watered garden, with walks of marble, beyond which was a handsome house approached by a double flight of steps, leading to the entrance-door from an elevated terrace. This door was a very narrow one, with a narrow and steep flight of steps conducting to the public rooms above—a species of access which always suggests the idea of defence against sudden attack.

Sir Deo met us at the top of this steep stair, received us very courteously, and conducted us to his drawing-room, which was furnished, in the same profuse manner as those we had seen in Calcutta, wtih European works of art. It is used as a reception

room for European visitors only. Mr. Kennedy acted as interpreter. Sir Deo seemed to be an unaffected man, of much intelligence and common sense. The conversation was on several topics, but it was not of a kind to be reported. He presented us with flowers and scented our handkerchiefs—as tokens of civility. His attendants, like those I had seen in Calcutta, appeared to have a spirit of deep reverence for their master, with the same open-eyed interest in all that we said. Their bearing was much like what I have observed in Highland servants of the olden time—servants, yet friends, in whom a sense of dependence was combined with the social sympathies of what I may call patriarchal republicanism.

Sir Deo sent a servant to accompany us in our ramble through the city. This servant carried a most imposing "silver stick," which gave one a pleasing sense of his own importance. The means of conveyance put at our disposal to thread the streets of "Holy Benares" were the Rajah's carriage, elephant, and *tonjons*, a sort of open sedan chair, which is carried by poles resting on the shoulders of the bearers.

After parting with the carriage, where the narrow streets made it impossible for us to proceed in it, we found the elephant waiting for us. I felt awed in the presence of the noble beast! My acquaintance with his race had been limited to Wombwell's Menagerie and the Zoological Gardens; for we had seen two or three only in India, and these did not impress us, nor had it been proposed that we should mount any, either as a matter of amusement or of business. But here was a noble animal for our use, of great size and of great age, with gouty-like legs and huge ears; clothed in a coarse, home-made drapery of skin, fitting loosely to his body. A lad sat on his huge head, a thick iron spike in his hand, by which he seemed to touch the creature's thoughts as if by some electric process. A ladder placed against his side led up to the seat on his summit. It was not possible to look at that

small eye of his without questioning one's safety: it was so inquisitive and sagacious, so thoughtful and calculating, that no astonishment would have been felt had he, out of sheer fun, played us any trick, and then shaken his frame with elephantine laughter. Before we ascended he bent his tough grey knees, not, however, until cushions had been laid for them, when he quietly knelt down. We reached our seats, and felt as if we were on the ridge of a one-storied house, holding on as if for life, while the mountain heaved, as he rose on his hind legs sending us forward, and on his fore legs sending us backward.

At last we got under way. Judging from my own feelings, I was astonished that the people did not laugh, and the windows open so that the idle women, albeit in the East, should see the sight. But all seemed to be a matter of course, much as if at home we had hired a cab. On we went, with slow, silent, soft, stately swing; the great ears below us, and below them the stout tusks, as if to clear the way. Having fully realised our dignity, and being fully convinced that all asses, horses, carriages—even railways—were poor and undignified things when compared with an elephant, we nevertheless quietly hinted that a more humble mode of conveyance would be quite as comfortable; and so we descended, grateful for our experience and our safety. Apart from our own wishes, the streets made this change necessary. I question if our august friend could have squeezed himself through some of the narrow lanes of Benares.

In its structure as a city, as well as in other respects which I shall presently allude to, Benares stands alone. The houses are all built of solid stone, obtained from the quarries of Chumar, in the immediate neighbourhood. They are six or even seven stories high; and whether to gain shade from the burning sun, or as a means of defence against foes, the streets are so narrow as to resemble the *closes* in the old town of Edinburgh. Indeed, if our readers can suppose the *closes* worming through the whole

city with sharp turnings and endless windings, they will have a pretty good idea of the Benares streets. There are shops of every kind and for every trade, according to the quarter of the city, all open to the street. There are workers in brass and iron, in silver, gold, and jewels; makers of slippers and saddlery; of arms and accoutrements; of cloths and Oriental fabrics; of sweatmeats *ad nauseam;* with sellers of grain of every kind. The lower stories in all the houses are the worst, and, to add to the peculiarity of the scene, cattle are sometimes stalled in them, gazing out into the streets.

One of the most remarkable features of Benares is the presence of monkeys. The honour conferred on this animal is not owing to any anticipation of the discoveries of Darwin which have made the genus interesting, as being possibly our own ancestors; but because of certain benefits conferred by the king of the monkeys upon the deities of Hindoo worship, which need not here be inquired into. These funny creatures are fed by pilgrims; they enjoy the happiest, most guileless existence in Benares; and although panics have been occasioned by accidents befalling them—a broken leg having in one instance sent a foreboding gloom over the more religious inhabitants of the city—they themselves seem strangely unconscious of responsibility, and leap, and climb, and jabber, and amuse themselves in a way which is really delightful to their human descendants.

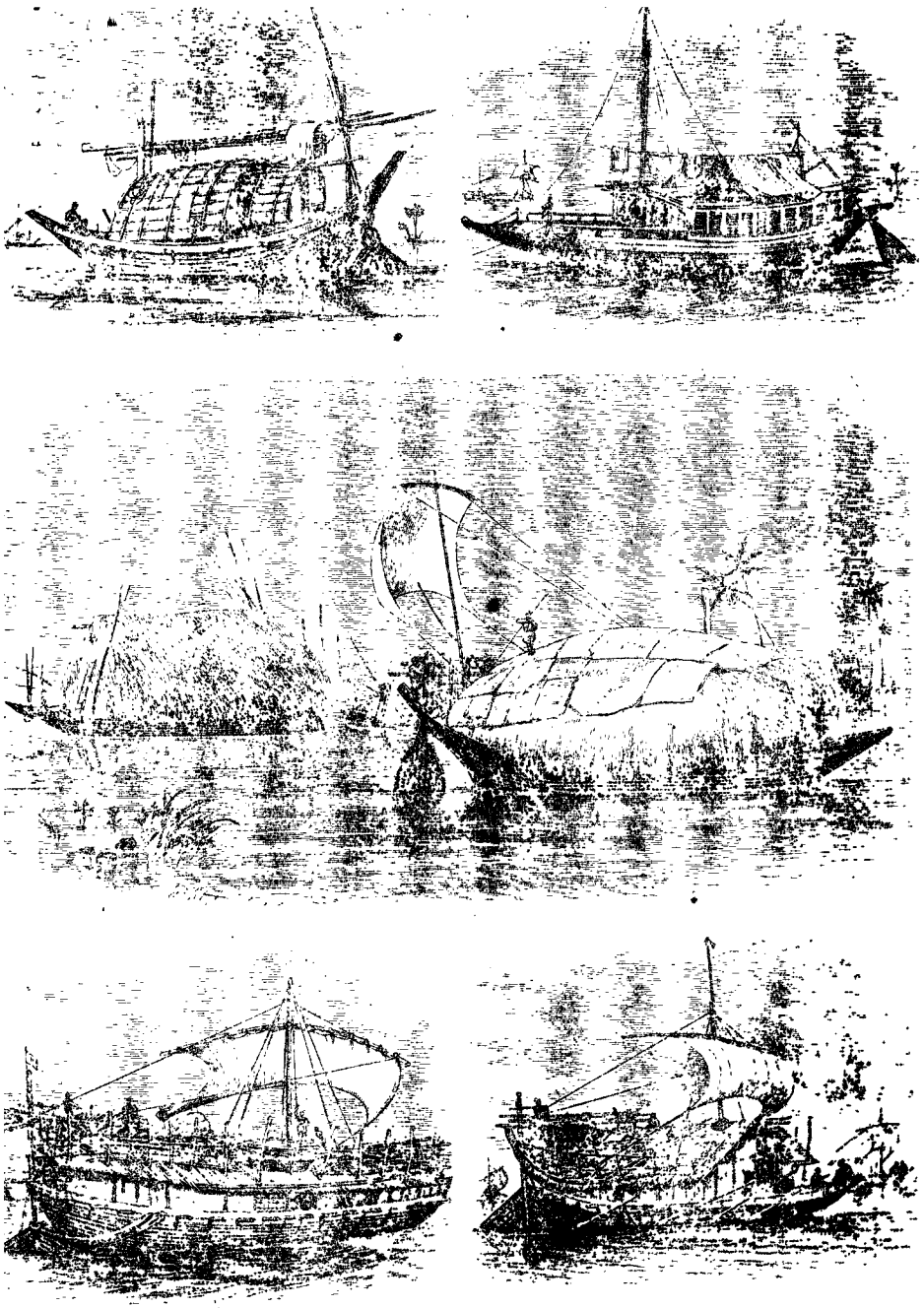
The only shop or factory we had time to visit was that of the famous Brocade of Benares. We threaded our way through many narrow passages, and ascended many narrow stairs, and passed through room after room, until we got into the treasure-room of the gorgeous manufacture. All this difficulty of entrance told of past times, when property was so insecure as to demand means of concealment and defence. When at last we reached the small chamber where the goods were displayed, we fully enjoyed the brilliant spectacle. To see those magnificent gold brocades,

costing twenty pounds or even more the yard! Wealth might purchase them, but no wealth, save the wealth of long-trained art, could command the exquisite taste they displayed. Web after web was unfolded, and it was a rare gratification to gaze on them. Oriental splendour appeared so natural and so refined, that broadcloth and white neckties seemed impossible for any one who could clothe himself in such gorgeous costume. To adopt our vulgar, prosaic, common-place Western suits was like preferring mist and rain to the splendours of sunset.

To visit the temples of Benares would be the labour of weeks, and the profit more than questionable. We visited the chief one, however, the temple of Bisheswar, the idol king of Benares. It was a sort of cathedral, but had nothing imposing in its structure. The *lingam* predominated, and, in fact, was all in all, as a symbol.

The usual ceremony of worshippers in this temple consists in presenting some flowers to the ugly-looking monster called "God." They prostrated themselves before him, and struck the bell, which is in every temple, and then departed. These temples are always wet with the holy water of the Ganges, which is poured on the god, and over every offering. Many of the worshippers threw themselves down before the savage-looking image, and not a few seemed excited by bang. There is a famous well beside this temple, into which flowers were cast, and from whose fetid waters worshippers drank. The people looked utterly stupid and prosaic; many of them were sensual and depraved in appearance, and the whole scene was disgusting in the extreme. This impression was not lessened by the sight of figures of bulls carved in stone, reminding one, as they did, of the olden time of Apis and the golden calves, with the condemnation of the Almighty upon them.

Our next view of the city, and the most memorable, was from the river, down which we rowed for two or three miles, in a covered boat, with Mr. Kennedy still accompanying us as our kind

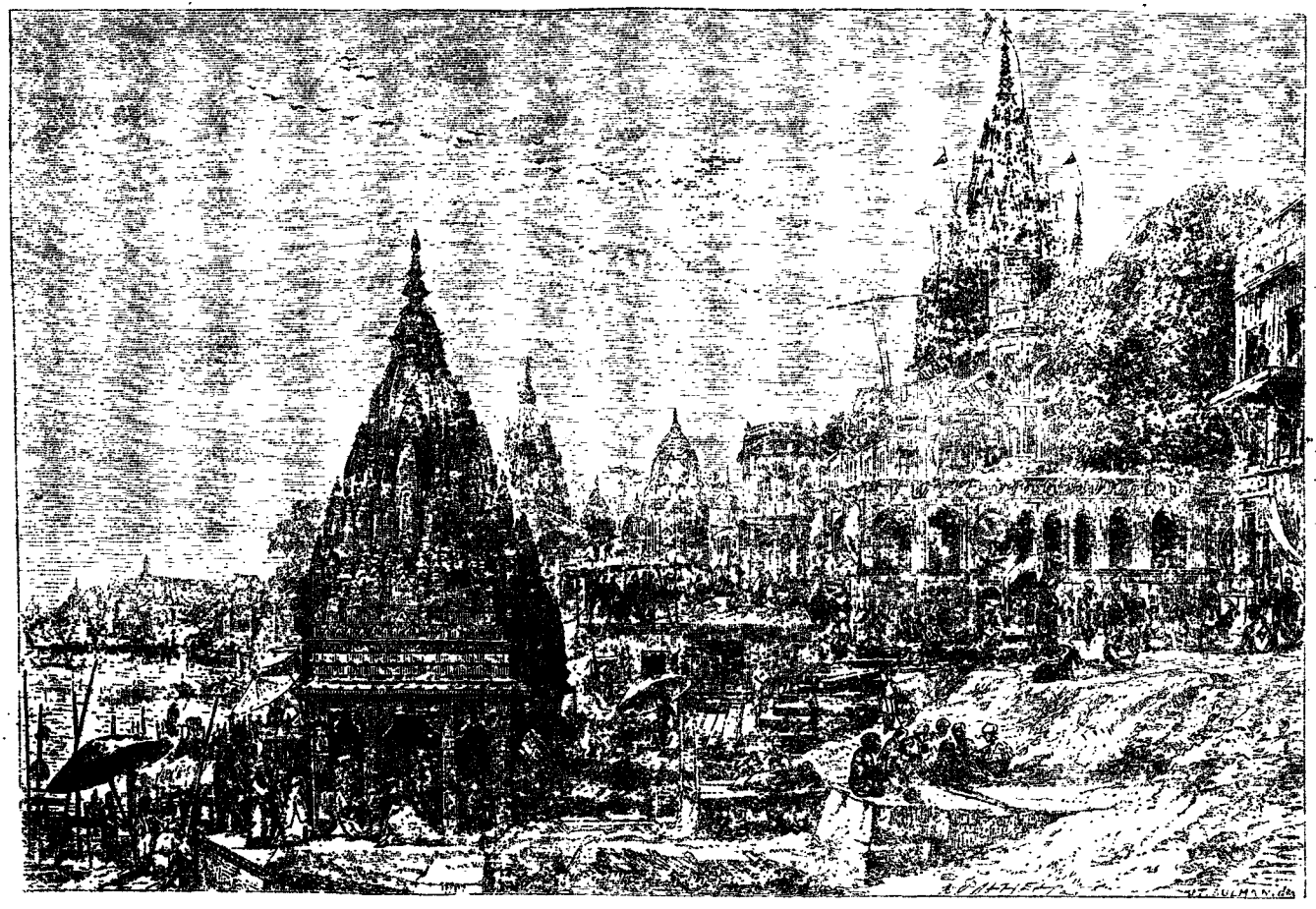


BOATS ON THE GANGES.

cicerone. Certainly I never saw such a striking spectacle in my life. It remains unapproached and unapproachable in my memory, and I feel no description can give any adequate idea of the scene. I must refer to the illustration, although even it can convey an imperfect notion only to the reader. The architecture was remarkable; yet no building, unless perhaps the two remarkable minarets, made any distinct impression of beauty or of grandeur upon the mind, although, as a whole, and with many remarkable *bits*, it was extraordinary. The city rose high from the edge of the grand old river, with a strength and imposing majesty (from its height and the vast mass of stone) such as I had not before seen in the East; the river itself, flowing in a broad and rapid stream, forming a splendid foreground to the picture; with its surface covered by every kind of out-of-the-way picturesque boat, whose sails, whether white or saffron-coloured, whole or tattered, made each a study. The marvellous line of architecture was of every possible variety of form; the ghauts, or landing-places, having long flights of stairs, and being continued on and on along the river. These stairs were not uniform, but were longer or shorter, broader or narrower, according to each builder's fancy; but all were built of solid stone, massive, and apparently enduring. Above these, and mingling with them in utter confusion, were a countless number of temples, small and great; while overtopping the whole were fortress-looking stone palaces of rajahs, who had here their town residences, although probably resident in distant parts of India. When one was cool enough—for the spectacle was most exciting—to look at architectural details, how picturesque they were! As to the excellence of these works as artistic productions, I could form no judgment while floating past—I felt, but could not criticise. And certainly nothing could be more unique than such a first glimpse beneath the bright sun and the blue sky of an outline so broken, with forms so fantastic; and with brightest lights and shadows numberless; with balconies, verandahs, towers, cupolas, oriel windows, pro-

jections, recesses, and covered galleries, endless and indescribable! And then there was the absence of every trace of Westernism, for, so far as the eye could discover, no Englishman had ever visited Benares. There Hindooism had reigned long ere the Romans had landed in Great Britain, and did not seem to have been disturbed.

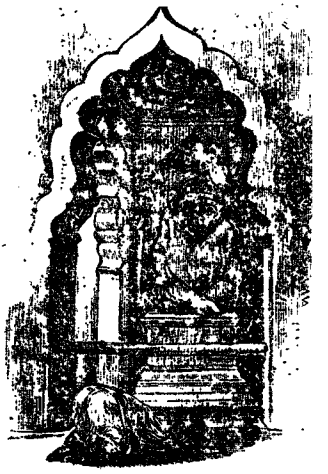
The ghauts were alive with devotees. Hundreds, nay, thousands, crowded them; many performing their ablutions in the holy waters of the Ganges, and saying their prayers. Thousands, again, grouped round the holy Brahmins, who sit under their umbrellas, planted like beds of great white mushrooms along the river; for, under these, all ceremonies are properly arranged, blessings bestowed, and fees paid. Here the weak, the aged, and the sick who have arrived from long pilgrimages of hundreds of miles, receive spiritual strength and comfort from these sacred waters, or die and enter heaven direct from its gate. On one ghaut smoke constantly ascends from the burning bodies of the dead, and on another the most heinous crimes are being atoned for. Rest is promised to the sinful and weary as the reward of sacrifices, pains, penances, and pay. And all this has been going on for centuries! What knows this spiritual world of Benares about us—and what care we for it? Alas! we are only excited or amused by this antique drama—so strange, so un-European, so old-world is it. Were we ourselves right towards God and man, and had we love to our Father and our brother, we should look at such a spectacle with a very different eye, and experience a poignant sorrow for such ignorance, degradation, and "lying vanities." One spectacle only is more sad and alarming—the idolatries and superstitions and credulities, the mammon worship, indifference, and formality, the materialism and unbelief which exist at home! Within the heart of the Church of Christ, more than anywhere else, the battles are to be fought and the victories gained, which will insure the spiritual conquest of India, and



ultimately convert such a city as Benares into a home of Christian worship.

There are about ten missionaries in Benares, supported by the Church Missionary and London Missionary Societies, with schools, native pastors and teachers, and native congregations. Mr. Kennedy, our host, who is connected with the London Mission, and Mrs. Leupoldt of the Church Mission, have laboured here for twenty-six years. Here, as in other parts of India, we have evidences that the combined forces of Western culture and civilisation, together with education and Christian teaching, are slowly creating a better public opinion, and, if not making many individual converts as yet, are most certainly at least preparing the way for greater results in the future.

There is also in Benares a very handsome Government college, which I had time only to glance at. It seemed full of young men, and was presided over by a distinguished Oriental scholar.



The Shrine of the Monkey God.

XVIII.

THE MUTINY.—BENARES AND ALLAHABAD.

AS we peruse the many narrations of such a terrible time as that of the Indian mutiny, or when in silence and with a full heart we pass over spots associated with the awful and stirring events which these describe, we find it difficult to "set them in order" before the mind, and to form a clear and precise idea of them, any more than, when reading the account of a fleet bravely combating the winds and waves of a furious hurricane, we can follow the evolutions of each vessel, and realise the details of the scene. In the history of the mutiny all seems inextricable confusion. Innumerable pictures rapidly pass before the eye, and excite our wonder and our profoundest sympathy—large armies rising against defenceless men, women, and children; officers rudely massacred; inconceivable treachery; robberies; cantonments on fire; miscreants let out of prison; telegraphs destroyed; communication cut off; defences extemporized; agonized women and children flying by night anywhere to escape the shouts and yells of murderers in pursuit; broken-hearted husbands and fathers, in nakedness and want, wandering through the jungles to seek shelter in vain, and dropping down one by one under disease, or fatigue, or the stealthy hand of the assassin; heroic defences rising everywhere against fearful odds; with sufferings, agonies, escapes, battles, victories, each and all of tragic interest;

culminating at length in the defence and relief of Lucknow, and the capture of Delhi, which crown a history of such indomitable courage as cannot be surpassed by that of Greek or Roman fame.

It is strange to be reminded—as one often is—how a new generation has already grown up, who do not remember these occurrences, and know little of them; although to many of us they seem fresh as "the latest intelligence" of the daily newspaper. But the memories of such times must not be allowed to perish! What our nation has suffered and achieved in the past is a precious inheritance to all generations; and her sins and chastisements, as well as her deeds of righteousness and her triumphs, should live in our thoughts as lessons for our warning or for our encouragement.

Those who wish to obtain full and accurate information, gathered from the most authentic sources, regarding the history of the mutiny, will find it in Mr. Kaye's deeply interesting "Sepoy War." Yet, as the subject of the mutiny was naturally a constant topic of conversation with those whom we met in India who had taken a prominent part in the leading events of that memorable time, I may be permitted to say a few words on the subject.

1. It was not a rebellion of the country against the British rule, but a mutiny of the soldiery—a "Sepoy War" only. Accordingly, as a rule, the natives of power or political influence did not rise against us; while all to whom we had shown kindness, and by whom we had dealt justly, stood bravely by us. Men of wealth everywhere, who had anything to lose, did the same. The titular King of Delhi, the deposed King of Oude, Holkar, Nana Sahib the miscreant, and such-like, had suffered real or supposed injuries at the hands of our Government; whilst others from fear, or from hopes of booty, were carried away, or forced into the movement by the fierce, and, for a time, apparently successful, Sepoys. But,

with such exceptions as these, our enemies were composed of the soldiery, aided by the contents of broken-up gaols and gangs of hereditary robbers, who had been kept under control by the sheer power of the Government.

I do not allege, by any means, that as a rule any natives were loyal from their affection to our people and Government. It must be confessed that we as a people are not popular. We are apt to be distant in our manners; to show a large amount of *hauteur;* to look at things too much through home spectacles; to be somewhat wanting in social sympathies with foreigners, as well as in the fancy and imagination required to understand Oriental character. To all this must be added our merely temporary residence in the country, and the utter impossibility of our coming into close contact with the people, owing chiefly to customs and feelings springing out of religion. Thus it is that the Westerns never can be popular with the Easterns, let them govern ever so wisely and well. But whether popular or unpopular, whether, on the whole, wise or unwise, it remains beyond all question that ours is the best government which has ever existed in India since the days of Akbar. There never was one which has so benefited the *masses* of the country, or given such security to life and property; nor have any before tried so honestly to do their duty, or been so truly a "terror to evil-doers and a praise to them that do well."

But if there was no enthusiasm for us as a people on the part of any class, there was a positive and undying hatred toward us on the part of the Mohammedans, as well as a growing dislike entertained toward us by the orthodox Hindoos and Brahmins. They easily perceived that their old civilisation was being every day, and in many forms, brought into direct antagonism with ours; and were forced to the conclusion that theirs must, in the long-run, give way. As to the rural population, whom we have most benefited, they often behaved very well and kindly to our people when

seeking shelter during the mutiny.* But what could be expected from these rude and ignorant natives, whose own superiors and friends had risen against us? What knew they of past governments, so as to be able to contrast them with our own? All they knew was, that Might alone had a right to claim their homage and respect, and as this seemed no longer to belong to the Feringees, their claims were gone! The peasants and the princes, the ryots and the rajahs, were in this alike, worshipping Power *de facto*, without respect to *de jure;* the difference between them being, that the poor man believed he might gain something and lose nothing by a revolution, while the rich man believed the reverse: the one supposed that power belonged to the Sepoy, and therefore followed him; and the other thought it belonged to the Government, and therefore supported it. It was thus not a rebellion, but a mutiny, in which, from various motives, many natives sympathised, but few of any influence assisted either by men or money.

2. But what occasioned this mutiny among our Sepoys, who had so long fought and conquered for us, been trusted by us, and officered by us? This has been all accounted for by the condition of the Bengal army. Its discipline had become lax; its feelings, its whims and prejudices, had been in some respects too much

* Mr. Kennedy, our host while at Benares, published a brief but well-written account of the "Great Mutiny" in October, 1857. In writing on this point he speaks thus:—

"To see European gentlemen and ladies fleeing on foot for their lives, in a country about which they had hitherto ridden in carriages as the rulers of the land, was an extraordinary spectacle which drew forth wonder and pity. We have heard of villagers lifting up their hands and giving expression to their astonishment in the strongest terms. Not a few, utterly destitute, wandered among them, and were helped and relieved. We have known of a major's lady, with three children, the youngest thirteen months old, and the eldest not five years, without a rupee, without a change of clothing, without an attendant, wandering about for a fortnight in a very turbulent district, and everywhere treated with pity and kindness, till at last she succeeded in reaching a European station. For every such instance of kindness we fear ten instances of treachery and cruelty might be adduced."

yielded to, while in others they were not sufficiently considered and respected. Above all, the native army apparently held all power in its own hands, and seemed to be able to seize the whole country, and bring back the reign of the Moguls. Moreover, the Crimean and Persian war had prevented British troops from being regularly sent to India. Never had the country, with its treasures, magazines, and forts, been so entirely given up to native regiments for protection. At Cawnpore, which used to have a strong European garrison, with infantry, dragoons, and artillery, there was but one company of European artillery, and a large native force. In the whole Province of Benares, with a population nearly three times greater than that of all Scotland, when the mutiny broke out, there was only a European force of twenty-five artillerymen and sixty invalid soldiers, while there were everywhere native regiments of infantry, cavalry, and artillery! The Madras army had their wives and families within the military lines, and these were as hostages in our hands for preventing the flight of the native troops. But the Bengal army, while serving in the South, had all their families in the North, mostly in Oude, so that the mutineers fled not from them, but to them. Another feature of the army was the presence in it of so many Brahmins, who, as I have before remarked, had of late become afraid of both their religion and of their influence being weakened. These fears had been intensified by reports of an intention on the part of Government to send them for service abroad, which would destroy their caste; and no doubt the question of the greased cartridges, though mainly a mere pretext, was also to some extent one of the causes of the mutiny.

Finally, the policy which had been of late adopted by the Government as to the laws of inheritance, with other symptoms of a disposition—similar to that shown in the shameful case of Satara—to deal unrighteously with native rule and native interests, all culminating in the annexation of Oude, with expectations

of the same policy being followed out in other districts, added fuel to the flame. The people of Oude had no doubt complained to the British Resident times and ways without number against the cruelties and tyrannies of their native rulers, and of the lawless oppression which everywhere prevailed. A more worthless and depraved king and court, a more infamous horde of men and women, than that which crowded the palaces of Lucknow never existed upon earth. They lived in the wildest and lowest debauchery, from the half-idiotic king and his ministers down to the troops of fiddlers, dancing girls, and mountebanks. The country was sick of them. Yet the dethroning of the whole royal race, the annexing of a whole kingdom with its revenues to the British crown, contrary to treaty, as believed by the king, was a measure calculated to shake all faith in British justice, and to make every independent chief feel insecure, and to ask with anxious forebodings—what next? There was also no doubt, in the subsequent settlement of Oude, an unwise treatment of the Thalookdars. These native aristocrats lived in their own feudal castles in the midst of the jungles, defended by their own guns and followers. They might have been gained to our side, but from some of our "hard and fast" red-tapeism they were turned against us, so that the kingdom of Oude was really in rebellion. The soldiers of the Bengal army were deeply affected by this; for they were chiefly recruited from Oude, and their relatives were there.

The mutiny had burst forth with unmistakable fury and strength at Meerut on the 10th of May, 1857, when a general massacre of officers took place. I knew well the first who was cut down there! He had just joined his regiment. With simple truth I write it, that he was at once the handsomest young man and the most beautiful—I can use no other word—I ever saw. He was a Christian, too, of the noblest mould; and altogether was to me a

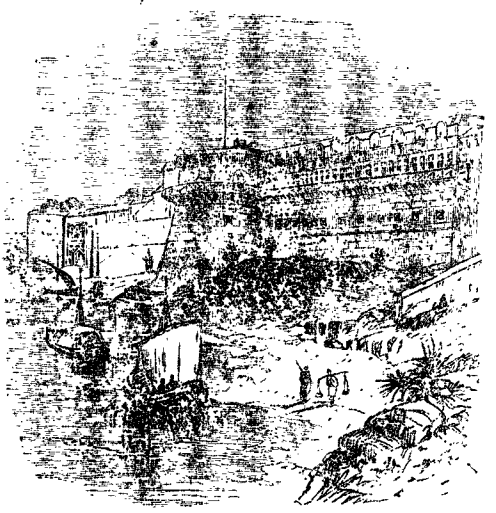
It was on the 3rd of June that Neill arrived at Benares after the famous scene at the Howrah station of the Calcutta Railway, which has been already described. On the same day the last telegram had been flashed from the beleaguered force in Cawnpore. Benares, as my readers can now understand, was the very centre of Brahminical influence. As with most other places in India at that awful time, there were but few Europeans in it, and the native troops had things all their own way. But Neill had pushed on, and arrived just in time—for details cannot be here given—to deal such a sudden and decided blow to the mutineers as saved the city.

As I thought of Neill, I could not but recall the only time I had ever seen him. It was at a meeting, I forget for what purpose, in the parish church of Dalry, Ayrshire. Suddenly, at the conclusion of one of the speeches, he entered the church, and appeared on the platform. "My friends," he said, slowly and thoughtfully, "I go to-morrow to join the Turkish Contingent, engaged in the Crimean war. I may never see you again. I have come here to-night to bid you farewell—to ask you not to forget me;" and then pausing for a little, he added, in a quiet and solemn undertone, "and to ask you to pray for me." Before a word could be spoken out of the full hearts of his old friends he had bowed and departed.

It was this man who saved Benares and Allahabad.

Eighty miles off, along the Ganges to the north, was the great Fort of Allahabad. This was the key of the districts in revolt, the city of refuge for fugitives, the one rallying-place north of Calcutta. The state of matters at this Fort early in June may be briefly summarised:—News from Meerut; indefinite rumours filling people's minds with alarms; the Fort in possession of sixty invalided European artillerymen, with a wing of a treacherous native regiment and a Sikh regiment ready for loyalty or plunder as it suited—Sir H. Lawrence having telegraphed not to trust

them. Europeans, merchants, civilians, with wives and children, enter the Fort. False news from Benares on June 5th, which casts a gloom over all. On the 6th June, no outbreak, and people more cheerful. At six o'clock in the evening of that day a parade of the 6th Native Infantry, who were in cantonments about three miles from Allahabad. These gallant and loyal men, faithful among the faithless, with great enthusiasm had volunteered to march to Delhi and to fight with us! Was it not noble of them? Their officers were justly proud; and so was Government. A letter of thanks from the Governor-General was read to them on



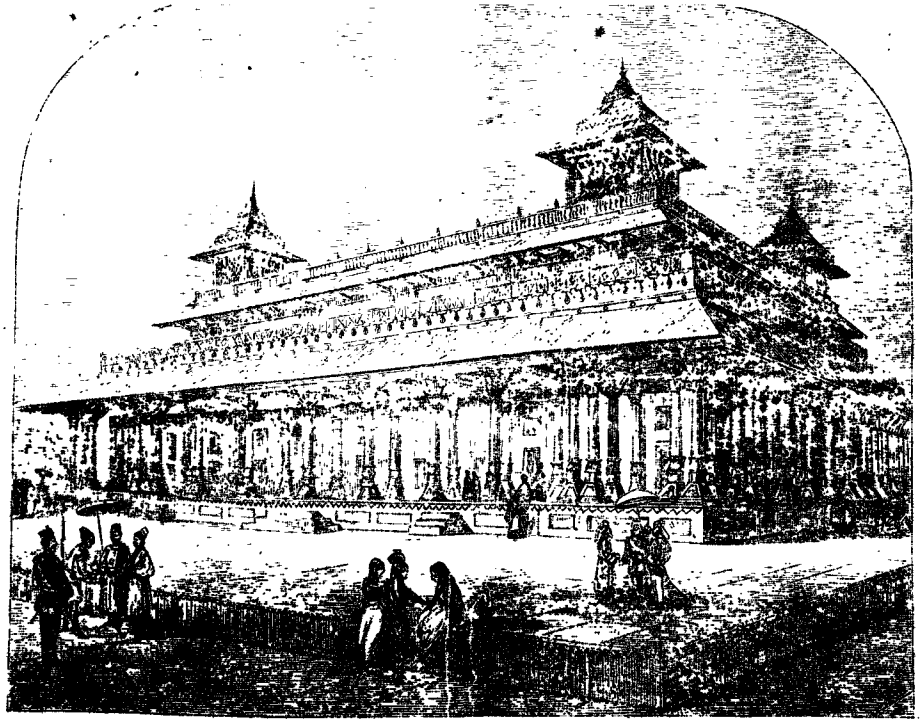
Fort at Allahabad.

parade at six P.M., and the warm-hearted loyal men were very naturally gratified by this recognition of their services, and cheered loudly. The *same evening* these fine fellows broke out into mutiny, and in the mess-house of their regiment murdered in cold blood seventeen officers, eight of whom were young cadets, who, just arrived from England, were full of life and hope! Some

officers escaped, and two of the young cadets, after great exertions and long swims, managed to get into the Fort. But before the morning of the 7th of June thirty-one Europeans, male and female, had been thus massacred. "Early in the morning the gaol gates were thrown open, and three thousand ruffians and many thousand miscreants from its wards rushed eagerly to help in the deeds of that night. Soon the whole horizon looking north and west from the ramparts of the Fort became one mass of flame and lurid smoke, from which issued the yells and shrieks of thousands of infuriated devils doing the work of plunder and rapine."

The learned American missionary, Dr. Owen, described to me his feelings as, from the ramparts, he saw his house and valuable library blazing in the distance!

Such was the state of things in and around Allahabad, the Fort of Refuge, on the 6th of June. All was darkness and despair! But next day fifty (only fifty!) of Neill's regiment, the "Madras Lambs," arrived at the Benares end of the Bridge of Boats, which was in possession of the enemy. These noble fellows, "by hook or by crook," had the previous night got over the eighty miles which separated them from Benares; but, owing to wretched bungling, it was not till the evening that they could be got into the Fort. On the 9th another detachment arrived; and, best of all, on the 11th Neill himself appeared. India was then a furnace. Men fell down with sun-stroke. "Fancy me," he writes, "walking a mile through burning river-sand; it nearly killed me. I only lived by having water dashed over me. When I got into the open boat my umbrella was my only covering. Two of our lads died with sun-stroke in the boat. That I escaped is one of the greatest mercies. The Europeans cheered me when I came in. The salute of the sentries at the gate was, 'Thank you, sir, you'll save us yet.'" Neill was done up with the "terrific heat." He could not stand, but was obliged to "sit down at the batteries and give orders." But these orders were such as to clear the Fort of



PALACE INSIDE THE FORT, ALLAHABAD.

all doubtful characters: the mutineers being beaten out of all their positions around it, the blessed telegram could at length be flashed to Calcutta, "Allahabad is safe!"

One very touching incident is recorded in the authentic documents from which I quote, and which, though narrated before, may be repeated. The Moulvee, or Mohammedan priest, who had been at the head of the mutineers had fled, leaving behind in his terror a number of native Christians who had been his prisoners. These were brought into the Fort. "Among them was poor young Cheek, a cadet, who died the same evening, his body covered with wounds and sores, and his mind wandering. His sufferings from the night of the 6th must have been dreadful; he had escaped with severe wounds from the mess-house, and was picked up by a zemindar, by whom he was given over to the Moulvee, in whose house he had remained exposed and uncared for until this time. Nauth Nundee, a native Christian and fellow-prisoner, relates that when the Moulvee sought by threats and wiles to make him abjure Christianity, this brave young officer would call out to him, '*Never let go the faith!*'" And he never did.

Neill was burning to reach Cawnpore. Tremendous difficulties were in the way. And as if to deepen the already dark tragedy of woe everywhere gathering over our countrymen, there now broke out the terrible cholera. On the 18th of June it appeared in Allahabad, and, when precious gold could not be weighed against more precious men, forty out of a hundred Fusiliers were cut down! But detachment after detachment reached the Fort. Women and children were sent down by steamers to Benares; and on the 30th of June General Neill was sending off a small force of four hundred of his noble Fusiliers, four hundred and fifty native cavalry, Sikhs and Irregulars, to Cawnpore. Havelock had arrived at Allahabad on July 1st. By the 7th he had started for Cawnpore, and by the 15th he was followed by Neill. It was too late!

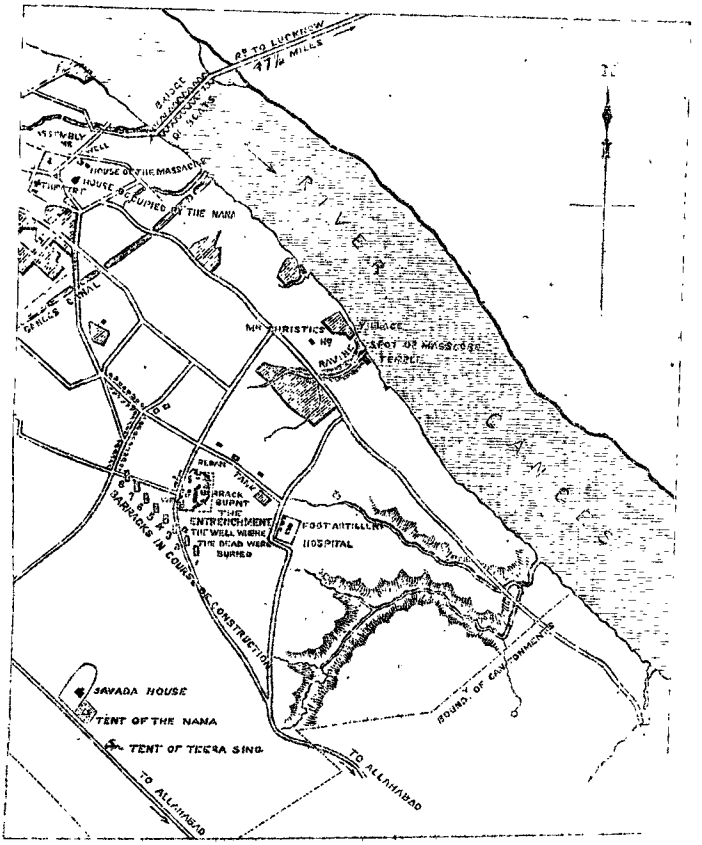
XIX.

THE MUTINY.—CAWNPORE

CAWNPORE! How strange it seemed to hear that name bawled out as, just awakened out of sleep, we reached the city by railway!

We drove through it under the guidance of our good host, Mr. Lance. Nothing of any interest whatever is visible to the eye. The situation, dust excepted, is agreeable enough for a large military station, with comfortable bungalows; broad, beautiful, and smooth drives; ample means of recreation in assembly-rooms, clubs, theatres, race-courses; with all the driving to and fro, the making of calls, partaking of social entertainments, flirtations, gossip, and the et-cæteras of a civil and military society of English ladies and gentlemen. But were it not for the immortal associations of the mutiny, in which what is deepest and rarest in the British character came out, there is little in Cawnpore to arrest the attention of a traveller. Where the desperate defence was made, he sees only a flat green or dusty plain; where the awful slaughter-house stood, he sees a flower-garden of beautiful roses; the Ghaut of the Massacre appears but a common-place river-bank, with an insignificant-looking temple, washed by the kindly waters of the Ganges; and the well which includes the remains of those whose memory during this generation will sadden many an English home, looks only a nice bit of Gothic architecture.

But if with a fresh memory of that time, or with such an elo-



PLAN OF CAWNPORE.

quent and exhaustive volume as that of Mr. Trevelyan, for example, one visits these never-to-be-forgotten places, then all is changed into a scene of intensest interest.

A few facts may be recorded to revive in some degree the memory of that sad but glorious past, and of the price paid there and elsewhere for our possession of British India.

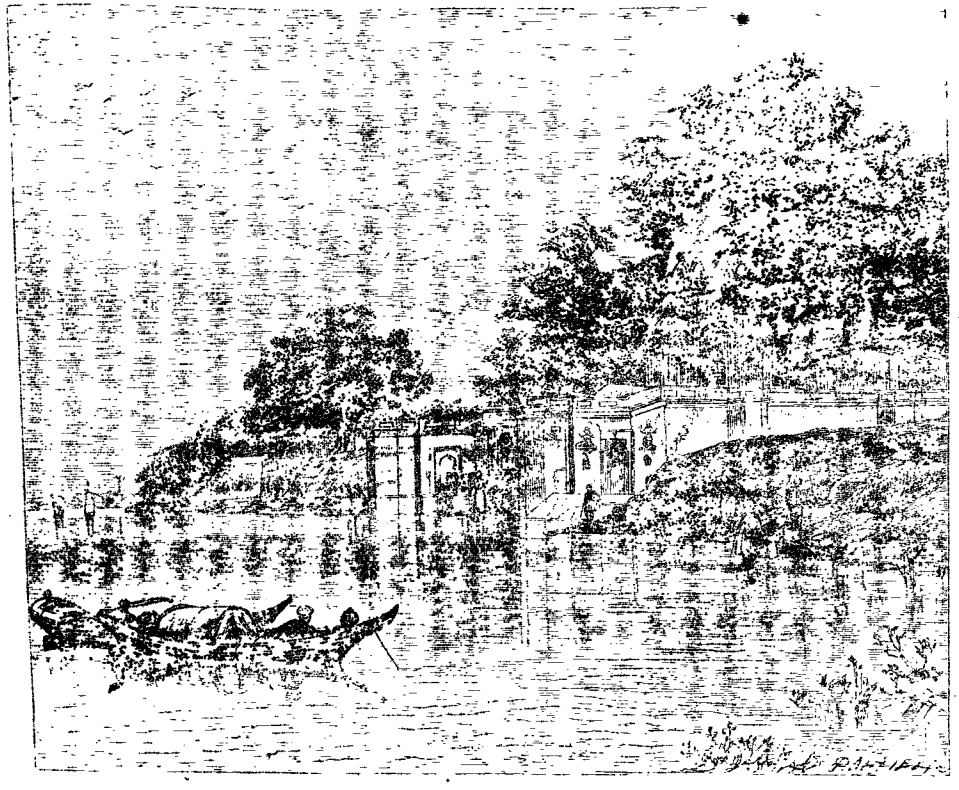
Let the reader picture to himself a large open space, perfectly flat, covered with dust, and surrounded by a parapet of earth about five feet high. It was miserable shelter to those who worked guns with large embrasures! At the one end of this, in the open ground, was the only accessible well. The space contained also one-storied barracks, most of them thatched. The map will enable the reader to understand better than a mere verbal description the topography of the place. Within this field there were gathered together, on the 6th of June, 1857, seven hundred and fifty Europeans—men, women, and children. Of those, fifty-nine were artillerymen, one hundred and five infantry, including officers; but thirty of the privates were old invalids. They had six guns in position. Around them were, to begin with, four native regiments thoroughly drilled, and constantly augmented, with fourteen large guns, mortars, and as many more as they needed from our deserted magazine!

Can imagination conceive this British force maintaining their position for twenty days, amid an uninterrupted roar from heavy guns firing almost point-blank range, from mortars, and from riflemen filling all the neighbouring buildings? Hospital stores were destroyed; houses set on fire, and many persons burnt to death; and not a drop of water to be obtained except from one well in the open plain, upon which the fire of twenty marksmen was brought to bear. The dead were thrown into another well, because to bury them was impossible. One hundred at last were killed, and all the artillerymen among them! Yet amidst hourly horrors and suffering, that handful of heroes held out in the hope of obtaining relief!

On the 26th of June the Nana offered terms of surrender. This notoriously worthless character was the adopted son of the Peishwa of Poona, to whom, as I formerly stated, Sir John Malcolm—after the Mahratta had played the villain and had been well thrashed for it—gave a pension of £80,000 a-year, with the fine property of Bithoor, near Cawnpore. His adopted son, the said Nana, inherited all the Peishwa's property, and was allowed a guard of five hundred cavalry to give him state; but, justly or unjustly, he was refused the immense pension which had been granted to the Peishwa. This rankled in his breast. He was surrounded by men like-minded with himself—such men as Tantia Topee, Azim Moolah, the oily Mohammedan who, serpent-like, basked in English society, visited the Crimea, and is well described by "Russell of the *Times*," who met him there.

In utter despair, dying day by day, the garrison capitulated on being promised by the Nana a safe-conduct by boat to Allahabad.

Let the reader now look at the illustration of the Ghaut of the Massacre. The water is the Ganges, the building a small Hindoo temple. Above the steep banks descending to the river is a flat space of ground, and rising above it again is an enclosure, within which is a village. This spot is about a mile from the place where our people were entrenched. A narrow and rough kind of ravine for about a third of the way leads to the ghaut. Down this ravine all that noble band slowly streamed on the 27th of June—sick and wounded, soldiers and officers under arms, long lines of women and children, pallid and care-worn, yet thankful for any hope of deliverance. Twenty huge boats, each some twenty feet long and twelve feet broad, with thatched poops, were ranged along that bank to convey them down the stream to Allahabad. Ten thousand people from Cawnpore had gathered to see this long and grand procession, and to witness the embarkation of the wonderful people who had fought with such courage, and endured with such



THE GHAUT OF THE MASSACRE, CAWNPORE.

resolution. When they were well into the ravine, high banks rising up on either side, cavalry were drawn up across the rear, Tantia Topee and his select friends watching the whole scene from the temple. When all were entrapped and the boats crowded, the signal was given, and the thatched roofs of the boats set on fire. With the exception of three, the boats were immovably aground; and the boatmen, after setting them ablaze, leaped on shore. Then a tremendous musketry fire opened from hundreds who had till now been carefully concealed in the ground above. Guns roared from the opposite shore, from the temple, from the banks. Everywhere massacre! Struggles, blood, wounds, flame, smoke, drowning, screaming, wild and indescribable horror of horrors! In vain two or three boats make off; in vain men swim or fight for their lives. Except two or three who escaped as by miracle, *all* the men were slain. Old Sir Hugh Wheeler was cut down among the first as he was getting out of his palankin. Wet, wounded, and bleeding, upwards of one hundred women and children were brought back to Cawnpore and locked up till wanted!

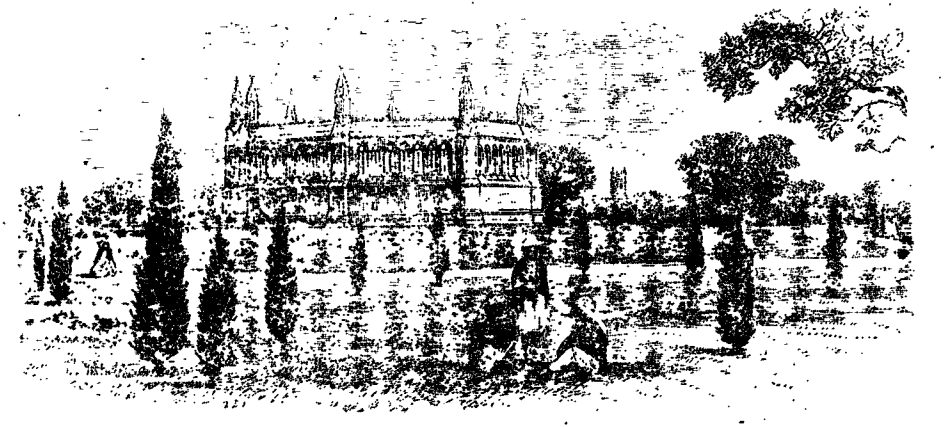
They were shortly after joined by the separate bands of fugitives from Futtyghur, about sixty miles farther up the river. A magnificent defence had been made there, also against overwhelming numbers, by about thirty men, who protected seventy or eighty women and children in a ruined fort, which they were forced to abandon. They tried by boats to reach Allahabad, but were made prisoners by the Nana's troops. All the men were butchered by him; while the women and children were added to the number already in the house at Cawnpore! There, in two rooms, twenty feet by ten, two hundred and six European ladies and children were for a fortnight pent up during the burning heat of an Eastern summer.

Havelock had started from Allahabad on the 6th July. Battle after battle had been fought until he entered Cawnpore on the 17th. But there was not a person from his suffering countrymen

alive to receive him! He and his noble troops were received apparently with joy by the inhabitants of Cawnpore, who had grievously suffered at the hands of the rebellious soldiers. They gazed with wonder on the ruined entrenchments; but no English voice greeted them. Two days before, all had been massacred,

Memorial Well, Cawnpore.

and, whether alive or dead, hurled into the well, which has ever since been almost a holy place in our memories. A beautiful garden grows its roses and other flowers where that awful slaughter-house once stood. The well has been covered by the adornments of architecture, a white marble angel of peace, by



MEMORIAL WELL, CAWNPORE, WITH CHURCH IN DISTANCE.

Marochetti, standing over it, and around it a protecting wall of Gothic design.

The agents in that fearful tragedy have, I believe, gone to their account. Tantia Topee and his followers, after a long chase for weeks in the splendid campaign under Sir Hugh Rose, was run down, betrayed, hung; the Nana, with the remnant who stuck to him, was last heard of in the forests which clothe the Himalayas; and all must have perished long ago from famine, malaria, or wild beasts. The butchers who were personally engaged in it were all discovered and executed. I saw the spot near the ravine where the last had been hanged. We dare not too severely condemn our troops as blood-thirsty or cruel for the terrible vengeance which they took when any opportunity offered itself of doing so, more especially when all the falsehoods were believed regarding the treatment of our women and children. The sight of that bloody house and awful well fired them with a maddening passion. All natives were alike in their eyes. In each they recognised the Nana, one who had been guilty of atrocities which intensified the wickedness of the most wicked. But in order, as far as our public influence extends, to mitigate the effects of that awful time in widening the breach, already so greatly to be lamented, between us and our fellow-citizens in India, let us join in publicly confessing, with sorrow, that we did not come out of the mutiny with clean hands, but in too many cases deeply stained with blood, wantonly and cruelly shed. Many a true story is doubtless told even now in the bazaars that would make us blush if we heard it, and make us feel that it might be fitting for us to ask forgiveness as well as to extend it. If we and the natives have endured common sufferings, we have been guilty of common sins. It should also be known to our countrymen, what was ascertained shortly after the mutiny, and has been confirmed since by the most careful investigations on the part of the Indian Government, and often before now pub-

lished,—*that there never have been substantiated any cases of mutilation until after death, or of torture, or of the dishonour of women;* that the horrors of Cawnpore were the work of the Nana only and his vile adherents; that even his soldiers refused to massacre the women and children, which was accomplished by the vilest of the vile in the city. We can never forget the fearful treachery and cruelties of the Sepoys and of the scum of India let loose against those innocent of crime; but let us not attribute all this wickedness, by an indiscriminate or hasty generalisation, to "the natives;" nor darken the picture by more sombre colours than those warranted by fact. And above all, let our people in India, more especially young officers, by all that is truly brave and generous, endeavour to heal this grievous wound, and so impress the natives of every race, creed, and rank by the force of our character, as well as by the power of our arms, that they may one day thank God for our supremacy.

I visited the graveyards in Cawnpore containing "our English dead:" a new one in the Park, and an old one, large and full of tombs, in another quarter. Those burial-places in India were always to me peculiarly sad. One felt as if some wrong had been done towards every one who lay there, or that some peculiar suffering had been endured by them. Why were they not beside their own people at home? There is no grave here where a family reposes. Children are here, but their parents and brothers and sisters are far away. Young soldiers and old veterans are here, men who had just come to India full of hope and ambition, and those who, after a life of toil, were just about to leave it to spend the evening of their days elsewhere. Alone they had lived in a strange land, and alone had died. No one had been there to speak to them of the old familiar faces, nor to understand their "babbling of green fields," in their dreams of the far-off home. Alone they were buried, with no kith or kin to follow their bier, or "fathers" to whom they could be "gathered."

Alone they were left by all who knew them, to be utterly forgotten in the land of their sojourning. Every grave seemed a record of long-cherished hopes never realised, and of an unexpected and premature sorrow endured by those who for years were anticipating the joy of bidding them welcome home, to return no more to India.

But there were some graves I visited which will not readily pass into oblivion either in India or England. Chief among these was that of the gallant Peel. With deep interest I stood beside his tomb and read the inscription—"To the memory of William Peel. His name will be dear to the British inhabitants of India, to whose succour he came in the hour of need. He was one of England's most devoted sons. With all the talents of a brave and skilful sailor, he combined the virtues of a humble, sincere Christian. This stone is erected over his remains by his military friends in India, and several of the inhabitants of Calcutta. Captain Sir William Peel, R.N., K.C.B., was born in Stanhope Street, Mayfair, on the 2nd Nov., 1824, and died at Cawnpore, 27th April, 1858."

I saw another grave, which recorded the death of one whom I knew and loved, Howard Campbell of the 78th. The call to arms found him in infirm health, at home with his wife and family. But full of spirit and prepared to die, he promptly responded to the summons. He fought his way with Havelock to Cawnpore, and I have heard that on the day when he would have got his company and the Victoria Cross he died. The officers of his regiment have erected a monument over his grave expressive of their affection for his memory.

There is also a small monumental cross with this inscription—"In memory of the women and children of H.M. 32nd Regiment who were slaughtered near this spot. This memorial was raised by twenty men of the same regiment who were passing through Cawnpore, Nov. 21, 1857."

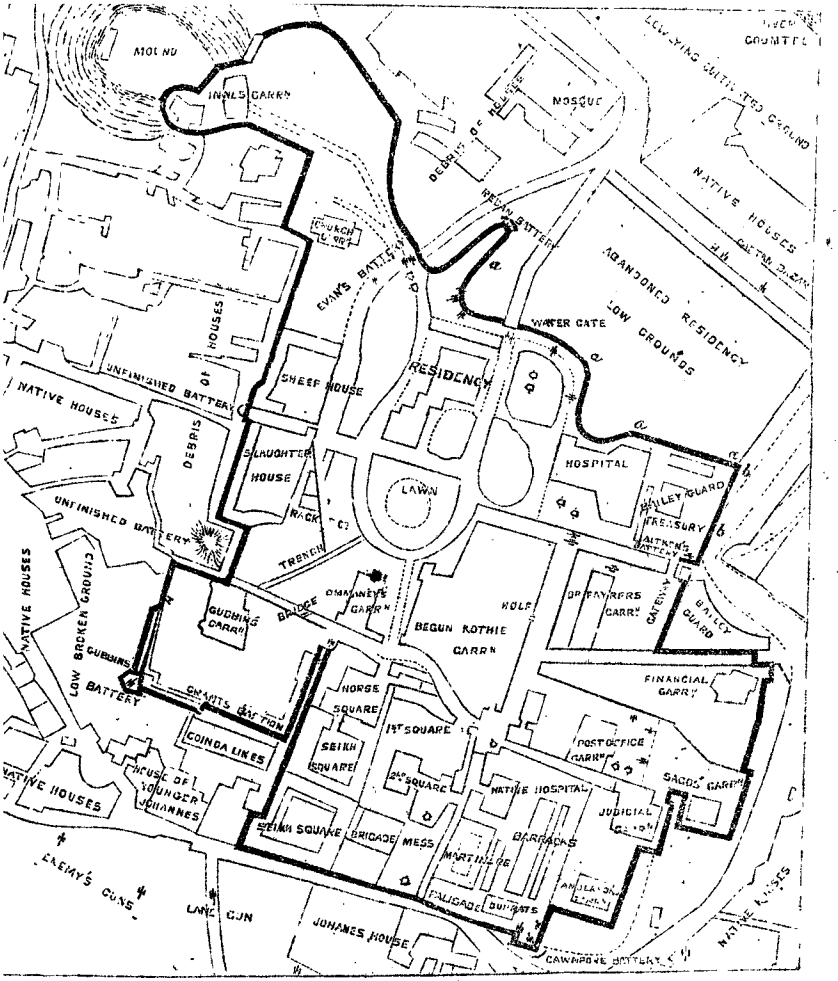
XX.

THE MUTINY.—LUCKNOW.

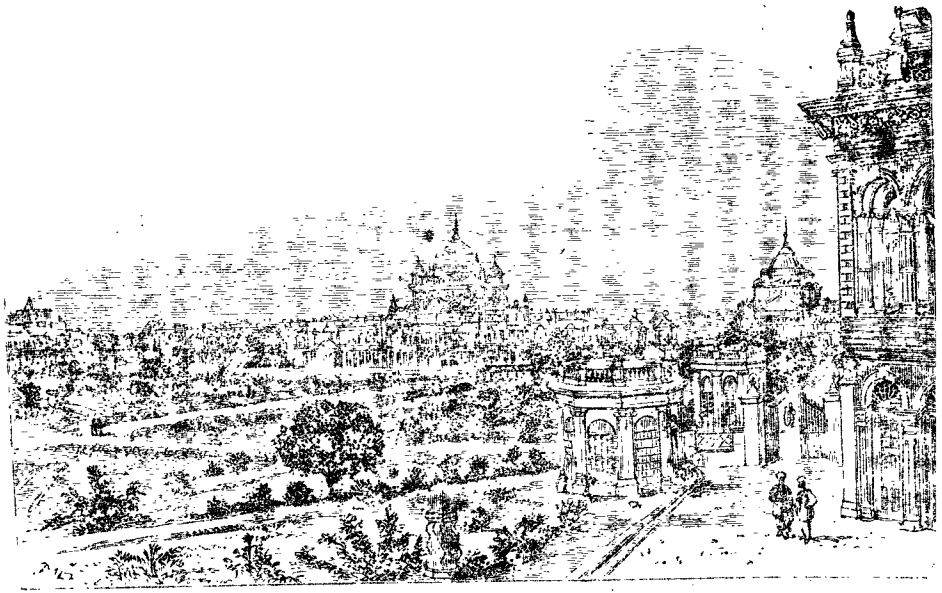
BUT we must on to Lucknow! It is about forty miles from Cawnpore. A railway connects the two cities. Lucknow is not, like Benares, Allahabad, and Cawnpore, on the banks of the Ganges; but is inland to the east, at right angles to it, and situated on the Goompty river. The Ganges at Cawnpore is crossed by a long bridge of boats, and beyond is a dead flat. Among the first places seen which call up past memories is the Alumbagh, with the small obelisk marking Havelock's grave.

We drove through the principal portions of the city; saw the spots famous in the two "advances;" paused at the arch beside which Neill was shot; ascended the roof of one of the palaces, and enjoyed a splendid bird's-eye view of the city. We noticed with deepest interest the "Martiniere," "Secunderbagh," "Mess House," and other monuments of the fierce fighting and splendid victories of the forlorn hope when delivering the long-besieged garrison. But to give the reader some idea of Lucknow, and of, to us, the most famous and interesting time in its history, let me as briefly as possible explain the illustrations which accompany this chapter.

Look first at the Kaiser Bagh, or palace of the deposed king. The view is a distant one, but it gives some idea of the imposing appearance of Lucknow. There is no other city in India so striking. It is not an Oriental city like Benares; but is rather



PLAN OF LUCKNOW.

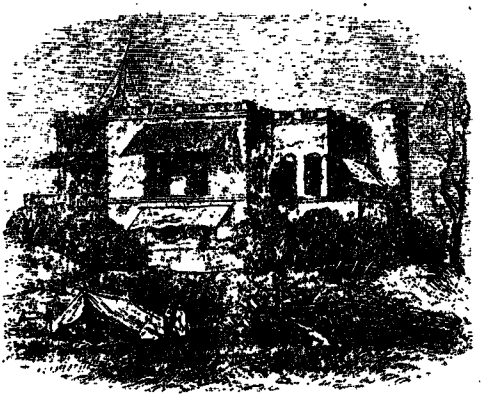


KAISER BAGH, OR KING'S PALACE, LUCKNOW.

of a European, or a sort of Parisian-Mohammedan type. From a distance it looks magnificent, notwithstanding that a great portion of it has been destroyed since the mutiny. The Residency, itself a striking object once, is now in ruins. But before the revolt the city must have stood alone in India, and even in the whole East, alike for brilliancy and beauty,—its domes, minarets, and palaces being relieved by trees and partially-broken, picturesque ground, such as is rarely found in the dusty plains of Hindostan. But while its palaces look magnificent, a narrower inspection reveals something flimsy about their architecture. There is a "get up," a theatrical unreality about them, in spite of their wide courts, colonnades, and domes, their gilding and orange groves, such as one sees in the Kaiser Bagh. I felt that they *did* dream "of a perishable home who thus could build." The history of the possessors and inhabitants of many of these splendid palaces would cause a blush to rise on the hard cheek of many a criminal at our bar. As one walked through the courts within courts of the Kaiser Bagh, there were other things of more importance than architecture to fill one's mind, and to shed a light on the history of the place. There existed not on earth a house of greater moral degradation than this! The palaces of Lucknow and Delhi were the Sodom and Gomorrah of India, and both have been utterly overthrown, never more to rise. "The king," wrote Sir William Sleeman long before the mutiny, "is surrounded exclusively by eunuchs, fiddlers, and poetasters worse than either, and the minister and his creatures worse than all. They appropriate to themselves at least one half of the revenues of the country, and employ nothing but knaves of the very lowest kind in all the branches of the administration. The king is a crazy imbecile."

Let us now have a look at the "Residency," the home of each succeeding representative of Great Britain. It included a large portion of ground, with various buildings, such as a large

banqueting-hall, guard-houses, and several official residences, grouped around the main buildings; with open spaces between, lawns, flower-gardens, &c. The Residency itself was situated on



The Residency, Lucknow—East Front.

a rising ground, if a few yards above the plain can be so described.

The Europeans in Lucknow had the advantage of having in command one of the most sagacious, far-sighted, and noble of men—Sir Henry Lawrence. He was fully prepared for the revolt long before it broke out, with marvellous sagacity taking in the probable future. He kept hundreds day and night employed in throwing up such defences as could be extemporized within a few weeks, in order that guns might be placed in the best possible position. He had also laid in such stores of every kind of provision for man and beast, as well as of every kind of shot and shell for such men and beasts as might be opposed to him, as presented a remarkable contrast to poor Cawnpore. So large was the quantity of ammunition in store that they never ran short, even after having retired from the Muchee Bhowun and blown it up with two hundred and fifty barrels of gunpowder!

BANQUETING-HALL OF THE RESIDENCY, LUCKNOW.

A few dates and facts will suffice to enable the reader to follow our illustrations with more interest.

On May 30th the native troops revolted. There were at the cantonments the usual surprise, firings, charging, cutting down, on both sides, with splendid gallantry on the part of our officers, and all the exciting incidents of such horrible *mêlées*. After the disastrous battle of Chinhut, on 30th June, with a loss of two hundred men, our people were shut up and besieged in the Residency. There they remained till November 26th, bombarded every night by tens of thousands of native troops, who held the city and occupied the surrounding buildings,—firing eighteen-pounders within one hundred and fifty yards of the defences; and all this during the hottest months of an Indian climate. The ladies were crowded into small rooms; huddled together in cellars to escape shot and shell; deserted by native servants, and obliged to wash and cook; to watch sick children and sick friends; to prepare meat and drink for those working in the batteries; to come into daily and almost hourly contact with disease and death and suffering in every form; to hear the incessant roar of guns and musketry; and to be prepared for the bursting of a shell or the crash of a cannon-ball at any moment in their place of retreat. What the nervous system of those thus exposed during these six months suffered, none but they who have endured the like can conceive.

I have now before me a diary kept in the Residency, by a lady, during the whole six months of the siege. Her husband and two children were shut up with her. His name, could I take the liberty of mentioning it, would recall to many of my readers those days of suffering during the disastrous retreat of our troops through the Kyber Pass, in which he bore a distinguished part, and was known as "the last man" of the army. The most striking feature of this diary is its terrible sameness! Day by day, night after night, there is the same awful record of ceaseless

roaring of artillery and bursting of shells—of sudden attacks bravely resisted—of desperate sallies successfully made—of mines met by countermines—of deaths and midnight funerals—of sore wounds and the sudden destruction of some beloved one by shot or shell. In reading such narratives—and how many were furnished by the year 1857 from Northern India!—we feel as if we had not known human nature before, nor comprehended how it is capable of enduring for weeks and months slow agonies which might seem sufficient in a single night to extinguish in most people reason, if not life itself.

Here are the rapid pencil jottings of two Sundays in the same month:—

Sunday No. 1.—"An attack near the European hospital during the night, but comparatively quiet here; the enemy unsuccessful. Three round shot came through the dome of drawing-room this morning. This is fearfully near, and makes us feel more and more that we know not when the day and hour of *our* call may come. May a Father in heaven have mercy on us! for his dear Son's sake make us ready! Mr. A., 7th Cavalry, shot dead, looking out from the Cawnpore battery, and Mr. H. had his leg broken from a round shot hitting a table, the leg of which broke his. Round shot of seven and nine pounds through the dome. During the night a screen made to protect from musketry at an exposed corner. Mr. Gubbins read the service about three P.M. Mr. Polehampton, our chaplain, feared to be dying of cholera, at the European hospital, where he and Mrs. P. have been living for some time, doing much good."

Sunday No. 2.—"Poor Mrs. G.'s boy ill all night; no hope of him. Her other two children brought up-stairs to be taken care of. I watched from twelve to two, and then for two hours; poor baby seemed in such pain nothing would pacify him—Mrs. B. so kind in helping me to do so; poor William much disturbed of course; thank God he was easy when he woke after a short sleep about daybreak; M. A. very restless and fretful. Dr. P. says it is from want of fresh air. Captain H. so good in nursing; Mrs. G. sent both my women to help him as I could not go. Messenger arrived with a letter for Mr. Gubbins, which, however, was taken *by order* at once to Brigadier Inglis, saying the relieving force was at Ounama, first march from Cawnpore, which was left in charge of a regiment entrenched, after complete victory. They had force for any opposition they might meet in coming here, and hoped to arrive in four or five days. May God prosper them! The man who brought the letter has seen the general, and said he was little, with white hair, supposed to be General Havelock. Mr. Gubbins read service after breakfast; an unusually quiet day! Mrs. G. rallying; hopes of her recovery. Mr. L. killed in the Cawnpore battery this afternoon, leaving a young widow and child. They are

at Mrs. ——. M. A. very feverish and heavy; baby a shade better; quite tired out, obliged to go to bed early; aroused at ten p.m. by sharp firing—an attack, but mercifully unsuccessful, and over in half an hour; but Mr. —— killed, and it is feared by our own men in cross fire."

Such were their Sundays of Rest!

Here, again, are the diaries of two successive week-days:—

"*Tuesday*, 21*st*.—About twelve, two round shot struck the house, and, from fear of others, the ladies and children moved to the dining-room—Mr. L. firing shrapnel to try and silence one of the enemy's guns which they have brought to bear on the front of the house. A European shot dead; another wounded. Good, kind Major Banks shot dead through his temples! I had just been helping their good nurse to prepare his body for *her* to see it, and had been through the sad scene with *her*, when soon after Mrs. A. told me that my own W. [her husband] was wounded. When I got to him he was lying on a couch very faint, with Dr. Fayrer examining and dressing his wound. A rifle ball had passed through his body. God bless the doctor for his kindness! He assured me it was not dangerous. We are in God's hands. Lord, I believe, help my unbelief! I am thankful I can attend to him myself. He is in great pain. From my heart I grieve for poor Mrs. Banks! She has lost the one that was everything to her—and their darling little girl! More barricades just outside. Some of the mutineers seem moving in bodies to-day.

"*Wednesday*, 22*nd*.—A wakeful watching night! Dear W. in much pain—better, thank God, towards morning. The ladies from the other side of the house obliged to remove and go down-stairs. We were busy removing the gentlemen's things, Mrs. Dorin assisting. When at the door leading from her room to the dining-room a matchlock ball struck her on the face, and she immediately expired while I was looking at her and calling for a doctor! It was very awful. I had peculiar cause to think her kind and obliging, for she did much for me and mine.—The enemy have moved to-day, but we know not where."

Many other extracts might be given; but I must refrain, only adding, for the satisfaction of my readers, that the writer and her husband and children escaped.

After losing upwards of five hundred men on his march from Cawnpore, and fighting for four days through the streets of Lucknow, Havelock with his first relief reached the Residency on the 30th September. Food did not increase with the numbers requiring it. But the garrison, though more straitened, was so strengthened as to be able to extend its entrenchments so as to include about two miles. The original garrison included, as Mr. Gubbins informs us, 1,692 fighting men. Of these 987 were

Europeans and 765 natives. There remained of the original garrison when relieved a total, including sick and wounded, of 350 Europeans and 133 natives—23 had deserted—41 military, 2 civil officers, and 1 chaplain had been killed. Early in September, before Havelock reached the Residency, there were in it 220 women, 230 children, and 120 sick and wounded.

Such facts give interest to our illustrations of the Residency. But let us look at them in detail. The first we select is "The Bailey Guard," so called, I believe, from an officer of that name who once commanded it.

The reader will notice, first, the arch, or gateway of the place. Through it many a famous man has passed; among others, in those fighting days, Sir Henry Lawrence, Sir Henry Havelock, Sir James Outram, Lord Clyde, and General Neill. And through it, too, passed the stream of men, women, and children in solemn silence, when at midnight they left that terrible Egypt in which they had so long suffered. Every side of that arch is yet dotted by shot, marking the pitiless hail which for months had battered it from the houses now cleared away, and which once crowded the now bare and unpeopled plain.

At this arch also Outram dismounted on that joyous day in September, when the first relief and hopes of final deliverance came, and the first communications were received for a space of a hundred and thirteen days from the outer world of India and of Europe—when, as described by the "Staff-Officer," "the garrison's long pent-up feelings of anxiety and of suspense burst forth in a succession of deafening cheers. From every pit, trench, and battery—from behind the sand-bags piled on shattered houses—from every part still held by a few gallant spirits rose cheer on cheer—cheers even rising from the hospital! Many of the wounded crawled forth to join in that glad shout of welcome to those who had so bravely come to our assistance. It was a moment never to be forgotten!"

THE BAILEY GUARD, LUCKNOW

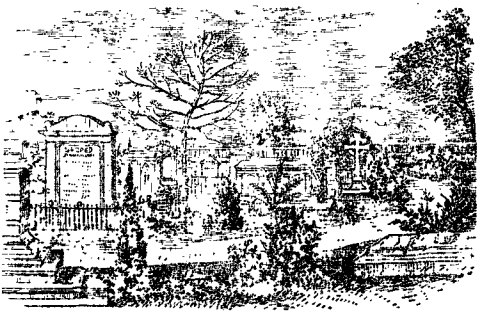
Look again at this illustration. To the left of the arch, and beyond it, from the point of view we occupy, are seen the ruins of Dr. Fayrer's house. To this the Highlanders had pressed on, heated, worn, and dusty—for here General Outram had taken up his quarters. Mr. Gubbins, who witnessed the scene, says, "Nothing could exceed their enthusiasm. They stopped every one they met, with repeated questions and exclamations of 'Are you one of them?—God bless you!'—'We thought to have found only your bones!' At Dr. Fayrer's house a scene of thrilling interest presented itself. The ladies of the garrison, with their children, had assembled, in the most intense anxiety and excitement, under the porch outside when the Highlanders approached. Rushing forward, the rough, bearded warriors shook the ladies by the hand, amidst loud and repeated gratulations. They took the children up in their arms, they fondly caressed them, and passed them on from one to another to be caressed in turn; and then, when the first burst of excitement and enthusiasm was over, they mournfully turned to speak to each other of the heavy loss which they had suffered, and to inquire the names of the numerous comrades who had fallen by the way. It is quite impossible to describe the scene within the entrenchment that evening."

What a contrast to the awful silence of Cawnpore!

A very different scene had been witnessed under the verandah of that same house in July—for there Sir Henry Lawrence had expired.* Often had he been found alone in prayer during these weeks of anxiety. God's strength only could have sustained him amid weakness of body and over-exertion of mind. He died (July 4th) a few days after being struck with a shell which burst into his room. The last scene has been thus described:—

* His life, with that of Neill and others, was given by Mr. Kaye in Good Words for 1866, and is reprinted in his delightful volumes of "Lives of Indian Officers," which should be in every library.

"First of all, he asked Mr. Harris, the chaplain, to administer the Holy Communion to him. In the open verandah, exposed to a heavy fire of musketry, the solemn service was performed, many officers of the garrison tearfully communicating with their beloved chief. This done, he addressed himself to those about him. 'He bade an affectionate farewell to all,' wrote one who was present at this sad and solemn meeting, 'and of several he asked forgiveness for having at times spoken harshly, and begged them to kiss him. One or two were quite young boys, with whom he had occasion to find fault, in the course of duty, a few days previously. He expressed the deepest humility and repentance for his sins, and his firm trust in our blessed Saviour's atonement, and spoke most touchingly of his dear wife, whom he hoped to rejoin. At the utterance of her name his feelings quite overcame him, and he burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping, which lasted some minutes. He again completely broke down in speaking of his daughter, to whom he sent his love and blessing. . . . Then he blessed his nephew George, who was kneeling by his bedside, and told him he had always loved him as his own son. . . . He spoke to several present about the state of their souls, urging them to pray and read their Bibles, and endeavour to prepare for death, which might come suddenly, as in his own case. To nearly each person present he addressed a few parting words of affectionate



Grave of Lawrence.

advice—words which must have sunk deeply into all hearts. There was not a dry eye there, and many seemingly hard rough men were sobbing like children.' He told his chaplain that he wished to be buried very privately, 'without any fuss,' in the same grave with any men of the garrison who might die about the same time. Then he said, speaking rather to himself than to those about him, of his epitaph,—'*Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May God have mercy upon him.*' And such is the simple epitaph which is inscribed upon his tomb." *

* I had the privilege, when in Calcutta, of making Dr. Fayrer's acquaintance, and of receiving from him much kindness. No man is more respected, nor occupies a more distinguished position as a medical man. I asked his friends what honours

But I must ask my readers to look once more at the illustration of the "Bailey Guard"—at that portion of it to the right of the archway. "Here," writes Mr. Trevelyan, "from summer into winter, until of his 200 musketeers he had buried 85, and sent to hospital 76; earning his Cross in ragged flannel trousers and a jersey of dubious hue, burly Bob Aitken bore the unequal fray." I had the happiness of meeting my brave countryman, Major Aitken, at Lucknow. He told me these interesting facts:—"The Native Brigade, then in Lucknow, consisted of the 13th, 14th, and 71st Regiments. In this brigade there was only one native *officer* who joined the mutineers. In the 13th Regiment, 230 men volunteered to defend the Residency, while the remaining 750 continued faithful to us so far that they did not turn against us. *All* the native officers of the 13th Native Infantry were killed or wounded in the defence of the Residency; out of 220 men of the same regiment, 36 were *Sikhs*, of whom 18 deserted; out of 184 *Hindostanees*, one only deserted. Of all who defended us, 155 were either killed or wounded." During the whole time of the siege, this guard-house, on to the arch, was defended by Major Aitken himself and his native soldiers *alone*, who stood firm in spite of the taunts and temptations of their countrymen, when we were in extremities. The low wall connecting the guard-house with the archway shows how slight was its defence; whilst the innumerable marks of shot on every spot that could be hit in the several rooms of the guard-house reveal the fierce determination both of the attack and the defence. But over that parapet wall the enemy never ventured. The well-served guns from its embrasures, and the steady rifles behind them, kept the foe at a safe distance under cover. Such facts as these ought to be recorded to the credit of the native soldiers. Many others of a like kind might be mentioned.

Let us now take another glance at the Residency, by aid of the

or rewards he had received from Government for his services in the Residency? In this, as in too many similar cases, I received no satisfactory reply.

illustration, in which the ruined banqueting-hall is the most prominent feature. During the siege that banqueting-hall, where the loud talk and mirth of the conquering race had once resounded, was the hospital of the garrison—the house of much pain, of many thoughts, and many sorrows. Here, too, Death banqueted on many a brave soldier and tender child.

Both it and the once handsome Residency, as will be seen, are now in ruins; for when the natives got possession of the place, and before it was reoccupied and restored to order by the British force, it had been all destroyed.

And now within these famous lines of defence all is swept bare with the exception of what is seen in our illustration. Great care has been taken to indicate the several famous spots. "The Cawnpore Battery," "The Redan Battery," "The site of Mr. Gubbins's House," "Dr. Fayrer's House," "Here Sir Henry Lawrence died," are all legibly inscribed on tablets, so that the stranger hardly requires a guide.

The last spot visited by the traveller will probably be the churchyard. There he will gaze in silence and with veneration on the tombs of Lawrence, Neill, and many others who "waxed valiant in fight and turned to flight the armies of the aliens," and who there lie "in the field of their fame." It is a most touching spot. The silence, with the hum of the distant city, like the murmur of a mountain bee, contrasts strikingly with the roar of battle amidst which all these heroes died and had been buried. Few nations have been so privileged to record with truth the "Christian" virtues of their heroes slain in battle as we have been, on the tombs of such men as Neill, Lawrence, Peel, and Havelock. And these represent not a few of the same high character, of whom we can say—"Their very dust to us is dear!" Like the remains of Joseph, they seem to me to have already taken possession of a promised land over which the living God will yet reign.

I was struck by the memorials to some distinguished regiments, and by the absence of any memorial to others who deserved to be remembered. There are monuments erected to their comrades by the Madras Fusiliers, the 84th, the 5th Fusiliers, the 90th, and also by the Bengal Native Artillery, the 13th Bengal Native Infantry; but, strange to say, I saw none to the 78th either here or at Cawnpore!

One other scene is connected with the illustration now before us. On the summit of the rising bank which connects the plain with the slightly-elevated plateau on which the Residency is built, Sir John Lawrence, as Viceroy, erected his chair of state and held a great durbar, at which the Talookdars, or feudal chiefs of Oude, gave in their public adherence to the British Government.

It was one of those displays which arrest the senses of the spectator. Here were represented the quiet strength, the beautiful order and discipline of the various branches of our army—cavalry, infantry, and artillery—each soldier of the force suggesting thoughts of indomitable daring with which India had become acquainted, and at no place more so than at Lucknow. Here, too, the great lords and captains of Oude passed slowly before the Viceroy, with six hundred magnificent elephants splendidly caparisoned, accompanied by their picturesque retainers, all glittering with gems, and arrayed in robes of many colours, made of gorgeous fabrics from the looms of Benares. It was a grand spectacle! Yet there was little in it to gratify the heart. In that wonderful procession there were some men indeed who, at considerable difficulty and risk, stood by us during our time of need, and sheltered our countrymen when, maimed and wounded, they cast themselves upon their protection. There were also not a few who had wavered and hung back, until they could discover on which side the hangman was. There were some, too, who never had been friendly, but had yielded themselves to our power from

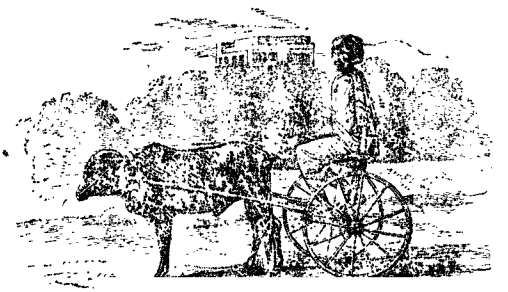
necessity. All, I believe, were thankful for their restored lands, and the hope of British protection to enable them to enjoy themselves while obedient. But there was not one there who loved us for our own sake. They gave in their submission to our Government as a necessity with a smile, a shrug, or a scowl. Nothing corresponding to a British cheer could have burst from that native gathering! Nor was there any love lost on our part. The highest feeling prevalent was, I doubt not, a sincere desire to do unswerving justice to all—to protect all—curb all, and, as far as Government could accomplish this, to regenerate and civilise the whole country. But that procession was seen by us—how could it be else?—through the mist of all the treachery and horrors of the mutiny. Time, however, will gradually harmonize those feelings into a mutual confidence. "Forget and forgive" will acquire ascendency on both sides. Desires for mutual considerateness, stimulated by a sense of common wrong-doing and of common suffering, must grow in the hearts of both, and from these, again, must spring a hearty co-operation in advancing the common good of the country. Education and Christianity, under a civilised Government, will yet regenerate Oude. Our injustice to it has visited many good and true with suffering and death. Its own wickedness has annihilated its independence. But able and trustworthy natives—for there are such—will henceforth unite with able and trustworthy Europeans in administering affairs wisely and well for the good of the millions who occupy its magnificent plains.

But when the Viceroy sat in that chair of state on the green slope beneath the Residency, and beheld this recognition of British power by those who a few years before could have gained thousands of pounds by affording protection even in a stable to English gentlemen and ladies wandering in terror with their babes;—what must his thoughts have been, as he remembered that close beside him that noble brother slept "who tried to do

his duty,"—how well, and how grandly, he succeeded, the spectacle before him testified!

Not undesigned was the Viceroy's choice of this spot, beneath the shadow of the Residency and of its graveyard, for the scene we have described. There was a silent sympathy which connected the brother on his throne with the brother near him in his grave. The living said to the dead, "Thou hast not died in vain! I am here, because thou art there, and we are one in spirit, in life and in death, for I, too, like thee, will try to do my duty." England confesses with gratitude that both have done so.

From Lucknow we returned to Allahabad, before proceeding to Agra and Delhi. We had the happiness of preaching there for our respected chaplain, Mr. Williamson, and were hospitably entertained by our countryman, Dr. Irving.



XXI.

AGRA.

AGRA, our next stage, opened up a new world to me. The Western Coast of India—the whole line of travel down the ghauts from Poona to Bombay, and then from the almost unmatched harbour of Bombay to the gorgeous groves of Malabar, and the picturesque Neilgherries—had left indelible impressions of the glory of vegetation and of scenery. In the west, too, at Karli, I had seen specimens of the cave-temples of the old Buddhist worship. Madras and Southern India had given me my only ideas of genuine Hindoo temples. There, and there only, had I seen the vast architectural piles, the pyramidal pagodas, the inner courts, the fine arcades, the ambitious and elaborate sculpture of gods and things divine; the silence and gloomy solitudes; the ruin and decay, all marking a religion of power and influence whose sun was setting. Bengal was the field in which British power, culture, and faith were seen in conflict with an old and effete civilisation, docile, subtle, polite, receptive, but without the strength of truth, self-sacrifice, or self-reliance. Benares supplied the medley of splendid Eastern manufactures, of learned Pundits, of filthy ascetics, of the lowest and most degraded fetish worshippers, of holy monkeys, and of all that the Hindooism of any age, from the present day up to that of Solomon, had ever produced, tending to the highest heavens or

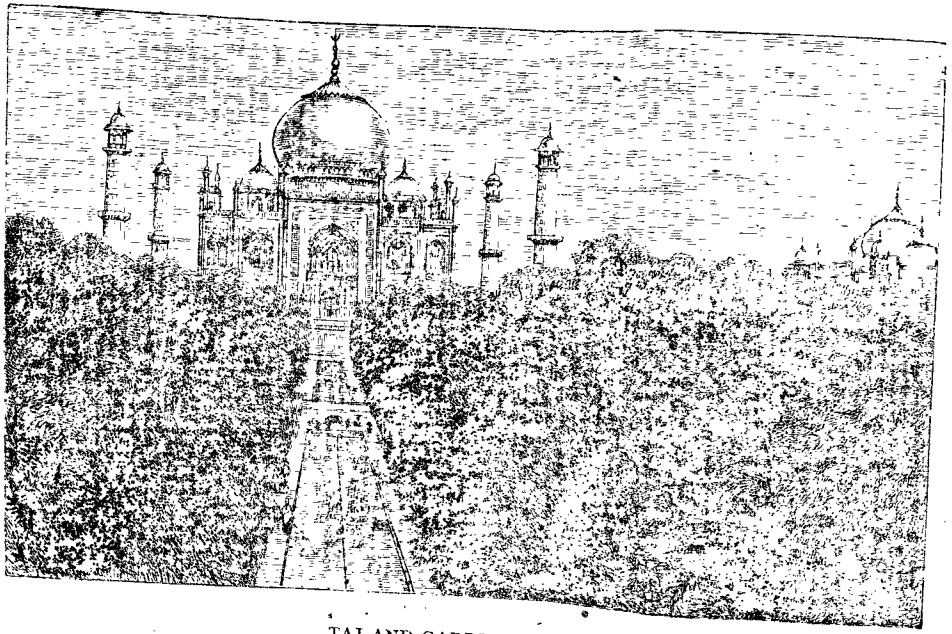
the deepest—mud. Cawnpore and Lucknow filled my mind with nothing but associations of the mutiny.

But once in Agra, I felt, as I have said, that a different phase of India had suddenly opened up before me. Books have given every one a certain amount of general information regarding the Mohammedan conquest of India under Baber in the fifteenth century; and we all have visions of the Great Mogul—a designation, by the way, which historians very properly reject as unwarranted by fact, but which will nevertheless remain like many a fruit of fairy tale, or of prosaic fibbing—visions of pearls, gold, and diamonds, of power and of cruelty, and of all that a young reader of the "Arabian Nights" could desire, had he only the powerful magic charm to minister to his pleasures. But I had never before seen anything—except perhaps in Cairo and Constantinople, and there but very partially, and I have not yet visited the Alhambra—that gave me any true idea of Mohammedan architecture. In Agra we were as in a new world, which is Oriental, but verily not Hindoo—a splendid exotic flowering in beauty and brilliancy beside the dark and ugly form of Shiva. The buildings in which this architecture is seen are chiefly tombs, palaces, and mosques. Were we to recognise these buildings as symbolical, we might conclude that a Mohammedan was purity itself, both in his worship and in his life; for these buildings are pure as alabaster, simple in their forms, and destitute of every ornament except precious stones mingling with the snowy marble, just as the flowers of spring might show themselves in the recesses of the quarries of Carrara.

The famous Taj, the gem of India and of the world, the Koh-i-noor of architecture, is situated about three miles from Agra, on the west bank of the Jumna. On approaching it we see white marble minarets rising among trees. We halt at the grand portal of a great garden, and the entrance-hall or gate so arrests us that we feel inclined to ask, with a *little* feeling of disappointment, Is

this the Taj ?—*this* being a splendid building of hard red stone—whether sandstone or granite I cannot remember—inlaid with white and black marble and various coloured stones. Its arched halls are spacious. We were conducted to the upper story, and from a great open arch beheld the Taj ! All sensible travellers here pause when attempting to describe this building, and protest that the attempt is folly, and betrays only an unwarranted confidence in the power of words to give any idea of such a vision in stone. I do not cherish the hope of being able to convey any true impression of its magnificence and beauty, but nevertheless I cannot be silent about it.

From the arch in the gateway the eye follows a long, broad, marble canal, often full of crystal water, at the extreme end of which rises the platform on which the Taj is built. Each side of the white marble canal is bordered by tall, dark cypress-trees, and on feast days about eighty fountains—twenty-two being in the centre—fling their cooling spray along its whole length, while trees of every shade, and plants of sweetest odour, fill the rest of the garden. The buildings which make up the Taj are all erected on a platform about twenty feet high, and occupying a space of about three hundred and fifty feet square. These buildings consist of the tomb itself, which is an octagon, surmounted by an egg-shaped dome of about seventy feet in circumference; and of four minarets, occupying each a corner of the platform, about a hundred and fifty feet high, which shoot up like columns of light into the blue sky. One feature peculiar to itself is its perfect purity; for all portions of the Taj—the great platform, the sky-piercing minarets, the building proper—are of *pure white marble!* The only exception—but what an exception!—is the beautiful ornamented work of an exquisite flower pattern, which wreathes the doors and wanders towards the dome, one huge mosaic of inlaid stones of different colours. Imagine if you can such a building as this,—



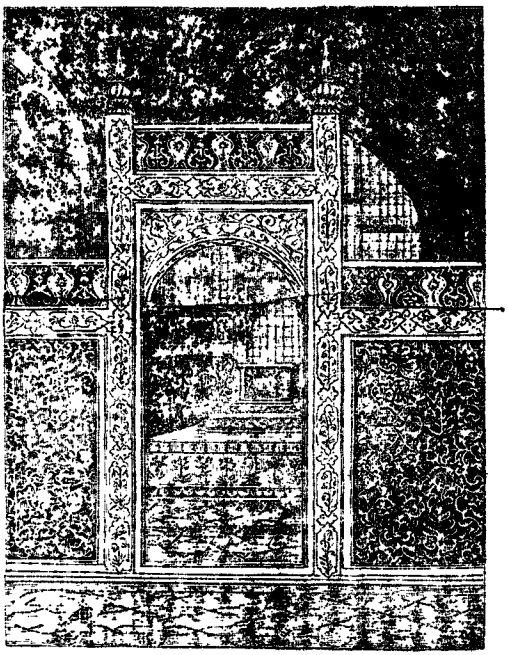
TAJ AND GARDENS, AGRA.

"White as the snows of Apennine
Indurated by frost,"—

rising amidst the trees of an Eastern garden rich in colour, fruit, and flower, and standing against a sky of ethereal blue, with nothing to break its repose save the gleaming wings of flocks of paroquets adding to the glory of colour; and all seen in perfect silence, with no painful associations to disturb the mind, or throw it out of harmony with the pleasing memories of a wife and mother buried here by a husband who loved her for twenty years of married life, and who lies beside her!

We walk up from the great portal along the central marble canal, ascend the platform by twenty steps, and, crossing the marble pavement, enter the Taj with a feeling of awe and reverence. Our admiration is increased as we examine the details of the wondrous interior. The light admitted by the door does not dispel, but only subdues, the gloom within. We stand before such a screen as we have never seen equalled. Divided into several compartments and panels, it sweeps around the marble cenotaphs that lie within it, and represent the real tombs seen in the vault beneath. It is of purest marble, so pierced and carved as to look like a high fence of exquisite lace-work, but is really far more refined and beautiful; for everywhere along those panels are wreaths of flowers composed of lapis lazuli, jasper, heliotrope, chalcedony, cornelian, &c.; so that to make one of the hundreds of these bouquets a hundred different stones are required. The Florence mosaic-work does not surpass it. And all this vision in stone was raised by a Mohammedan emperor over his dream of love,—the wife who died more than two hundred years ago, when Christian kings and emperors were sent into dark and "weeping vaults"—"the longest weepers for their funerals!"—with no ornaments save spiders' webs. When a musical note is sounded beneath this dome, how strange are the echoes from within it! They are unearthly, like those of an Æolian harp. The slightest

note wanders heavenward, and seems to harmonize with the voices of unseen spirits, and to be drawn out into fairy echoes and vanishing re-echoes, each more faint, more beautiful than the other, as if floating away slowly like summer winds, beyond the dome, until lost in the infinite abyss of blue!



Marble Screen in the Taj.

But who—it may be asked by that trying order of readers called the lovers of knowledge—was this emperor, and who was his wife, so honoured? Now, one of the difficulties we have to encounter in writing about India is the absolute want of all interest in its history prior to the time when its rulers came into contact with "*our* people." The great contests of India,

which were fashioning its destiny, have less interest for us than the raids of a vulgar robber and lifter of cattle like Rob Roy, or a ticket-of-leave gentleman like Robin Hood. The succession of great emperors of the olden time in India is to most of us what the riders in a horse-race are to strangers, who see but different colours trying to make their horses pass each other.

The father of the builder of the Taj, Jehanghir, was the first ruler in India who received an ambassador from England—Sir Thomas Roe, in the reign of James I. Jehanghir married a famous beauty, Niher-ul-Nissa, the widow of Sher Afgan, who, four years previously, had been assassinated by this same Jehanghir. Her name was changed, first into Noor-Mahal, "the light of the harem," and afterwards to Noor-Jehan, "the light of the world." Jehanghir, it may be noticed as a characteristic of the polities ~~of the time, had invoked eight hundred of the~~ race of Timour, who were "in his way" to the throne.

Shahjehan succeeded him, having murdered his own brother in order to do so. He married Arzumund Banoo, the niece of "the light of the harem"—the daughter of her brother. She was a good wife, and brought to her husband several children, among whom was Aurungzebe, who was the last ruler of the united empire of the great Akbar, his great-grandfather. After burying his wife in the Taj, Shahjehan became a miserable debauchee. He has, however, been very quiet and sober during the two hundred years he has lain beside Arzumund Banoo beneath the marble dome.

The cost of the Taj, I may add, was upwards of three millions sterling! Thousands of workmen were engaged upon it for long years. So much for the price of a sentiment. Was it too much? And how shall we balance the account between sentiment and silver?

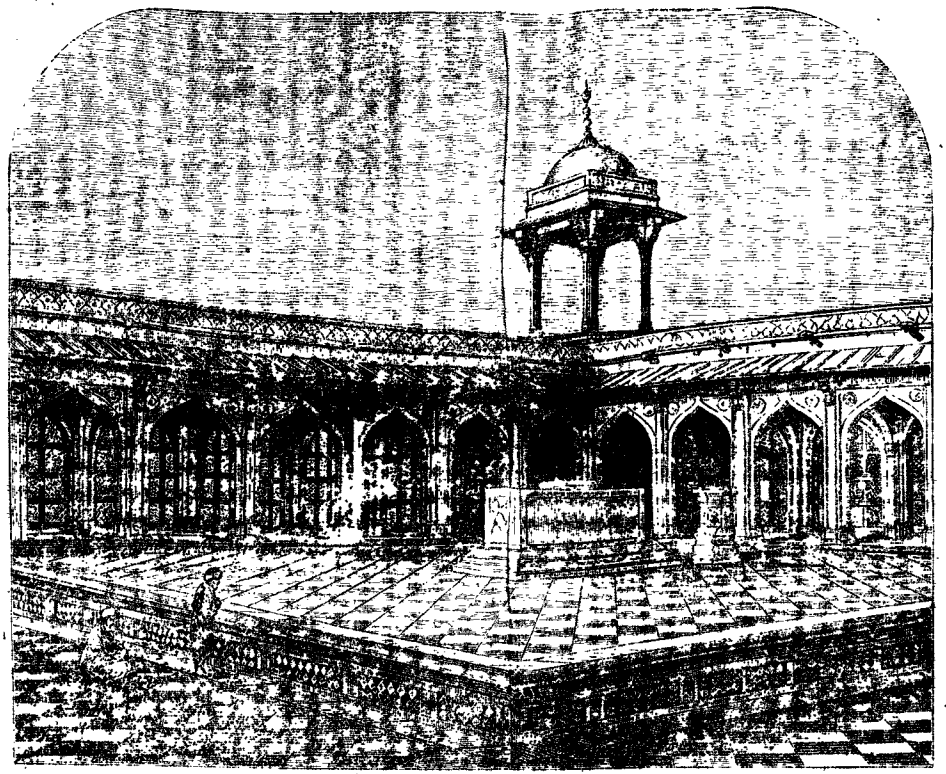
Every one in Agra, and very many beyond it, know Dr. Murray. He is wedded to the Taj. It is the object of his genuine affection. Well for the building that he has been good enough, and tasteful

enough, to make it his *spécialité;* for to him chiefly is owing the perfect repair in which it is kept. He was kind enough to have it illuminated for us at night with "Roman lights," which brought out with intense vividness its beautiful details.

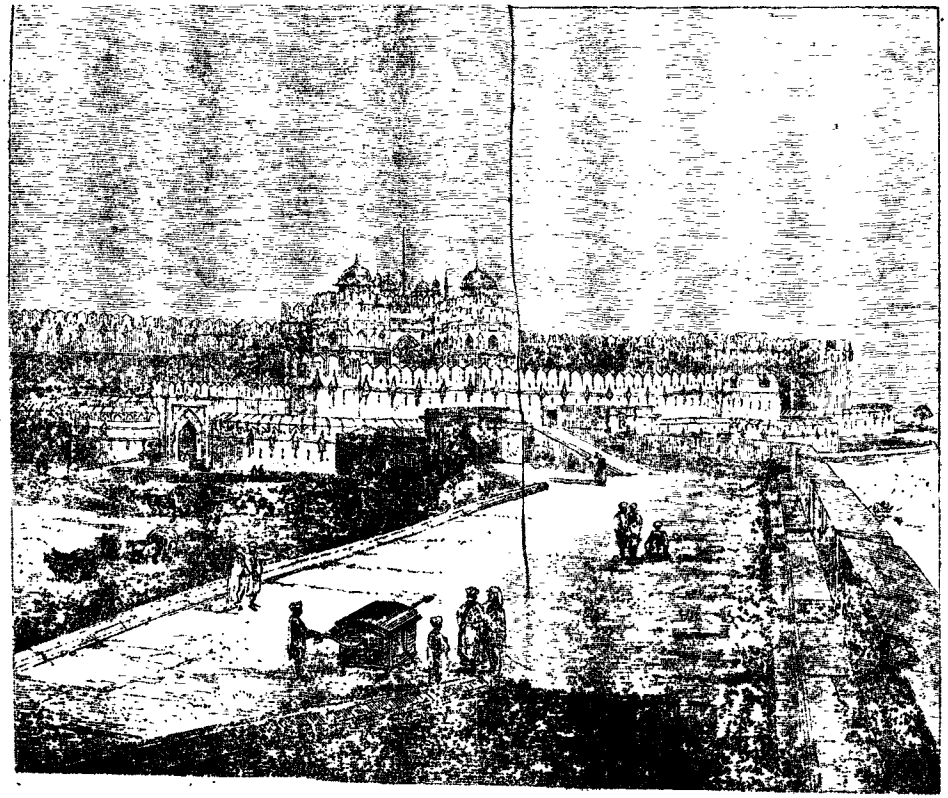
Another noble tomb, at Secundra, seven miles north of Agra, is that of Akbar Shah, who is justly described as one of the greatest monarchs who ever reigned. He died in 1598. "The memory of Akbar," writes Lord Hastings, when visiting his tomb, "does not belong to a particular race or country; it is the property of mankind." He was wise and just, with a real desire to promote the permanent good of his subjects, and his laws and arrangements left little room for improvement on the part of his English successors. One of the most remarkable features of his character was his toleration of every form of religious thought. He was himself a pure theist, and seems to have been repelled from Christianity as presented to him by Portuguese missionaries, who appear to have narrated to him all their own legends and fables, thus offending his religious feeling and common sense. He professed Islam, with little or nothing of Mohammed in it, but much of Akbar himself.

His tomb is of vast size, and is situated in a garden of upwards of forty acres. It has four large majestic portals—themselves quite palaces. It is difficult, and needless in presence of the illustration, to describe this tomb. It consists of four terraces, each narrowing above the other, except the two upper ones, which are nearly of equal extent. The court is of marble, and is open to the sky, with a marble cenotaph in the centre, and a marble arcade all round with arched windows, whose panes are of carved lace-like patterns, each pane having its own peculiar figure. The whole has a most beautiful and grand effect.

Royal palaces are in India, as in many other countries, within the fort of the capital. The Fort of Agra is one of imposing grandeur. It is built of red sandstone, and its walls are about



CENOTAPH OF AKBAR, AT SECUNDRA, NEAR AGRA.



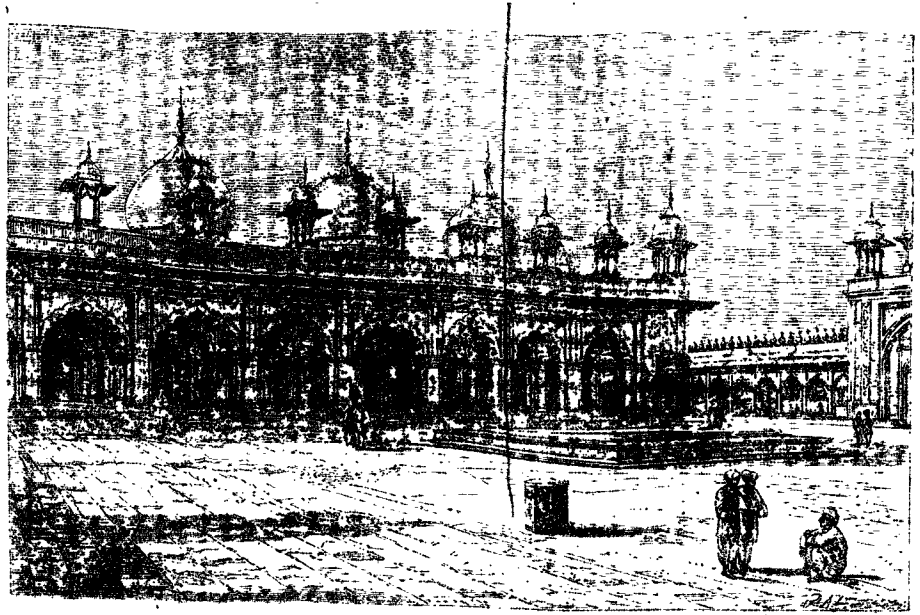
THE FORT AT AGRA—DELHI GATE.

eighty feet high. I know few more striking architectural pictures than its "Gate of Delhi." Within are all the different kinds of buildings necessary for the palace of a great Eastern Emperor. There is an audience hall, rooms for the numerous retainers, luxurious Zenanas, mosques for worship—not to speak of all the space and dwellings needed for the soldiery, for arms, small and great, and for stores of provisions for man and beast. So large is this Fort, that during the mutiny upwards of five thousand fugitives found refuge within a comparatively small portion of its interior. Here the great Akbar lived for many years. His hall of audience still exists, one hundred and eighty feet long, and sixty broad, supported by graceful arches. In it his throne of state rests empty on its dais, his power having passed into the hands of another Raj, represented daily by the British soldier as ~~he paces to and fro with his glittering bayonet.~~ The hall is now an armory; and in it are deposited what are supposed to have been the famous sandal-wood gates of the Hindoo temple of Somnauth, brought by General Nott from Guznee in Affghanistan, to which they had been carried as trophies by Mahmoud of Guznee a thousand years before. These gates had been lost to memory, and I have heard that with whatever rejoicings they were received by the Hindoos, they were the occasion of very opposite feelings on the part of the English soldiers and officers who had to conduct them south. Their authenticity is, however, denied by others on artistic grounds, and a purely Mohammedan origin attributed to them.

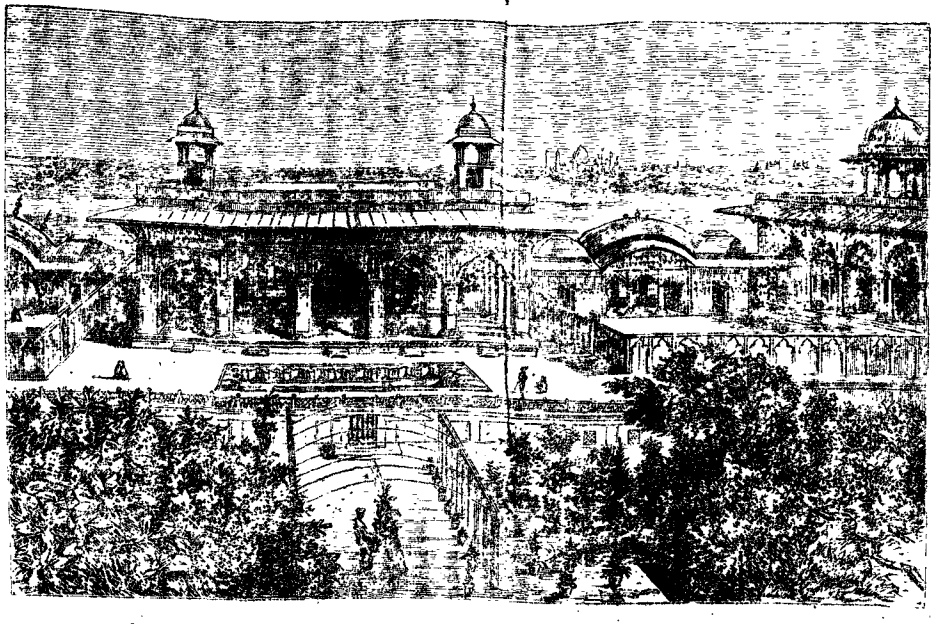
But the chief objects in the Fort are the buildings erected by Shahjehan, who built the Taj, and sleeps in it. These consist of the Pearl Mosque, and the apartments of the Zenana. The impression made by all these buildings is much the same as that made by the Taj. As to the Zenana buildings, picture to yourselves rooms or boudoirs, call them what you please, opening one into another, all of pure marble; here a balcony supported by

delicate pillars, with projecting roofs; there exquisite balustrades in delicate lace-like open patterns, having no ornament save gilding; —with views extending over the country, and embracing the Taj and the Jumna. Imagine, again, rivulets of water streaming from room to room along marble beds; gardens of flowers, and precious exotics—the creepers running over trellises, and shading from the heat the pathways across the marble floors, and mingling with the flying spray of fountains; and this on and on, from room to room, from balcony to balcony, from court to court; and then some faint idea may be formed of what the Zenana must have been in the days of its glory. There are two recesses impervious to heat, whose walls are formed of innumerable small mirrors, with lamps without number, by which tiny water-falls used to be illumined from behind, as they flowed into marble fonts, and thence issued in bubbling rivulets or sprung into fluttering jets of spray of delicious coolness. No palaces can be imagined more full of the joyousness and poetry of mellowed light and crystal water, and of that beauty of colour and form which harmonizes naturally with the blue sky and the illumined air, the green foliage and the birds of brilliant hue. The mosques are ideal places of worship, so grand and spacious, so simple, silent, and reverential, so open to the light of day and the naked heavens, as if God were welcome at any time to enter; and so unlike the dark Hindoo temples, nay, so unlike the dark and mysterious Gothic temples of Europe. And then the tombs are also calculated to impress one with the idea of respect for the dead—as if their occupants were yet alive, and therefore worthy of being recognised in such a way as to express not only what they were, but are. As far as I know Mohammedanism, all this seems quite out of harmony with its ideas and beliefs; but I presume it cannot be altogether so.

The Mootee Musjid, or Pearl Mosque, is one of the most perfect gems of art in India, and so, too, is the Zenana Musjid beside it. Its arches open into the marble court and garden, which



QUADRANGLE OF PEARL MOSQUE, AGRA.



THE ZENANA MOSQUE—TAJ IN THE DISTANCE—AGRA.

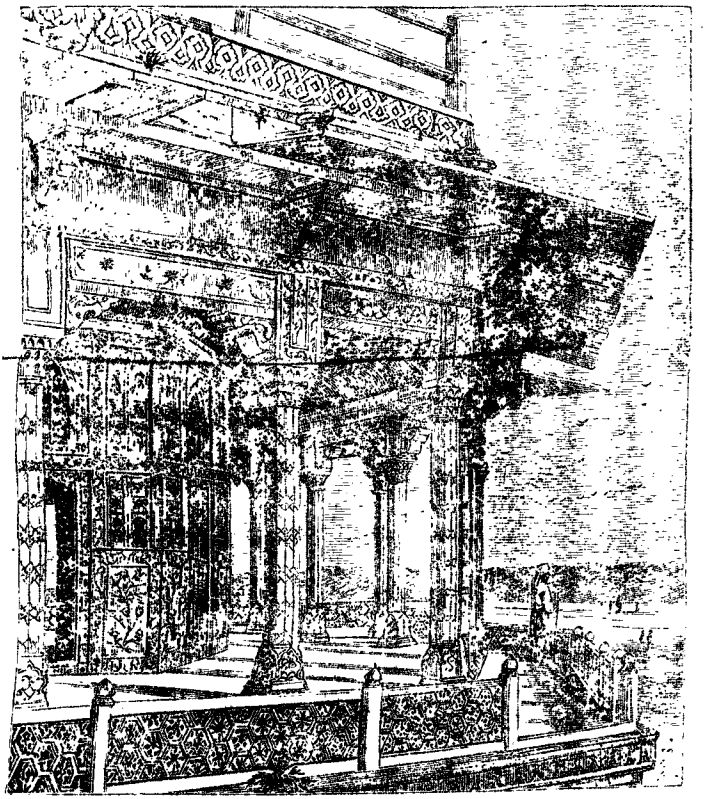
are bounded on the opposite side by the Palace of the Zenana, already described. The original designer of these splendid Mohammedan palaces, mosques, and tombs, which are the glory of Agra and its environs, as well as of Futtehpore Sikri, and Delhi, old and new, is said to have been one Austin de Bourdeaux. This, however, is uncertain, although there were, no doubt, many European adventurers, chiefly from Genoa and Venice, in the service of "the Great Mogul."

But there is a black side to all this white marble;—dark scenes in the shades below, balancing the brilliant scenes in the heights above. Far down beneath this marble paradise for female beauty, female *ennui*, and female misery, are various lower stories and caverned vaults. These realise in their construction, and in their revelations also, all the wild indefinite horror which fired our young imaginations in reading such stories as that of Bluebeard. Deep down are seen mysterious stairs descending into empty cells and dark caverns, and from these again descending into others still deeper down, and through tortuous passages, ending apparently in nothing, yet with more than a suspicion of a something beyond, although a built-up wall interposes. We examined these mysterious and dim retreats, and we saw enough to convince us that pleasure and pain, "lust and hate," were near neighbours in Agra as in other places. Sad evidences were apparent of beings who, from jealousy or other causes, had been conveyed to these chambers of horror, and there executed in the eye of God alone. In the time of Lord (then Sir Thomas) Metcalfe, some engineer officers found their way blocked up by a wall where no wall should be. They pierced through it for about eleven feet, and then emerging upon the other side, found the skeletons of a young man, and of an old and young woman. A well was there, but no means of drawing water from it. A beautiful view could be seen from the spot, but no way of escape! I saw the place. Others who have had time more carefully to explore these underground

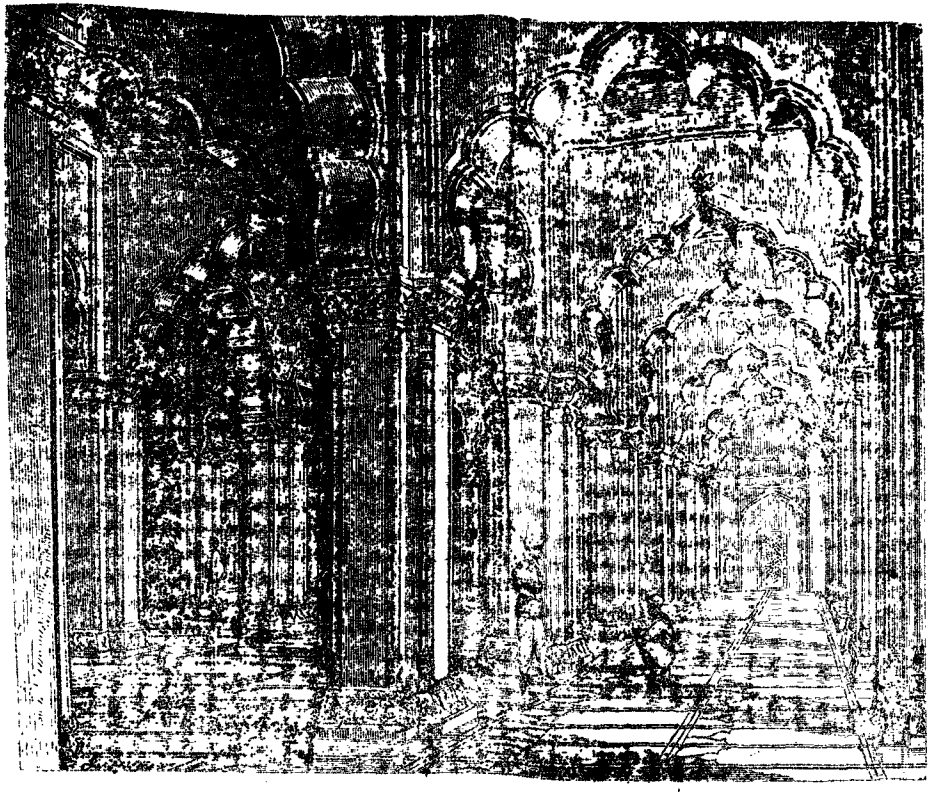
mysteries describe a well, or pit, with ropes hung from bearers across its mouth, on which skeleton bodies of females were found. Of these and other details I cannot speak from personal knowledge, but I saw and heard quite enough to convince me that Oriental splendour might exist with horrible misery. There was enough here to illustrate the selfishness of human nature in its vilest forms, and its desires of self-gratification and cruelty. Who would compare the social blessings, the intellectual possessions, the calm security for life and property, the justice and fair dealing, the spiritual and purifying influences, of the family of an educated Christian gentleman, husband and father, living in any of our smoky, gloomy, unartistic, commercial towns, with all that any Great Mogul ever did or could possess, amidst the splendours of Agra, Delhi, or any other place? The emperor was miserable, not less so that his misery was but partially realised by him; while a Christian labourer of a free and civilised state possesses a blessedness and peace such as never dawned on the mind of an Indian king.

A strange contrast was presented during the mutiny, between the ordinary silence of those marble halls of the Zenana and Pearl Mosques, and the unwonted din of the tribes and trades, high and low, European and Oriental, which crowded into them for defence; and still more so when wounded soldiers lay on those pavements, bleeding, groaning, dying, tended by ladies, who then were, and at all such times are, the very angels of mercy and hope. In that Fort lie the remains of Mr. Colvin, the Lieutenant-Governor, who gave way beneath the overwhelming weight of responsibility. But I cannot allow myself to record here other illustrations of that awful period.

I was conducted over the Fort by Dr. Playfair, brother of my old acquaintance, Dr. Lyon Playfair. He has devoted himself, with the enthusiasm which is in his blood, to the protection and generous explanation of the architectural glories of the Fort. I



BALCONY OF ZENANA AT AGRA.



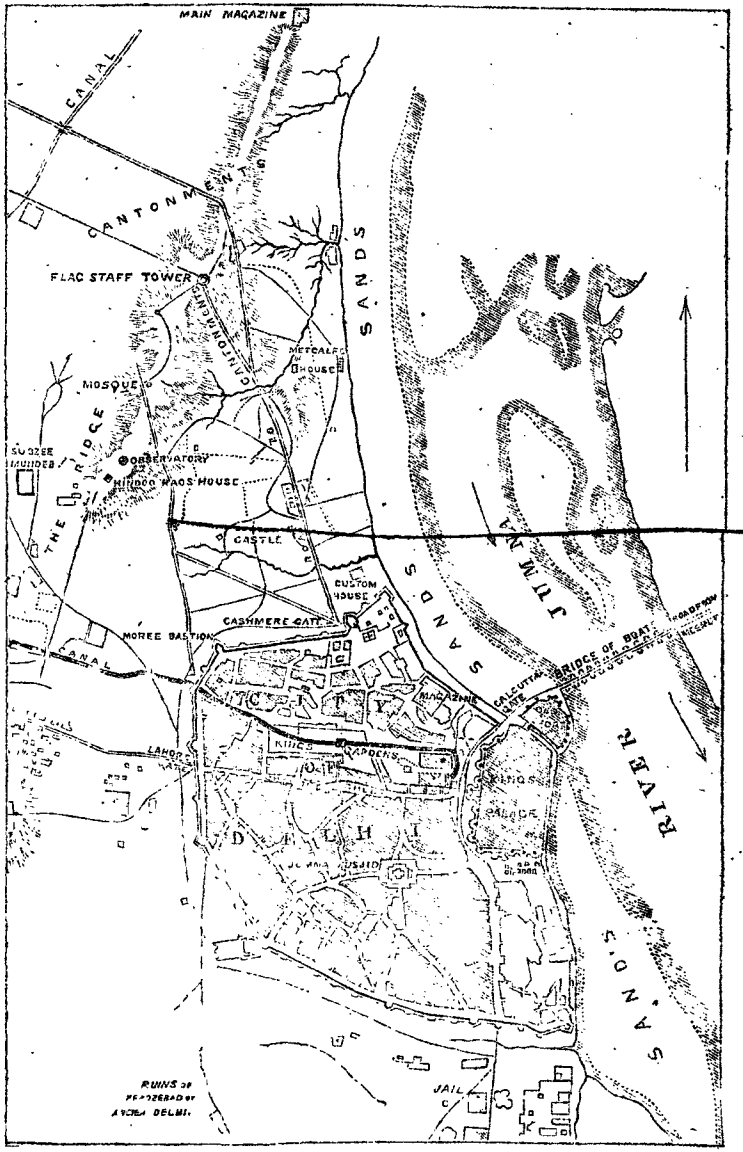
INTERIOR OF MOSQUE, PALACE OF AGRA.

dare not allege that I heard it from him, nor can I condescend at this moment on particulars, yet the *impression* remains on my mind that notwithstanding the so-called repairs of the Fort, and the means adopted for the prevention of thefts, yet there has nevertheless been an uncalled-for destruction of bits of architecture which should have been preserved, if necessary, under a glass case secured by lock and key.* I cannot divest myself of the conviction, which must, I am sure, have originated from fact, that some of these local authorities do not yet fully realise the sacredness of the trust committed to them. Everything which records *mind* in the past, whether in power, taste, or opinion, should be preserved as records of *man*, be he great or small, wise or foolish. I saw in one of the inner courts a beautiful canopied marble seat which the emperor used to occupy when enjoying the combats of wild beasts below. It was supported by four exquisitely-carved pillars, two of which remain. The other two becoming loose and tottering, instead of being repaired, were destroyed! But if there is any one who will do justice to the Moslem in everything, it is the learned biographer of Mohammed, Sir William Muir, the present distinguished Governor of the North-west Provinces.

There are many other monuments of architectural beauty near Agra on which I need not dwell. But any traveller who finds it possible to visit Futtehpore Sikri should do so by all means. It is unnecessary here to give its history. Enough to say, that it is

* A traveller has accused the Marquis of Hastings of having committed sacrilege among some of the magnificent marble baths by having had them removed—though they were subsequently sunk in the Ganges—to present them to George IV. But a very different and perfectly satisfactory report is given by himself in his Private Journal (vol. ii. pp. 19, 20) of this transaction. His object was to preserve them from what appeared to him to be imminent destruction, by bringing them to Calcutta, "where they might somehow be employed as ornaments for the city." Lord William Bentinck has been accused, and I fear on far better evidence, of having taken down some of the gilt copper roofs from the Zenana Palace; but finding it did not pay, the vandalism was stopped.

within a day's drive of Agra, and was built by Akbar; that its buildings remain as perfect as when erected—its tombs being like poems in marble, its palaces of rarest beauty, and its remains more exquisite than those existing in any other part of the earth. To my great regret, I could not command the time to visit it, and therefore cannot describe it, although illustrations of its glory are before me. The period is not, however, far distant when British tourists will be familiar with it. The Suez Canal and Indian railways are working out a greater revolution as regards the travel of the intelligent idle, as well as the commerce of the intelligent busy, than we can anticipate.



PLAN OF DELHI.

XXII.

DELHI.

IT was past midnight when the carriage of the Commissioner at Delhi, Mr. M'Neile, conveyed us to his residence at "Ludlow Castle." Mr. M'Neile is the son of one widely known and respected as—I must use the old familiar name—"Hugh M'Neile of Liverpool." * And here I may take leave to express the hope ~~that the number of English now visiting India~~, and the certainty that the Suez Canal must indefinitely increase the number, will induce enterprising persons to open *comfortable* hotels in all the great cities. The more one feels the generous hospitality shown, as in our case, by fellow-countrymen, the more one realises the pain and awkwardness of being entertained "like a prince" by gentlemen on whom one has no claim whatever. Meals at all hours; carriages at all hours; ladies, old and young, wearying themselves to add to one's comfort; dinner-parties to meet you, &c., &c.—"It is really too bad!" as the phrase is. Yet at present this cannot be helped. I was in two hotels only in India, one at Beypore and the other at Lucknow; and wretched enough caravanserais I found them. We were therefore very thankful, in spite of the feeling that we were intruders, to find ourselves in such pleasant quarters as those of Mr. M'Neile.

This late capital of "the Great Mogul," once so famous and romantic in all its associations, has since the mutiny sunk down

* Mr. M'Neile has, alas! died since this was first published.

into the position of a mere provincial city. Its architectural remains are the only things of present interest. But these will become more and more interesting to European travellers.'

Old Delhi—called by the natives Shahjehanabad—was built by Shahjehan in 1631. There were former cities of the same name, which were permitted to die out or were destroyed with the dynasty which erected them. Their gigantic remains lie scattered far and wide for miles and miles over the plain.

The present comparatively modern Delhi is about seven miles in circumference, and contains about a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants.

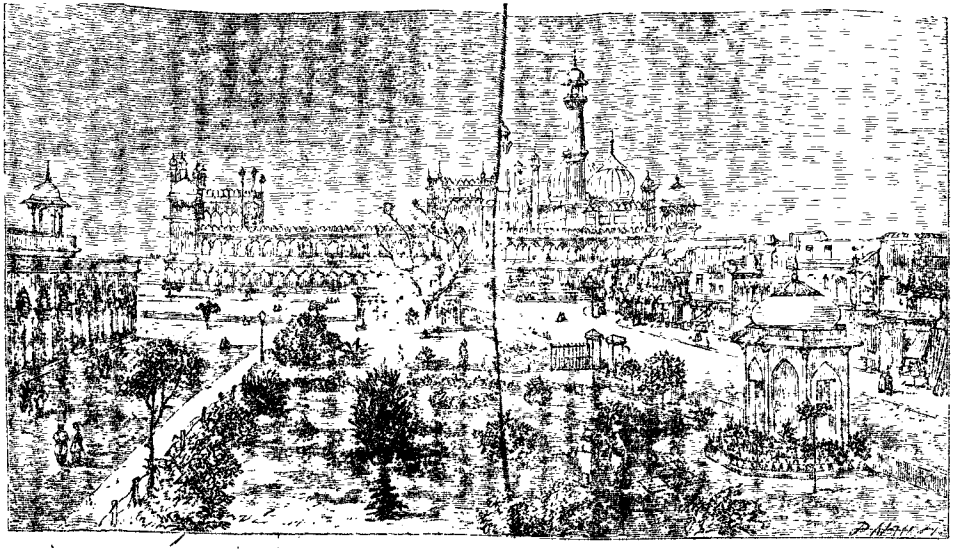
As a city it has marked features of its own. Unlike the other cities I had visited, it is walled, and that, too (as the British found in '57), in a most substantial manner—thanks to our own engineers. Although there are many streets as tortuous and narrow as are found in other towns, I did not see anywhere that squalor and tumble-down confusion which arrest the eye in the native quarters of Bombay or Calcutta; while one chief thoroughfare, the Chandnee Chouk, leading direct from the Lahore Gate to the Palace, is really a fine street, being ninety feet wide, about a mile long, with a row of trees and a canal along its centre (now covered, except in a few places), and with comfortable-looking verandah-houses and good shops on either side.

The Hindoo element is quite wanting in Delhi. Stately-looking forms from the northern plains and mountains, Afghans and Sikhs, continually arrest the eye on the streets; while the general aspect of the city is wholly suggestive of Mohammedan influence, and recalls Turkey more than Hindostan.

The two famous buildings—the Palace and the Great Mosque—are associated with Delhi, just as the Taj and Fort are associated with Agra. These buildings are both, unquestionably, worthy of the capital of the once great Mohammedan empire of the East.

Our illustration of the mosque—or Jumna Musjid, as it is called

DELHI—THE CHÀNDNEE CHOUK.



DELHI—THE JUMNA MUSJID, FROM THE NORTH.

—gives a better idea of its general appearance than any description could do. It wants the unity of design and the simplicity and beauty of the Taj, but as a temple of worship it is far more imposing. The ground on which it is reared was originally a rocky eminence, which has been scarped and levelled on the summit, thus forming a grand natural platform for the building, and affording space for an open square of fourteen hundred yards. This square has three great entrances, the most magnificent being towards Mecca. These entrances are approached by noble flights of stairs. On stepping upon the grand square, the sight is most imposing. We tread upon slabs on which tens of thousands of worshippers can kneel. On three sides are lofty arched colonnades, with seated pavilions at intervals. In the centre is a marble fountain for ceremonial ablutions. The mosque itself occupies the other end of the square, and is in length about two hundred and sixty-one feet. It possesses in a wonderful degree richness and beauty of colour, combined with strength and grace, and simplicity and variety of form. Its general colour is a deep red, from a hard red sandstone, but this is relieved by pure white marble, as in the three domes on the summit; while the minarets, one hundred and thirty feet in height, are variegated by black marble, mingling in their shafts with the red stone, and relieved by three projecting galleries of the same pure white marble as the domes. If to all this be added the marble steps leading to the mosque, the marble roofs and walls seen within in subdued light, the cornice extending along the whole building, and divided into compartments two and a half feet broad, in which verses from the Koran are inscribed in black marble, the whole culminating in the gilt pinnacles which top the domes and gleam in the blue sky—then may the reader conceive the effect of all this—how fresh, bright, and beautiful the Jumna Musjid is in a climate so hot, in an atmosphere so transparent, and under a sky so blue and cloudless! On my entering the building, which through its giant arches seems almost an open

recess from the square without, it seemed to me to be the very ideal of a place of social worship. There are no images, no pictures, nothing to catch the eye or distract the attention; only the pure and unadorned marble, harmonizing with the summer sun and sky. Here thousands may meet, and do meet, for worship, without any distinction of rank, in any dress, at any hour, and on any day; for seat rents, and aristocratic pews for the rich only, are unknown. The Moulvee, when he has anything to say, ascends the simple pulpit, and addresses the assembled mass—his voice being audible at a great distance. The Jumna Musjid of Delhi is, in my opinion, incomparably better as a place of worship than the dark, sepulchred, bedizened, chapeled, altared, pictured, and tawdry image-crowded churches of Rome and Romanism.

We ascended one of the minarets, and had a splendid bird's-eye view of the city and its neighbourhood. Immediately below is the great square; on one side, without, is an open space; and beyond that again, about a quarter of a mile off, rise the huge red walls enclosing the King's Palace. A number of streets radiate from this central spot into the crowded city; while all is compactly bound by the walls and bastions along which the waters of the Jumna flow, on the eastern side, from north to south. Everywhere the city is relieved by green trees and the minarets of many mosques, and has a bright and cheerful look. But without the walls one catches a most impressive glimpse of that vast plain of desolation, where the cities of the past lie in ruins, and their once teeming populations are buried, bounded only by the horizon.

There is one feature in this landscape without the walls for which I at once searched, and which, when discovered, interested me more than any other. That is the long, low, rocky ridge, which rises a mile beyond the walls to the north. Questions about it were unnecessary. There is nothing else, so to speak, in the whole surrounding plain. Something seized my throat as I

caught the first glimpse of this Thermopylæ where, in '57, our heroes fought, suffered, and died. But we shall have something to say of this ridge afterwards. In the meantime let us leave the mosque, and have a peep at the once crowded home of its royal and devoted adherents.

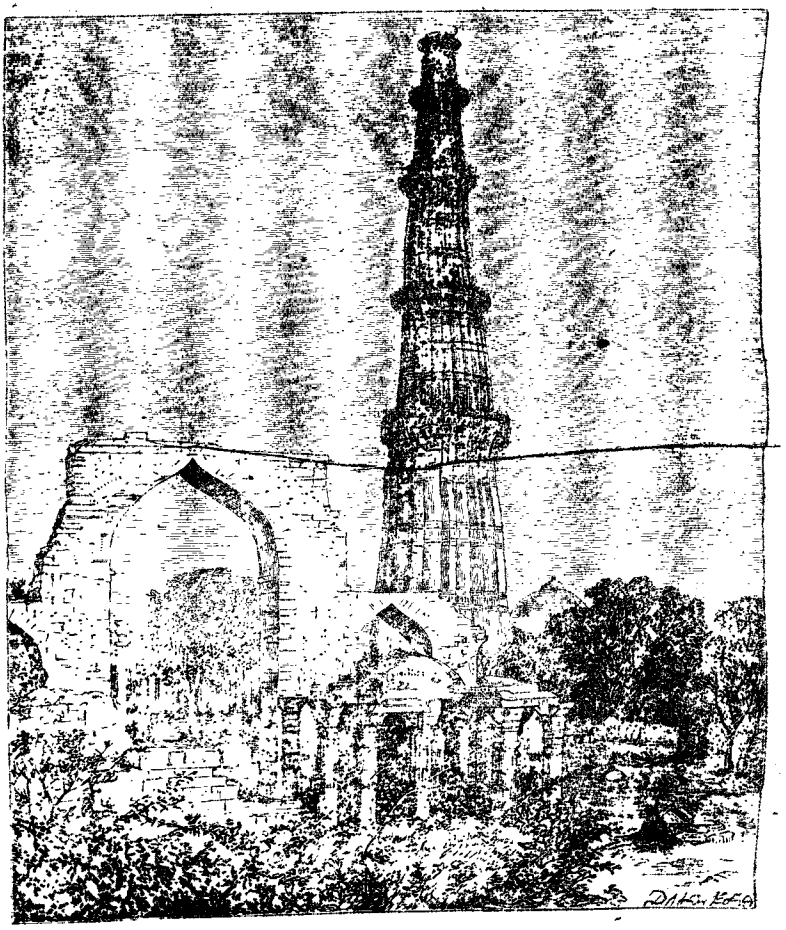
The Palace is a great space, enclosed by red embattled walls forty to fifty feet high. The residence of a Moslem ruler must necessarily be fortified, to afford means of defence against any sudden *émeute* among his subjects. It must also be large enough to accommodate not only troops, but the numerous wives, the members of the royal family, and the innumerable officers and dependants who are connected with an Oriental court. The Palace of Delhi is three thousand feet long and eighteen hundred broad. It can afford space in its great open court for ten thousand horsemen. As to its teeming inhabitants, there were in it, when the mutiny broke out, five thousand persons, including three thousand of the blood royal!

The entrance gate is a magnificent pile of building. A second gate admits into the great interior court, beyond which is the Royal Palace proper, consisting of the Great Hall of Audience, or the *Diwan-i-Kass*, which is two hundred and eight feet long and seventy-six broad. It is all of white marble, the roof being supported by colonnades of marble pillars. In this hall the English were first presented, two centuries and a half ago, and stood as sweet innocents before the Great Mogul—like Joseph's brethren before Pharaoh. Here the famous peacock throne once stood. It has long since disappeared, and its untold jewels have been scattered over the world since the raid and massacre of Delhi, perpetrated by Nadir Shah, in 1739. Now the palace bears no trace of its former glory beyond these marble halls. The famous inscription remains, "If there be a paradise on earth it is here;" but the only signs of paradise are the unsurpassed beauty and purity of the hall itself, and the absence from it of those who made it a hell.

Most beautiful is the Private Hall of Audience, all marble, with inlaid precious stones of every hue grouped by cunning artists; most beautiful the court of the Harem, all marble also, with exquisite balconies, looking down into once beautiful gardens on the banks of the Jumna; most beautiful, too, are those marble halls where once were baths, the perfection of luxury; and not less beautiful that small marble mosque beside them. But, alas! the human beings who have here lived, where are they? Various travellers and writers—from the days when the Great Mogul was the admiration and envy of every nursery in which the fascinating "Arabian Nights" had charmed our Northern ancestors, down to the time of the saintly Bishop Heber—have described this palace in its splendour and decay. Never did the imagination of a Carlyle even realise or picture the vision-like character of human existence which these halls suggest. We see successive crowds coming out of the inane—thundering, laughing, moving, wondering, flashing with lightning glory over the earth; visible in beautiful women or in armed men, in the pomp and circumstance of war, in the glittering splendour of all that material earth can bestow in precious metals and more precious jewels;—we see the embodiment of irresponsible power, of unchecked self-will, mad passion, the devil, the world, and the flesh, on the peacock throne or amidst its surroundings. And now, not a sound! Empty halls, vacant courts, deserted gardens; and the whole of these emperors and shahs, and harems, and khans, and begums, with their plots, conspiracies, ambitions, and crimes, overtaken by *this* emptiness and awful silence! It is a terrible nightmare in history! The contrast between the present and the past, as one wanders through this palace, is oppressive!

There were many other palaces in Delhi, belonging to the native aristocracy; but these have long since been converted into public offices or residences for British officers.

Like all travellers, we, as a matter of course, visited the

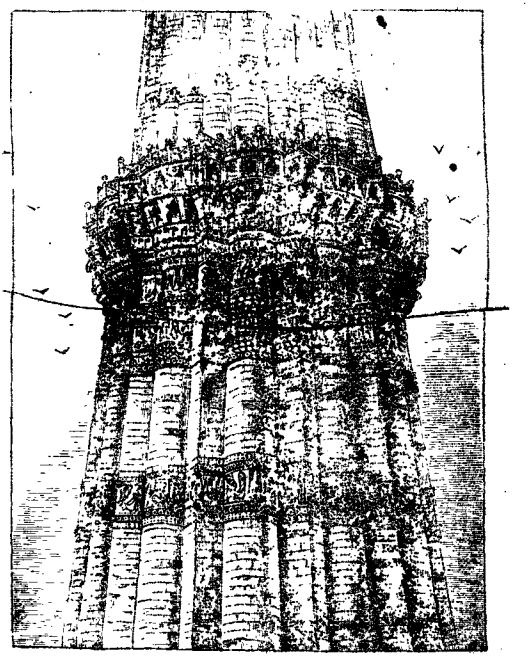


DELHI—THE KOOTAB-MINAR, WITH THE GREAT ARCH, FROM THE WEST.

Kootab. We had for our cicerone the intelligent and respected Baptist missionary, Mr. Smith, who has long laboured both in Oude and Delhi, and is well acquainted with the manners and feelings of the natives. Speaking of native servants, he remarked, that when kindly and justly treated, he believed them to be as honest and attached as those in other countries; and such he himself had ever found them; but he complained of the treatment they often receive, especially from the younger military men, who should know better, and from an inferior order of employés. Such masters fostered the dishonesty and disobedience of which they now complain, and for which they punish their servants so unjustly and cruelly.

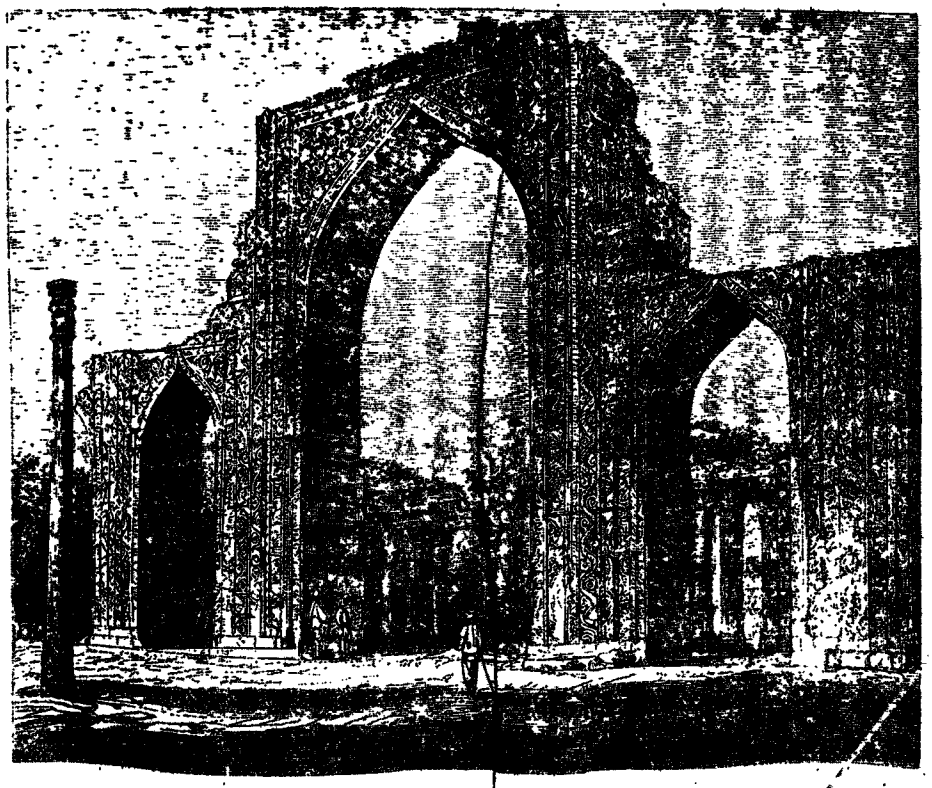
The drive to the Kootab is about nine or ten miles. What this Kootab is like, our illustrations will inform the reader as no mere words could do. One of these is of the whole of this majestic pile, giving a general idea of its appearance; the other is of a portion of its first and second stories, showing the peculiarity of its structure. This tower is about one hundred and forty-three feet in circumference at its base, and is two hundred and fifty feet in height. It is built of a hard red sandstone. Four projecting galleries, at the respective altitudes of ninety, one hundred and forty, one hundred and eighty, and two hundred and three feet, divide it into five portions, each differently built from the other. The lower portion, as will be seen from our illustration, has round and angular flutings, the second round only, while the third has only angular, and the others are smooth. A stair with three hundred and eighty steps winds within, and leads to the summit, from which a splendid view is obtained. There are also inscriptions, a foot in breadth, around the tower, containing verses from the Koran, with the names of illustrious Moslems, and the records of its builder—Kutteb-ud-din. He was originally a slave, and rose to be a general in the Turkish army. He succeeded his master, Mohammed Ghori—so called from a

district of that name near Khorassan—who conquered Northern India, and became the first of the Ghori, or Pathan dynasty (1194) which was followed by that of the Moguls under Baber (1525). The Pathan capital was first here, at old Delhi, and the Kootab was a great column of victory. Around [illegible] of interesting ruins of a great mosque, [illegible] by his son-in-law,



Part of first and second story of the Kootab-Minar.

Altumsh; the remains of a forest of beautifully-carved pillars of Hindoo or Jain architecture, which once belonged to the palace of the conquered Hindoo Raja, being made to serve as parts of the mosque. The most remarkable of these ruins is unquestionably the series of three larger arches and three smaller ones connected with the same old building. Some idea may be formed of the



THE GREAT ARCH AT DELHI.

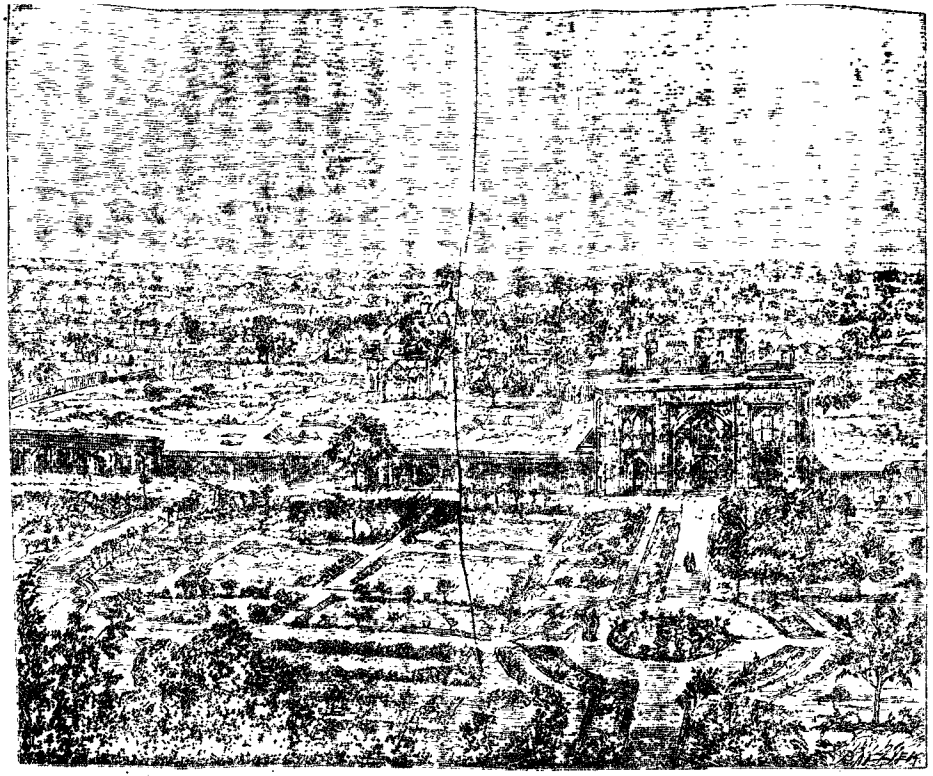
grandest—the central arch—from the illustration. It is twenty-two feet wide, fifty-two feet high, and covered with beautiful carving, sharp as when it came from the tool. There are near the mosque two very beautiful tombs—the one of Altumsh, and the other a century later. The former is the oldest Mohammedan monument in India. Close beneath the Kootab is a remarkable pillar, consisting of a single cast of wrought iron, weighing about seventeen tons, and being fifty feet in height (twenty-two above-ground), and five feet in circumference; the whole being without any sign of rust! This fact may interest our iron manufacturers, and puzzle them as to how such a feat was accomplished in the sixth century, about which time this pillar is supposed to have ~~been~~ erected. It has several very old inscriptions on it. But as I do not attempt to turn my brief peeps into a travellers' guide, I need not go beyond the illustrations in describing what I saw ~~in old Delhi.~~

I could not have imagined any ruins of cities more impressive than those which cover the plains between the Kootab and Delhi. What were at one time streets, or the houses of the once busy population, are now heaps of rubbish. The tombs erected to perpetuate the names of the great men of the day alone remain. But how wonderful they are!—wonderful for their size, being generally larger than our modern churches, but more wonderful still for the elegance of their architecture, the beautiful devices of their ornaments, and the brilliancy of their colours (from the combination of red stone, white marble, and encaustic tiles), all mellowed by time, and made more picturesque and sad by slow and sure decay. No one takes care of them. No endeavours are made to preserve them. They are left alone in their glory. Their number, their size, their uselessness for any practical object, doom them to decay, and so they are left to time and the elements. How I wished to have had the power of the angel who carried the house of Nazareth in a single night to Loretto, that

I might transport some of these gems to Scotland, and turn them into churches worth looking at!—leaving behind, however, as in duty bound, the remains of their old inhabitants in their stone boxes, and in the orthodox position with relation to Mecca.

The view from the roof of Humayoon's tomb on the road to Delhi gives some impression of this wilderness of ruins—so bare, stony, silent, hot!—but yet of only a small portion of it, for it stretches across a space of upwards of twenty miles in its greatest breadth.

We visited, on our way to Delhi,—where, I really cannot now tell,—some tombs, which have left a deep impression on my memory. Amidst mounds of rubbish, along straggling paths, I recall, as in a dream, walls within walls, small courts divided by lace-like lattice-work, marble doors and screens, and tombs beside tombs, like some of the chapels and more splendid mausoleums in our old cathedrals—with living attendants, who read the Koran, keep lamps lighted, take *backsheesh*, and give an air of life and comfort to those abodes of the illustrious dead, which contrasted most favourably with the silent, deserted, and decaying tombs everywhere else around. In the group we visited there was, as far as I remember, the tomb of a great Mohammedan saint, Nizam-ud-din, of the fourteenth century; and the beautiful tomb of a famous poet, Chusero, the only monument I ever heard of in India dedicated to genius; and there was also within the same court the tomb of a princess, the daughter of the marble-building Shahjehan, who was buried there in 1682. She is described as having been young and beautiful, and the nurse of her father during the many years of his captivity, until he died. Her name is associated with all that is pure and noble. She desired, on her death-bed, that no canopy should cover her grave, as "grass was the best covering for the tomb of the poor in spirit." And so she sleeps with the bare earth over her, and



RUINS OF OLD DELHI, FROM THE TOP OF HUMAYOON'S TOMB.

marble splendours around her. I gazed with loving interest on her tomb. To me there is nothing more strengthening and refreshing than records of those who were good beyond their knowledge, and who walked in the light, however dim, of true love, yet knowing nothing of Him—the Light of life—from whom it came. I think that princess was more than a Mohammedan saint, if what is reported of her be true; and it says something for the character of the Mohammedans to have appreciated such simple goodness, and to have so long believed what has been said of her as a devoted daughter and pure-minded woman.

There is another tomb close by, erected to the memory of a different character, though belonging to the same noble dynasty. It is a very beautiful one, and must have cost a large sum of money. Its date is 1832. It endeavours to preserve the memory of Prince Mirza Jehangori, who died from the results of daily efforts to drink larger quantities of cherry brandy.

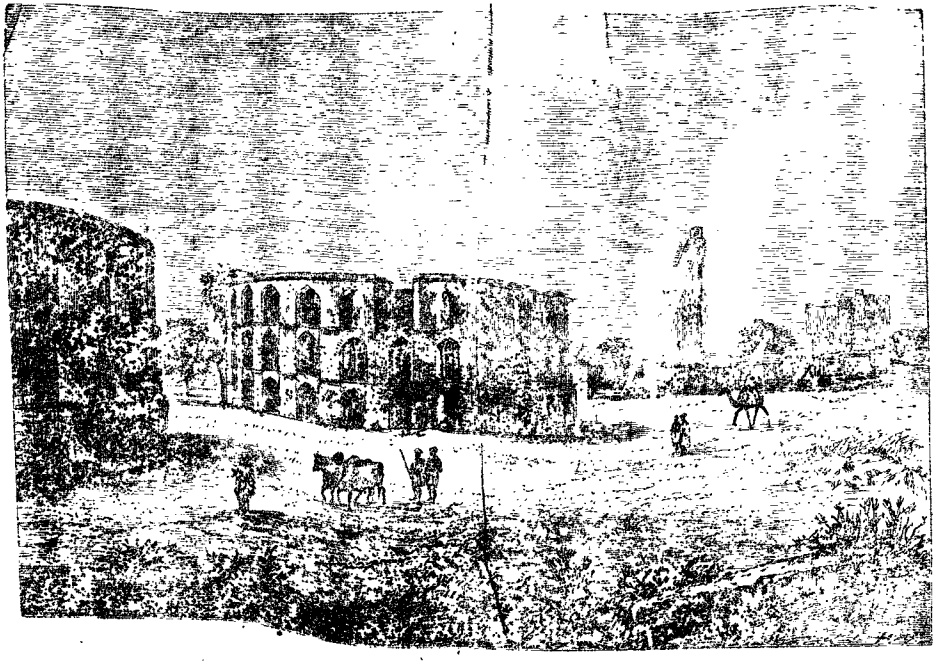
In passing we entered Humayoon's tomb. It is a large red building with an immense dome of white marble, and four minarets of red stone and white marble. A great gateway leads to it through extensive gardens. Humayoon was the father of the great Akbar. Within are the cenotaphs of many of the royal scions of the Mogul dynasty, and other "superior persons." A stair leads to a terrace round the dome, and from thence the view in our illustration is taken. What gives considerable interest to this building and its surroundings is, that here Hodson secured the old king and the princes after Delhi was taken—of which more by-and-by.

The next object which attracted our attention was the Old Observatory, of which an illustration is given. It was erected in 1728 by Rajah Jeh Sing, of Jeypore, who deserves to be remembered as a man of true science, and as one who laboured most earnestly and successfully in applying it practically. Five other observatories, that of Benares being one of them, were

also built by him. It is unnecessary to describe all the buildings. There are two equatorial dials: the size of one is, in round numbers—base, one hundred and four feet; perpendicular, fifty-six; and the hypothenuse, one hundred and eighteen.

We passed the grand old Pathan Fort, above a mile from Delhi, and beneath the archway which represents the gate of old Delhi, the capital of Feroze Shah, destroyed by Timoor. In this case, as in that of most towns in India, and the palaces, forts, tombs, and even tanks, not the British, but the natives themselves, were the destroyers. Delhi itself, even in the eighteenth century, was sacked by Persian, by Mahratta, and by Afghan. To intestine wars, and especially to the remorseless raids of the Mahratta powers, and to the whims and tyranny of local rulers, we are to attribute the marks of ruin everywhere visible, and the destruction of works of utility as well as beauty. Whatever decay can be charged to English neglect or parsimony has been a millionfold made up for by our just administration and protection of property, not to speak of our magnificent works in irrigation and public roads, crowned by four thousand miles of railways and of telegraphic wires connecting India with the civilised world.

There are very many objects in Delhi well worth seeing and describing, but not having had the good fortune to see them, I cannot have the pleasure of describing them without drawing on the experiences of more leisurely tourists. Indeed, my brief notices of what I saw are merely explanatory of my illustrations. The reader may be enabled, however, by both these means to form some idea of a few of the wonders of Delhi and its neighbourhood. Those who have long resided in the country must not be offended by the attempt of a hasty tourist to describe it; nor deem me presumptuous in speaking about those glorious sights, any more than if I attempted to describe the moon and the stars as seen in an Indian sky, merely because I had gazed upon them for



THE OLD OBSERVATORY.

a few nights only, whereas "the old Indian" may have been smoking cheroots beneath them "why, sir, for thirty years! and therefore *I* ought to know something about them—but you!——"

But, after all, it is the memories and scenes of the mutiny which impress one most in Delhi. Let me endeavour, then, to aid in carrying down the story of that famous time when our army recovered India, and at once revolutionised and saved it.*

Delhi was the home of a great family whose riches were gone, whose splendour had vanished, and for whose energies and ambition there was no scope. The palace was occupied by a small army of aristocratic Orientals, full of pride, but destitute of money, and subjected to every possible temptation. The idea of a mutiny was therefore a very natural one to be suggested in such a place, and, once suggested, there was much to induce the hope of its being successful. The king was an old toothless debauchee of nearly

* Those who wish to read the details of this stirring time in North India will find them admirably given in the two volumes, "The Punjaub and Delhi in 1857," written by the Rev. Cave Brown. Such volumes as these, and Mr. Trevelyan's "Cawnpore," above all, Mr. Kaye's "Sepoy War," now publishing, with others of a similar trustworthy character, should be brought out in a form suited for school libraries, so that our children and our children's children may be instructed in what their countrymen did in "the brave days of old." Surely these are as worthy of being known as the deeds of Greek or Roman fame with which boys are crammed, and which are soon forgotten, because wanting in personal interest to them as boys and Britons. Such narratives, too, might be made truly "religious," and thus cultivate a love of country, and an admiration for deeds of heroism, endurance, and self-sacrifice. Our wrong-doing should also be confessed, that the young might learn to hate all injustice and cruelty. We can now, as we never could in former times, reproduce grand pictures of the noblest Christian faith exhibited in many a campaign in India, not by gentle women only, but by *gentle-men* and great soldiers. Our wars and our victories are as fit subjects for religious thought and praise as were the battles of the Jews commemorated in many of the Psalms. How much more "religious" and inspiring might such volumes be made for our youth than scores which pass for this merely because they are full of religious words and phrases, and exhibit only the simpler forms of life—the strength of principle tested and revealed generally, if not always, by sickness or disease, or by a peaceful death-bed surrounded by pious and loving friends. Our young lads should be made to see how, in the camp or on the deck, in time of war and battle, men may adorn their faith in Christ.

eighty, and had nothing to lose. The numerous princes were almost beggars, and their future was hopeless. The nobles were much in the same condition. Twenty millions of Mohammedans could be relied on as fanatical haters of Britain, and as having a traditional attachment to their king, as the representative of their race, their rule, and their faith. The whole Bengal army, splendidly drilled, with infantry, cavalry, and artillery, was with them almost to a man. If the handful of European troops, and of European civilians, by a bold *coup d'état*, could be cut off at once, would England cross oceans and march over plains, with no captives to relieve, and attempt to reconquer India? It was a stake worth risking much for. Policy and hate, religion and race, all combined to favour the attempt. *The result showed how nearly it succeeded!*

On the 16th of May a telegram was flashed from Delhi. It shook the nerves of the bravest in every cantonment, north and south, to which it was in a moment repeated:—"*The Sepoys have come in from Meerut, and are burning everything. Mr. Todd is dead, and, we hear, several Europeans. We must shut up!*" These words were sent by a brave man, who was immediately cut down, with his hand on the signalling apparatus. But he helped to save India and the lives of his countrymen. The mutineers were not expected so soon, even by the king. The shell had burst before its time; and but for the mysterious stupidity at Meerut on the part of those in command, the European troops there might have prevented the traitors, stained with English blood, from reaching Delhi. When clouds of dust were seen coming along the road from Meerut, raised by troopers galloping towards the city, every one wondered, except those in the secret; but these included the inhabitants of the palace and all the troops in and around the city, in cantonments and on guard; for these were, without exception, all natives. When the news spread of this sudden arrival, and when the worst suspicions were aroused, then followed

the galloping hither and thither of civil servants and military officers to the guard-rooms, to the police stations, to the palace, to the cantonments. Then there was the calling out of troops and establishing of batteries—revealing in a moment the awful fact of treachery—treachery everywhere; no one to rely on; a whole city, from the palace to the police office, full of hate, rapidly developing into bloody thoughts and bloody deeds. The air was now filled with fierce fanatical shrieks of "Deen! Deen!" the Mohammedan battle-cry of many a revolt and massacre in the cause of "the Faith." And so it happened that ere the sun of that day set, all Europeans, with the exception of a few who had escaped like rats along the city ditch, and ladies and children who had fled to the flagstaff tower and the ridge—all were massacred, men, women, and children, by fifteen hundred mutineers, aided by all the rascally scum of that vile city. All the natives, too, who were known to be connected with us as employés, teachers, or students in our colleges—missionaries and chaplains—native Christian pastors, every one even speaking the English language—all were cut down in the fierce slaughter. Some who had concealed themselves were in a day or two dragged from their hiding-places, betrayed, and slain. The cantonments, too, were in arms; officers were killed; but the fugitives in the round tower managed to escape under cover of night, and then every sign of English power or sound of English speech had passed away from Delhi.

But that was not until a great deed of heroism had been performed which is fresh in the memories of most, but is unknown, I fear, to many at least of my younger readers. There was a small European staff over the powder-magazine, consisting of some officers of artillery, Lieutenant Willoughby in command, with three conductors, one sub-conductor, and one sergeant of artillery. No assistance could be sent to them, but they would not desert their post. The king's troops demanded admittance and were refused. Furious crowds of soldiers surrounded them, and began

firing on the small band, climbing over the walls with ladders to seize the place. As many guns as could be mustered were crammed with grape and worked for five hours incessantly against thousands. But in vain! Most of the few defenders were wounded. Further resistance was impossible, and the last had come. But that last was terrible! Willoughby determined, if no relief appeared, to blow up the magazine, and run the risk of being blown up with it! The train was set. It reached the foot of a fruit tree where Scully was stationed, and it was settled that when Buckley, who was waiting for the signal from his commanding officer, should raise his hat, the fuse would be applied. Willoughby, rushing to a bastion from whence he could see the Meerut road, gave one anxious gaze—was relief coming? No! He returned to his guns; a word was passed to Buckley, who raised his hat, and the train was fired. A roar louder than the loudest thunder was heard at the flagstaff tower. The magazine, with hundreds of the natives, had been blown into the air. Poor Scully, Lieutenant-Conductor Crow, and Sergeant Edwards were killed; Tooms, Ranger, Shaw, Buckley, and Stewart, strange to say, escaped to wear the Victoria Cross. Willoughby also escaped, but he, alas! was murdered three days afterwards in a village as he was making his way to Meerut. "One who saw him rush past said that that morning had stamped years of age and care on his fair boyish face."

And now every eye was turned to Delhi, every available bayonet was pointing towards "the bloody city." Every European soldier that could be spared from defending important military positions was mustered with all possible speed. Such troops were few, however; the distances were great; the heat of the Indian sun was daily increasing. The mutiny was rapidly spreading, and bursting into flames over a wide extent of country. But all that men could do was being done. Our possession of India, not to speak of the lives of all the Europeans in it, was at stake.

By the 5th of June a comparatively small force under Sir H. Barnard, marching from Umballa, was ten miles from Delhi. They were joined by another under command of Brigadier Wilson; and on the 8th of June the victory of Badlee Serai, near Delhi, was gained, and the famous ridge occupied. That ridge might seem to have been made for the purpose of keeping India under a Christian power! It never was, nor is likely to be, used for a nobler end. It rises gently from the plain, which, for a mile or a mile and a half, separates it from the walls of Delhi. Rocks like a rough comb, or dorsal vertebræ, run along portions of its summit. To the north it again slopes into a plain, where the cantonments were, and which were defended by a canal running along its whole length. It thus communicated with the Punjaub, from whence our supplies were received. This ridge is so near Delhi that the shot from the walls often passed over it, and plunged into the cantonments behind. It was flanked to the south-west by villages—like Subzee Mundee (vegetable market)—from which attacks could at any time be made under cover by the enemy. Along the summit of the ridge were some points of defence—the flagstaff house, a small mosque, an observatory, and Hindoo Rao's house.* The force which was established on the ridge did not consist of more than five thousand men of all arms. They were joined, however, next day by a few infantry and cavalry, which, beneath a burning sun, had marched from the Punjaub, five hundred and eighty miles in twenty-two days!

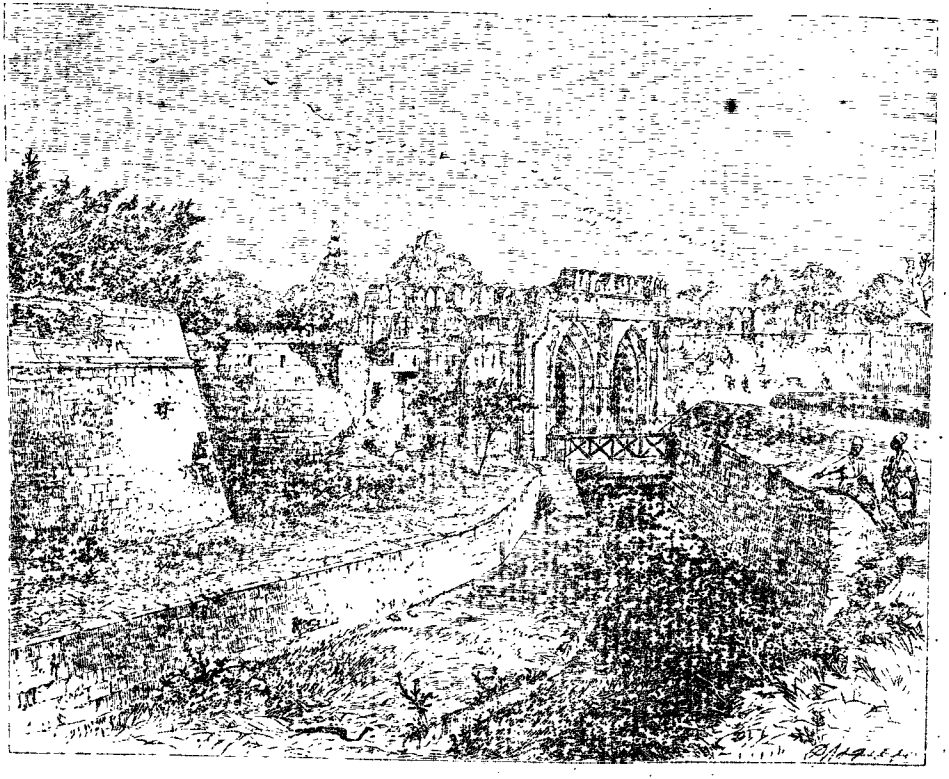
The enemy in Delhi was increasing daily; for to it, as the Mohammedan rallying-point, all the fine regiments of our Bengal army that were within reach—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—

* This house had once been the home of the British Resident, Mr. Fraser, an excellent man, who was murdered—probably from the hatred of the people to his insolent predecessor—in 1835, by a certain Nawab and a Kuman Khan, both of whom were afterwards hanged for the crime near the Cashmere Gate. Hindoo Rao, who bought the house, was a Mahratta.

marched, and could not be prevented by our troops from entering, as the city lay between them and the bridge of boats by which they crossed into the old Fort Selimghur, now pierced by the railway. At the first the enemy were as two to one, and at the last five to one. The city was defended by a wall twenty-four feet high, with bastions, a covering glacis, ditch, &c., as seen in the illustration of the Cashmere Gate, and all in good repair, with an inexhaustible store of artillery and ammunition, used by men who had been drilled by ourselves.

Cholera had accompanied our troops in the march. It never left the camp. The gallant and kind general in command, Sir H. Barnard, was cut down by it early in July—the previous commander-in-chief, General Anson, having died from it the day before the arrival of his successor. The next commander, General Reid, who had to retire from bad health the same month, was succeeded by Brigadier Wilson, who continued to the end of the siege. By the month of August our troops had increased to eight thousand effective men, but at the end of that month more than three thousand of them were in hospital!

For upwards of three months we were not the besiegers, but the besieged; twenty-five attacks having been resisted. These were made by the successive bodies of mutineers who, as they arrived, were sent to prove their loyalty to the king by trying their mettle against the British. For awhile it was all we could do to hold our own. The heat was terrific, our troops few, sickness great; and, had no assistance come, every man must have perished. Even as it was, had the cavalry in the city, amounting at one time to seven thousand men, been tolerably well handled—had there been mutual trust, instead of universal suspicion—all our supplies could have been cut off from the Punjaub, and we should have been starved out. But "God confounded their counsels." The king and his ministers were all the while, very naturally endeavouring to rouse the great Mohammedan chiefs to rally



DELHI—THE CASHMERE GATE.

round the banner of their liege lord, and drive the hated infidels into the sea. A reply to one of those appeals was afterwards found in the palace: "Take down," it said, "the British flag from that ridge, and I will join you; but so long as it flies there, I won't!" But that flag, thank God! was never taken down until it was raised again in Delhi.

In the meantime, Sir John Lawrence, who fortunately for us ruled in the Punjaub, and was an embodiment of what the natives fear and respect—power, bravery, kindness, unswerving truth, and inexorable justice—had adopted the policy of sending every man who could be raised to Delhi, trusting for his defence against the ill-disposed of the Sikh chieftains in the Punjaub to the better-disposed among them. His argument was, that if Delhi fell, then all was lost, and nothing could save the Punjaub, but that if Delhi were taken, all was saved, in the Punjaub and everywhere else. He also sent men who were, each in his own way, a host in himself. Foremost was the great Nicholson, the man whom all loved and trusted, and who was literally worshipped by the natives; the man of military genius and of courage never darkened by a shade of fear; the man of such endurance that he had a few weeks before been in the saddle for twenty-four hours, pursuing the flying enemy for seventy miles without halting; the man *sans peur et sans reproche*. With him was a young engineer officer, now Colonel Taylor, "the gallant and eminently talented," (as he was described in the despatch of General Wilson,) who was fully appreciated by Lawrence, and in whom the distinguished chief in command of that arm of the service, Colonel Baird Smith, then suffering from sickness, found a brother, one too who duly valued the true greatness, sweet temper, and perfect tact of his chief—all needed from the want of these qualities in certain high military quarters. Till the last day of his life Baird Smith was the presiding genius of the engineers and of the siege. Another great acquisition to the army was the gallant and able Brigadier

Neville Chamberlain, himself, they said, "worth a thousand men." But to return.

Nicholson, after fighting the severe battle of Nujufghur, and gaining a great victory in face of the greatest difficulties, joined the besieging army in August. The siege train arrived in September, and by the seventh of that month the first battery opened its fire. The others were soon established nearer and nearer the walls, until fifty guns and mortars poured into it shot and shell day and night from the 12th till the 14th.

On that day the final assault was delivered by several columns of attack. The one led by Nicholson scaled the breach at the Cashmere Gate, nearly at the point from which our illustration is taken. Some old Sikhs afterwards, as they looked at it, knowing the tremendous odds against us, remarked to my informant, "It was not man but God who led the British soldiers across that ditch and up that wall!" The exploit at the same time of blowing open the Cashmere Gate was one of the noblest deeds in history. Here is an account of it:—

The third column, under the gallant Colonel Campbell of the 52nd, was to enter by this gate. But before it could do so the gate required to be blown down by powder-bags. The exploding party consisted of Lieutenants Salkeld and Home, of the Engineers; Sergeants Carmichael, Burgess, and Smith, of the Bengal Sappers; and Bugler Hawthorn, of the 52nd. The forlorn hope, doomed almost to certain death, waited calmly for the signal at early dawn to advance. The firing from the batteries suddenly ceased. The bugle sounded; the rifles rushed from under cover and cheered; out moved Home with four soldiers, each carrying a bag of powder on his head; close behind him came Salkeld, portfire in hand, with more soldiers similarly laden; while, a short distance beyond, was the storming party, one hundred and fifty strong, under Captain Bayley, of the 52nd, followed up by the main body of the column in the rear. The gateway, as in all native cities,

was on the *side* of the bastion, and had an outer gateway in advance of the ditch. Home and his party were at this outer gate almost before their approach was known. It was open, but the drawbridge so shattered that it was very difficult to cross; however, they got over it, reached the main gate, and laid their powder unharmed. So utterly paralysed was the enemy at the audacity of the proceeding that they only fired a few straggling shots, and made haste to close the wicket with every appearance of alarm. Lieutenant Home, after laying his bags, was thus able to jump into the ditch unhurt. It was now Salkeld's turn. He also advanced with four bags of powder and a lighted portfire. But the enemy had now recovered from their consternation, and had seen the weakness of the party and the object of their approach. A deadly fire was forthwith poured upon the little band from the top of the gateway, from both flanks, and from the open wicket not ten feet distant. Salkeld laid his bags, but was shot through the arm, and fell back on the bridge, handing the portfire to Sergeant Burgess, bidding him light the fuse. Burgess was instantly shot dead in the attempt. Sergeant Carmichael then advanced, took up the portfire, and succeeded in the attempt, but immediately fell mortally wounded. Sergeant Smith, seeing him fall, advanced at a run, but finding that the fuse was already burning, threw himself down into the ditch, where the bugler had already conveyed poor Salkeld. In another moment a terrific explosion shattered the massive gate. The bugler sounded the advance, and then with a loud cheer the storming party was at the gateway. In a few minutes more the entire column arrived, and the Cashmere Gate and mainguard were in our hands.* But ere that day closed, sixty-six officers and eleven hundred and four men had been killed or wounded—among them the invincible

* "The Punjaub and Delhi," vol. ii. pp. 173-4. All these heroes who survived received the Victoria Cross. But, alas! after lingering several days, Salkeld died of his wounds, and Home was killed soon afterwards when blowing up the Fort of Malaghur.

Nicholson. He had led his troop along a narrow lane between the houses and the walls to the Lahore Gate, and was mortally wounded by a shot which entered his lungs beneath his arm, as it was held aloft cheering on his men to the charge!*

Delhi was not yet won. The resistance was desperate. Its armed and now reckless thousands filled every house and house-top, and wherever room could be found to command our troops advancing through narrow streets. A third of our men under arms were disabled in the fight, which continued from the 14th to the 19th, when the city was at last wholly ours. So fierce was the struggle at one time, that the General had thoughts of withdrawing the troops. When the brave Colonel Campbell of the 52nd, who had led the assault at the Cashmere Gate, heard this report, he exclaimed, "I am in, and I shan't go out!" To retire would have been destruction. But the troops were at first perfectly demoralised from being tempted by the wild heat and dreadful fatigue and excitement to drink from the almost inexhaustible stores of intoxicating liquors which had been designedly laid in their way by the enemy—more deadly and dangerous than ball or bayonet. The number of bottles of spirits, &c., destroyed by order from the General, is reported to have been "almost fabulous." But, nevertheless, "the wicked and rebellious city" was taken. Lucknow and Delhi, the Sodom and Gomorrah of India, had both perished. British troops bivouacked in the Great Mosque and the Palace of the Moguls, as they did in the Kaiser Bagh of Lucknow, and India was saved, to become a part of our empire from Cape Comorin to the Kyber Pass!

There was one remarkable episode of this siege, with which we conclude our sketch.

The king was never good when at his best, but now he was too

* An order arrived from the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Colin Campbell, superseding him as Brigadier General! Red tape could do no more. Fortunately, Nicholson never heard of this. It came after his death.

old and used up in body and mind to exercise any influence or power, except by giving the authority of his name to those willing to restore the dignity of his house and to "avenge him of his adversaries." He had fled with the royal princes, and some thousands of fanatical but terrified armed followers, to take refuge, like an old toothless tiger, in the dark vaults of Humayoon's tomb, already described. Hodson heard of this. He was head of "the intelligence department" in the camp, as well as commander of "the Guides," a splendid body of Sikh Sowars. He had spies too—one at least, an old friend long known to him—in Delhi during the whole period of the siege. He found also a willing traitor, from love of life and of *backsheesh*, in one of the king's relatives. After some diplomatic bargain-making through him with the king, Hodson was permitted to grant the worthless old man's life, and that of a favourite wife worse than himself, and of their son, if they unconditionally surrendered. After a few hours' anxious conference between the king and the "mutual friend," during which Hodson anxiously waited outside the tomb, the royal party surrendered, and straightway were conducted to Delhi, the band of followers offering no obstruction. The king entered his palace once more, and in the Great Hall of Audience was received in state by the representative of Great Britain, and conveyed to prison. Ultimately, as we all know, he was transported to Rangoon, and died in exile.

But his sons, the really guilty ones, were yet in Humayoon's tomb. To this Hodson next day returned. The gardens were full of an armed and infuriated mob, numbering some seven thousand, of the scum of the palace and of Delhi. Hodson had only a hundred of his "Guides." Accompanied by one other officer, Captain Macdonald, he passed between the great gateway, where, as he soon learned, the princes lay concealed. With a loud voice he commanded obedience, and, entering the gardens, ordered—what sublime impudence!—the crowd to lay down their

arms! He was at their mercy; for a word from any fanatic would have cut him and his companions to pieces. But they sat unmoved on their horses; Hodson smoking his cigar as a sign of calm confidence in his resources. All arms were surrendered, piled into carts, and driven to Delhi, six miles off! The princes then surrendered unconditionally, and were sent off under a guard in buggies. Hodson, with his force, then followed at some distance. Not a word had been spoken during these hours of intense anxiety; but when well clear of the tomb, and rapidly drawing with his rearguard towards the princes, and between them and the mob, he said to his companion, "Mac! we have done it!" Yes, he had done it! done it bravely and well. It would have been well had he done no more. A man of more splendid dash and daring never charged a foe, and few possessed greater general culture and talent. But he had his failings, which it is not pleasant or necessary to allude to further. His killing of the Delhi princes is indefensible. There was neither, as was alleged, an attempt at, nor a possibility of rescue by the rabble, whom he had disarmed. That these worthless princes deserved death is admitted, but it was for the honour and dignity of Britain that they should have been formally tried, condemned, and executed by the tribunal sitting in Delhi, as most certainly they would have been—not dragged out of their conveyances, stripped naked (to discover concealed loot?), and then shot, as was done by Hodson with his own hand. The dead bodies were exposed for some days on an old stone platform of the mosque in the Chandnee Chouk—the spot, I was informed, occupied by Nadir Shah on the afternoon after the great massacre of Delhi.

These men and their followers deserved, no doubt, their fate. Fifteen English gentlemen and two ladies had been massacred in cold blood in the palace and city of Delhi. This was impossible without the consent, either active or implied, of those princes who were in command. But I repeat, for the sake of the uninformed

at home, what no one now denies in India, that no insults, such as we read about at the time, were offered to any of our country-women. They were suddenly cut down and slain—sufficiently terrible, no doubt—but, thank God, that was all. I feel also bound, once more, as a citizen and Christian, to acknowledge with shame our fierce and *uncalled-for* revenge, upon innocent persons, too, after the mutiny; and our wholesale and cowardly executions and cruelties. I shall not prove this by giving instances, too many of which I have received from those whose names and means of information are guarantees for their truth. No good can come now from such sensational stories, but an expression of our deep regret is due to truth and righteousness. Man's nature seems to change in times of great excitement. The weak and timid often become great and brave; persons thought great and brave become sometimes athirst for blood.*

In thinking over these dreadful times it is a pleasing fact, that although about two thousand native Christians were involved in

* Among other narratives which touch on those bloody deeds, the reader should consult the Diary of "Russell of the *Times*," as he is called, and Mr. Trevelyan's "Cawnpore." Since the above was in type, I accidentally met a baronet who had taken a distinguished part in the Lucknow campaign. On asking his opinion regarding those unworthy deeds, he said, "If a balance were drawn between the cruelties of the natives, and of our soldiers and officers in India, I fear there would be little mercy to our credit." It was very awful! "The least said; soonest mended." Let the dead bury their dead. Thank God for Lawrence, Canning, and many others who stayed the arm of the avenger, and were merciful and good; and thank God for the brighter day which has dawned on India, and promises to become brighter still.

The only cruel thing, by the way, which I saw done by a European towards a native, was just as the train from Delhi to Calcutta was moving slowly out of the station. A native servant, apparently in the attitude of salaaming, approached a vulgar-looking person who had been pointed out to me as a European engaged in some mercantile business in Delhi. This fellow gave the native a severe blow on the face with his fist, which drew blood; the poor creature bent down covering his face as if in pain, when a kick was administered, which reached his chest, and sent him off with a scream of agony! No one seemed to take the slightest notice. I shouted out, "You brute!" but the train moved off, and my voice was lost in the din. There was some of India's past history, and of the revolt of India, revealed in that brief scene.

the mutiny, not one fought against us. Mr. Raikes, a distinguished civilian, in his "Notes on the Revolt" (p. 139), says, in corroboration of the same opinion expressed by other competent authorities—"I found it to be a general rule that when you had an official well educated at our English colleges, and conversant with the English tongue, then you had a friend on whom reliance could be placed." The mutineers, as a rule, "would trust nobody who ever knew English." He also remarks that "the little body of native converts who had openly professed Christianity identified themselves with their co-religionists, and evinced their sincerity by accepting all the difficulties of our position, and throwing their lot heartily in with our own. Their cause and the Englishman's cause were one, and many of them sealed the confession of their faith with their blood." Why, one asks, are not Christians from Southern India, as well as the indomitable hill tribes, like the brave little Goorkas, made to form the strength of our native regiments?

There can be no doubt that all who had anything to lose, whether in Delhi or anywhere else, sincerely, and on purely selfish grounds, welcomed the return of our reign. All the blackguardism of the country had been let loose when our grasp was relaxed, *and the tax-gatherer had fled.* It is absurd, however, to suppose that the natives did not suffer. They were in fear of their lives, and were robbed of their property. It is equally erroneous to suppose that natives of power and influence did not aid us. Had they not done so, we could not possibly have maintained, far less regained, our position. I believe every man of character, influence, and property in India wishes us well, as being the only just and powerful Government which has ever existed in India, or is at present possible. It may be true, as I have often heard in India, that "the natives hate us, and we them." But, please God, a truer union will be effected through the knowledge of a common Father and Saviour!

Before leaving Delhi, as a matter of course I visited the famous

ridge. I have seen almost all the famous battle-fields of Europe, with the exception of those in Spain. I have been at Marathon. But never did I feel that I was treading in the footsteps of nobler soldiers, or of men deserving more of the gratitude of their country and of the Christian Church, than those who fought and suffered here. With deepest interest I traced the trenches near the Observatory and Hindoo Rao's House, and *listened* to the silence and calm of nature, where had swept for months the roar and storm of battle, as I had once listened all alone to the bee humming among the wild flowers at Hougomont. I gazed on the ridge from my room in Ludlow Castle, itself once a spot of stern combat. I entered the Cashmere Gate,* and recalled the scene I have described, and walked along the lane where Nicholson received his death-wound. I visited, also, his grave, near the Cashmere Gate; and—

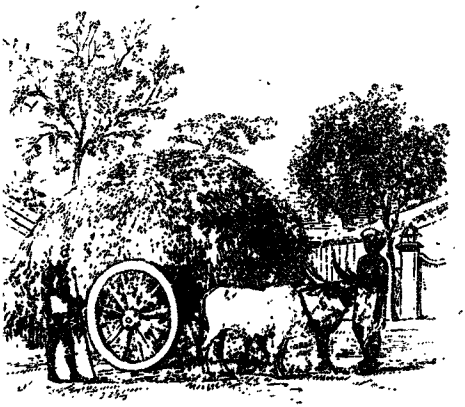
> "Oh for words to utter
> The thoughts that arose in me!"

After the mutiny there was a revolt threatened, in 1858, of, if possible, a still more serious character, and which occasioned the deepest anxiety to the authorities. It was that of a number of our British troops. They supposed themselves to be—and justly, I think—unfairly treated when passed over from the Company's army, for which alone they enlisted, into the Queen's army, without receiving any additional bounty or a discharge. Letters were opened at the post-office by the authorities, which revealed a widespread conspiracy to unite and march to Delhi. It was a terrible revelation. Their counsels were discovered, and fortunately baffled, in good time; concessions were made, and as no outbreak had taken place, nothing was said about it; and so the danger passed.

* I was arrested, on entering the gateway, by a placard printed in large letters:—"Blow the Drum!" What followed this inaugural announcement? "David Carson and his minstrels is coming!" So much for the contrasts of war and peace.

Delhi was my "farthest North." The hour had come to return to Calcutta, to embark for home, "by the doctor's orders." Apart from other considerations, it was to me a bitter disappointment not to have got a glimpse of the glorious Himalayas, the dream of my youth. But it could not be. I did little or nothing in my Northern journey for Christian missions, beyond addressing a few meetings and hearing something about the progress of the blessed work, which I cannot state here. My dear friend and companion, Dr. Watson, was to finish alone, in the North, what we had begun together in the South; and he was well able, in all respects, to do it, without my aid or counsel. We had quite a womanly parting-scene at the junction which separated us—he going with my old friend, Mr. Gillan, one of our chaplains, to Meerut, and I alone to Calcutta. On I came for a thousand miles without a pause—a distance which but as yesterday took three months to accomplish—reaching Calcutta when "due," and receiving a hearty welcome at the station from my good friends, Dr. Charles, Dr. Ogilvie, William Craik, and others.

And so ended my "peeps" at North Ind



XXIII.

FROM CALCUTTA TO ALEXANDRIA.

LADY LAWRENCE and two of her daughters being to sail for England in February, the Viceroy, with a kindness and generosity which will ever live fresh in my memory, invited me, as his guest, to accompany them. The ship was an old teak-built East Indian man-of-war steamer, called the *Feroze*, the official property of the Governors-General of India, and used for conveying them to or from our Eastern dominions. None but those who have shared a small state-room—say the sixth part of a state-room—in a hot climate, can comprehend the privilege of having wholly to oneself a spacious cabin opening into a beautiful saloon, thence up to a great quarter-deck, well supplied with fresh air, and a thousand other comforts, social and æsthetic. Such a privilege was mine on board the *Feroze*, making that voyage one of the happiest seasons in my life—and not the less so that, being unwell, the hot Red Sea and the crowded Peninsular and Oriental steamer were anything but a pleasant prospect to me.

We left Calcutta on the 25th of February. Many friends came to bid me farewell the day before; among the rest Sir William Muir and Sir Richard Temple, both of whom had shown us every possible kindness from the day we first met them. I am quite alive to the tendency of travellers, in the warmth and sincerity of their hearts, to confide their grateful feelings to the public. It

is, no doubt, very "young" in the estimation of many to do so. I, however, wish to remain "young" in this respect; and I here express, accordingly, my high sense of all the singular kindness, considerateness, sympathy, and generous hospitality we received everywhere in India. Cool and wholly indifferent reader, I ask your pardon while I forget you, and remember only at this moment the many who were neither cool nor indifferent to us, and say to them once and for ever, "Thank you cordially, and God bless you all!" I hear Dr. Watson, although a hundred miles off, saying "Amen!"

I started from my friend William Craik's house before dawn. We were to meet the party coming from Government House at the Admiralty Dock or Quay, and from thence sail by steamer seventy miles to the Sandheads to join the *Feroze*. Strange to say, the only accidents which happened to me, from the hour I left home until that in which I left India, were during this short drive. First of all, the carriage in a narrow turn of the road came into contact with a heavy country waggon, which broke our springs. Fortunately I had forwarded my luggage some time before, thus enabling us to walk on in the hope of picking up a conveyance, which we soon did. Then, thinking we had lost the road, my friend went to inquire about it, accompanied by the driver. Feeling uneasy lest we should be too late, I was in the act of stepping out of the conveyance in the dark to aid in the search for the place of meeting, when the step broke, and I fell on my back, my foot remaining in the carriage, no power remaining in me to extricate it! Had the horse gone on I should probably have been killed. But I was soon relieved, and, in spite of sundry rents in my garments and slight bruises, I felt thankful for the deliverance. A wretched punster remarked that these rents were my "parting *tears*."

We were pulled out in boats and barges to the tug which was to convey us to the steamer. We passed rapidly down with the

tide, over the shallows and the shifting sandbanks, passing places whose names were familiar to me in stories told by friends who had navigated those waters in the days of the old Company's ships. I had a final and memorable talk with the Viceroy, when, apart from the valuable additional information I received from him, I was more than ever impressed with his noble character. I was under the spell of romance as I gazed on that face bronzed by the Indian sun of many a long year, in camps and durbars, marches and pursuits, skirmishings and battles with all sorts of unknown tribes and chiefs,—that face furrowed by lines of thought about war and peace, Rajahs, Sikhs, and mutineers, and those "hows and whens" which make government in India the most severe and exhaustive in the world. And then, when the time came for him to part with the brave and loving companion of his life, the bride of his youth, the mother of his children—then I felt something at the throat, and the heart filling with a deeper love for both.

The partings in India between husband and wife, and between parents and children, gave me a more lively sense of the sacrifices involved in an Indian life than I had ever before realised. To see, as I did, a delicate child sent home to Europe for health, stretching out its little hands and crying for its mother and father, but, alas! in vain, for they must remain at their post—and yet one more look, perhaps the last, of that little pale face—the reader must fill up the rest! It has no "sensation" in it, yet the picture had more to do than I had ever thought of with the history and life of our people in India.

The tall masts of the *Feroze* were now seen in the distance. Then came the partings from my valued friends who had accompanied me, Drs. Charles and Farquhar, and "mine host" Craik, and others; and then up anchor, and the plash of paddles of the departing tug, and the waving of hats on both sides—they to India for a time, and we for home! home! Yes, it was a welcome

but not unchequered thought; for, as I watched the land depart, and saw the long lines of palm-trees gradually sinking in the horizon, and felt that I should never see India more, I experienced a sinking of spirit as if a mighty talent given me had been, if not thrown away, yet very inadequately used. I could find no expression for the many thoughts of my full heart, but in penitential confessions before God, and in the prayer—

> That which I have done
> May He within himself make pure!"

Thoughts many, "in an undistinguishable throng," crowded on my mind as all alone I gazed on those few dark specks on the horizon now fast retiring from sight, which represented our mighty empire in India. What is to be the end thereof?—what the grand result in the kingdom of God, ere "cometh the end," of all we English have done, and are likely to do for India? Faith alone brought relief; for it lifted the spirit up to a great white throne of immaculate righteousness, which insures the right coming right in the end; and it led to the contemplation of that holy government, which from age to age calmly controls man's wayward will, and overrules his very ignorance for good, and makes his wrath to praise the King; and it suggested thoughts of that unerring wisdom and inexhaustible grace which can raise up instruments where, and when, and how it pleaseth to carry on the glorious purposes of God for man. And believing all this, I was kept in peace. "The Lord reigneth; let the earth be glad." I was able to enjoy the blessed hope that perhaps my friend and I had been honoured in contributing one feeble note to the grand chorus in which India will one day join with the redeemed earth —that we had perhaps sown one grain of seed for the great harvest which India must contribute to the garner of the Lord!

I shall here quote, as expressing some of my own deepest thoughts, the almost concluding sentences of my friend Mr.

Ludlow's book "On the Policy of British India." Speaking of the connection as it now exists between the Anglo-Saxon race and the Hindoos, and the many obstacles which seem by God's providential arrangements to make a permanent union impossible, he says :—

"The connection must last till we have assured to the native races those blessings which they seem incapable of obtaining without us,—Freedom, which must always have Truth and Justice for its handmaids,—Christ's Gospel, the true source of freedom, the true sanctifier of family ties, the true leveller of the distinctions of race and colour, because the only power which can avail to raise the man to his true stature, as child of God, member of Christ, inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. Yet 'a time,' wrote Lord Hastings forty years ago (1818), 'not very remote, will arrive when England will, on sound principles of policy, wish to relinquish the domination which she has gradually and unintentionally assumed over this country, and from which she cannot at present recede. In that hour it would be the proudest boast and the most delightful reflection that she had used her sovereignty towards enlightening her temporary subjects, so as to enable the native communities to walk alone in the paths of justice, and to maintain with probity towards their benefactress that commercial intercourse in which we should then find a solid interest.'

"And though the above noble passage is empty of a Name which many would fain have read there, let us rest assured that we cannot truly enlighten our Indian fellow-subjects except through one who is the Source of Light,—we cannot teach them justice except through Him who is the Judge of all the earth."

And thus I thought and hoped and prayed as I took my last peeps of India.

The *Feroze* was, as I have said, an old teak-built man-of-war. As far as comfort was concerned, she was perfect. Her deck was broad and flush from stem to stern, and fore and aft covered by a double awning. Her sleeping cabins were ample. The poop had a most comfortable cabin, which had been built by Lord Dalhousie, and was now occupied by Lady Lawrence and her daughters. The only other passengers who accompanied her ladyship were Mrs. Strachey, the wife of the able Commissioner of Oude ; a most agreeable aide-de-camp, Captain Lockwood ; a kind physician, Dr. Best, of Aberdeen ; and a child of a distinguished

civilian, sent home in bad health with its nurse. Captain Arnot, in command, did all in his power to make the voyage agreeable. The ship was not one likely to compete with a China clipper; she was highly respectable, but, like many persons so called, was very slow. She never professed to give more than eight knots under the most favourable circumstances, and I am not sure if she gave as many with all the coaxing from sails and whistling. What would have been our fate in a gale I do not know, and am thankful that no opportunity of knowing presented itself. They said she was a noble sea-boat, and whether true or not, the assurance was pleasant. We had on board a Scotch engineer, working his way home in bad health, who recognised the steam-engines as old friends whom he had the honour of helping to construct twenty years before on the Clyde, and was cheered accordingly. But we thought the fact spoke more for the working power of his memory than for that of the engines.

Our voyage to Galle in Ceylon was over a glassy sea. Indeed, except for a genial breeze or "capful of wind" once or twice, my whole voyaging over upwards of six thousand miles of the Indian Ocean, from the time I left Aden until my return to that crater, was as over an inland sea. Day by day the same metallic colour, the same glassy, glowing plain—the water blue as indigo, and motionless as the Dead Sea. Our life on board was very equable, intensely agreeable, and the *beau idéal* of perfect rest—with one or two slight exceptions peculiar, perhaps, to a Griffin. Among these was, of course, the heat, which, I presume, all enjoyed but myself; for I confess to a deliquescent weakness when the thermometer is up to 80° or 84°, which it often was in the cabin during this "cool" season. And then I suffered from that sweet innocent called "prickly heat." This is the constant companion of, I believe, all new-comers to India. To speak plainly, it is an eruption over the chest and back—the itchiness being too much even for a Scotchman. No recognition of supposed national

infirmities reconciles him to it. He recalls the stone in the field against which, in the cool of his native country, the cattle rub their irritated cuticle, and admires their wisdom while he envies their privilege. If he asks advice how to get quit of the horror, he is told never to drink anything cold, and never to drink anything hot, to beware of this and avoid that, the whole ending in the old advice to do nothing but *endure*. This heat also makes the fingers swell, as if bitten by some insect, stiffening their joints, and compelling one, as the only relief, to use unguents with gloves on at night, which by the morning gives some flexibility to the hand. And then there are cockroaches, ugly-looking beetles like black priests, and, like them, the objects of misunderstanding, misrepresentations, and slander. It is horrible to hear the stories of these insects—I mean the cockroaches—such as of their nibbling one's nails when one is asleep. But I believe, after inquiry, that these allegations are all myths, and that the cockroaches are harmless; perhaps not unuseful even, although most disagreeable, and such as may be trod upon or killed by all who are willing to gratify their feelings and benefit society.

But for such commonplace drawbacks, our life on board was, as I have said, truly delightful. After breakfast and morning worship the ladies stitched and knitted and read, and, I assume, wrote letters, until lunch at two; then came dinner—what a moment of life on board ship to the healthy!—at 7.30 on deck; and so calm was the weather that we could generally burn candles without a shade. And then we had readings, and singing, and a most *unbetting* game of whist, and conversation always, which to me was full of interest, for I thus heard and learned much about India from those who knew it well. Midships on the upper deck, between the funnel and foremast, the officers off duty as well as others read, smoked, called to the "parawalla" very often for a light, told their stories, and enjoyed themselves. There were glorious sights beyond the ship! What calm and coolness, what

stars and gems of glory! "So like, so very like was day to day," that few things occurred outside of the ship's bulwarks to mark any difference between them. We descried during our voyage but two sails only, and they at a distance. Once or twice we were surrounded by shoals of porpoises, and very beautiful it was to gaze down through the transparent sea upon the creatures, and to watch the eagerness and easy power with which they rushed past our vessel, as if enjoying the rare companionship and the opportunity of trying their fins as against our paddles. We met between Ceylon and Aden the bird called the Boatswain, hundreds of miles from land, with his tail, as the sailors described it, like a marline-spike, thus ↑. We saw shoals of Bonitos, leaping like great salmon out of the water, and describing a semicircle ere they dived again into the depths. Bounding along they pursued their play, or rejoiced in the sunny waves. It was always an interesting sight to watch the flying-fish as, startled by the ship's paddles, they flew off right and left in myriads, gleaming and sparkling like silver over the blue sea, and skimming its surface until they finally ruffled it like a breeze as they disappeared. It is wonderful what a companionship there is in life of any kind when sailing across the monotonous and lonely sea.

Our crew consisted of twenty-seven Europeans, two Chinese carpenters, and many Lascars. We had also a large number of Coolies going to Abyssinia, so that the fore-deck presented a remarkable medley, apart from the cows, sheep, ducks, and poultry which crowded it. A prominent object was our Lascar boatswain's mate, draped in white cotton trousers and shirt, with embroidered waistcoat, red turban above, and bare feet (as all had) below. His shrill whistle constantly twittered. An old Mohammedan steward, Mr. Perrow, was also a marked man in the ship's company. He was corpulent and comfortable, dressed in white from toe to turban; and having been seventeen years in the ship, and the purveyor to the several Governors-General since Lord Dalhousie's

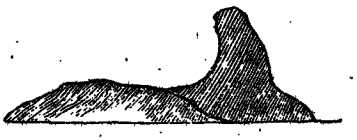
time, he could not help acting as if the vessel belonged to himself —was in fact an old estate of his.

Let us take a look at the deck on any evening. Beneath our close awning we have perfect shade at least. Beyond it, the sea is gleaming like molten silver, and the sky is cloudless and full of light. The ladies are engaged in reading; the gentlemen are similarly occupied on the gangway-deck between the paddle-boxes. The sound of children's feet is heard as they chase each other, under the watchful eye of their nurses, and a cheery sound of Home it is! Stretched on his carpet near the funnel, like a large body in its winding-sheet prepared for burial, reposes Mr. Perrow, whose snores, however, assure us of his being still all alive. The fore-deck presents various groups—sailors off duty quietly spinning yarns and smoking, Lascars squatted in circles mending their clothes, half-naked Coolies and native firemen asleep on deck, or gathered round a great dish of rice flavoured with curry or ghee, moulding it into large balls with the fingers of one hand, and chucking it deftly and frequently down their throats. Still more interesting to me is a Hindoo at the bow, reading or chanting, on Sunday evenings especially, with monotonous voice, portions of the Puranas to a few attentive listeners. Near them a Coolie is being shaved by a native barber, and better shaving cannot be seen anywhere. No soap is used, the beard being merely well softened with water. Once the razor is applied, it mows down the hair in a rapid and never-repeated series of strokes from the neck behind over the skull to the forehead before, smooth and swift as if it met with no firmer opposition than oil. In a minute the head is hairless as that of a marble bust. And then how nicely he trims the moustache! The barber gets one shilling monthly for these performances on all the Coolies.

The greatest change on board was visible on Sunday, when all were dressed in their best, the very Lascars in white, with red turbans, as they mustered in line for inspection. We had service

in the cabin every morning, but on Sunday it was, of course, on the quarter-deck, with the capstan, covered with the Union Jack, for the pulpit.

We sighted Ceylon on Sunday, the 29th. The mountain called the Monk's Hood is a most characteristic feature of the land when first seen. The outline is something like this:—



The sunset was splendid, and a curious effect was produced by a few black rocks indenting the luminous disc, thus:—

We kept the land generally in view as we sailed along it towards Galle. It did not enter into our original plan to visit Ceylon, but I was extremely grateful for the short "peep" which I had of it. The harbour of Galle—so called from the Cingalese word *galla*, a rock—is semicircular, almost an open roadstead, with the small town and fort on one side, and the rest of the bay surrounded by low hills covered with palm forests to the sea-beach. The first objects which attract one in the harbour are those long boats, hollowed out of the trunk of a tree, with breadth sufficient, but no more, to accommodate an ordinarily-sized passenger, and with outriggers to keep them from capsizing; in short, the same kind of swift velocipedes which we had seen on the Malabar coast. I need not say that I did not attempt to land in one of these boats.

On getting ashore, we were at once struck with the presence of apparently a different race of people from those seen in India.

The men, with their hair fastened behind with semicircular tortoise-shell combs, have a quiet, respectable, cleanly, but singularly unmanly look. Indeed, it is difficult to distinguish the males from the females—a fact which has given rise to several odd mistakes. The hotel was one of the very best I had seen in the East, and in all respects it would have done credit to any country. It was quite a luxury to get into it. The peculiar traffic of the place, which at once forces itself on the notice of casual visitants, is the sale of tortoise-shell combs, precious stones, chiefly of the species cat's-eye and emerald. The traffic goes on in the way common to all places visited by strangers: the usual cheating on the part of the sellers, conducted with wonderful knowingness, suspicion, and cleverness, and the usual result of being cheated on the part of the buyers, of whom I was one, and therefore can speak from experience. But it is the same over all the earth. We wish to purchase local memorials and curiosities, "so cheap." We are asked four times their value, but being "up" to such transactions, we get the things for half the price demanded, and discover afterwards that we have given twice the real value.

Being requested to preach by brethren of the Church of Scotland who had kindly come to meet me, I had great pleasure in doing so in a fine old Dutch church, of which they had the use. Such services are my most delightful memories.

I shall ever remember with refreshment of spirit the glimpse I had of the scenery of Ceylon. How often is one made to feel in travel what a harvest he may gather in a few days or hours through the eye, to feed his soul for life! I visited, like every one who touches at Galle and has time for a drive of four miles, a place called Wackwalla. An excellent Wesleyan missionary, Mr. Nicholson, was also good enough to invite me to spend a night at his home, in order that I might see the sun rising and shedding his glory over the splendid view from his "manse," situated some miles from Galle. I thus obtained immortal and undying photo-

graphs of the characteristic scenery of Ceylon:—not the best, for I am painfully conscious of the fact that from Colombo to Kandy by rail, and in the other parts of this island easily and rapidly visited, there is some of the most striking scenery in the world, but this, alas! I had not time to see. I was, however, most thankful for what I did see.

As on the Malabar coast, already described, there is in Ceylon a magnificence and a luxuriant richness and splendour of foliage that cannot be surpassed, or even adequately conceived, with a varied broken outline of mountain and glen, which relieves it from all monotony. The roads are excellent, and are, as on the Malabar coast, composed of laterite, the red colour of which contrasts so beautifully with the rich green foliage. There are also the same snug cottages with gardens attached to them, nestling in the shade, all having a certain English look of comfort, suggesting happy thoughts of the goodness of God to all his children, and strengthening the desire that they who dwell in them should know Him who is so good to them even when they know Him not. As for the trees, they are all grand, bountiful, and beautiful. Among them are every kind of palm and cocoa-nut; the bread-fruit, with its large, furrowed, glittering leaves; the jac-fruit, with its huge fruit hanging by strings from its bark, where no fruit was ever seen before, or looked for; the graceful bamboo, its yellow branches suggesting memories of old-fashioned walking-sticks, chairs, and bed-posts at home; the plantain, with its great green leaves;—trees more than can be numbered, down to the sensitive-plant, which flourishes everywhere as a weed, but is as touchy and modest as in a botanic garden. Glorious creepers, too, colour the woods; and although I saw no paroquets with glowing wings, or birds striking sunshine and colour through the foliage, yet there were signs of life and of enjoyment in the cry of the jungle-fowl and the sweet notes of musical birds. Wackwalla, in its plain and winding stream, and

surrounding umbrageous meanderings, revived in me the old dreamed idea of an Arcadia, or vale of Tempe—scenes suited for the ideal life of shepherds and shepherdesses, who played lutes and made love, and enjoyed life, without education, or hard work, or even without any public meetings on women's rights.

The view from the mission manse at sunrise was glorious. The sun, sending its horizontal beams across the island, revealed a series of ridges of low hills clothed with foliage, the valleys between being marked by a rich, hazy, luxurious light, as if they were channels for streams of luminous ether. We saw, to my great delight, Adam's Peak towering fifty miles off, with the round mass of the Haycock Hill nearer. The light grey smoke from homes of men here and there rose with the dawn, and caught touches of its golden splendour, thus contributing associations of human life to give interest to the scene. It was quite in harmony with the feeling of this Oriental landscape that the boys should climb the cocoa-nut trees beside us, and present us with the cloven nuts full of delicious drink preserved cool within the pure and spotless natural snow-white cup of Nature's workmanship. I thank my good friends for the great enjoyment they gave me at their manse, including—oh, prosaic memory!—a specimen of their Ceylon curry, the best I partook of in all India.

The only Buddhist temple I entered was in Ceylon. The temple itself was insignificant, and distinguished only by a large cross-legged gilt wooden figure of Buddha, before which flowers were laid as offerings to the Creator—among the rest the beautiful convolvulus which grows in such rich luxuriance in the woods. The priests, who are monks, and take charge of education, &c., were, as I found the priests in all Pagan temples, very civil—laughing, chatting, and showing the objects of their worship with the greatest pleasure. It was interesting to see, even once, a temple with its living worshippers representing a religion which, though now extinct in India, still commands the faith and

reverence of hundreds of millions in Ceylon, Thibet, Burmah, and China. I cannot think, from the laws of the human mind, that their *heart*-belief is that they are to be so absorbed into the divine essence, or Nirvana, as practically to destroy all individual existence. The very fact of offering these flowers to Buddha, who was a man, and their professed love to him, surely implies some faith in his personal existence. A religion which denied the immortality of a living God, or of living men, could not possibly live from age to age in the heart-convictions of a large portion of the human race, so opposed is such a negation to the instincts and cravings of human nature. Either human nature has no such moral instincts, or Buddhists have no such religion.*

* An officer whom I met at Galle kindly jotted down with his pencil in my note-book the following sketch of a tour in reply to my question, "How could a traveller best employ a fortnight in Ceylon?" As his information may be useful to others, although not to myself, I copy his words.

"To Colombo from Galle, by coach, twelve hours; to Kandy, by rail, four hours, twelve miles being through a magnificent pass, with a gradient of 1 in 45. Kandy Sijits, a Buddhist university at the back of Mount Eyree; the 'Maligawa Dalada,' or Palace of the Relic, where the supposed tooth of Buddha is kept; old palace of the Kandian kings, &c. From Kandy to Rambodde, by coach, in nine or ten hours; up the Rambodde Pass to Nuwera Ellia, a walk of fourteen miles, and have a horse sent on; the rest-house keeper will provide Coolies for your luggage. Nuwera Ellia, the royal city of lights, a plain six thousand feet above the level of the sea, surrounded by hills covered by dense forests, and lying under Pedrotallagalla, the highest mountain in Ceylon, two thousand feet above the plain, and an easy walk, commanding a magnificent panorama of the southern part of the northern portion of the island. A guide would be got to point out the localities. If you have a pony, go to Badulla, thirty-six miles, two days; see Ella and Happootella passes: go down Ella to Happootella, and from Hambabantolia to Matara, and by coach to Galle. To do this trip in a fortnight you must lose no time, and should make arrangements before you come out. If you wish to make certain of it, are a good traveller, and can stand the heat, trust to your own and not a pony's legs. If you think this too long, go to Nuwera Ellia and return, and make one or two short trips from Galle to Matara on the south coast, twenty-six miles from Galle, a very pretty town well worth seeing. Four miles beyond lies Dondra head, for an account of which consult Sir Emerson Tennent's book, although I don't think it much worth seeing. Visit the Cottona Forest, about ten miles from Galle: as those you ask may not be able to tell you where it is, tell them to drive on past Ackmemana, avoid the turn to Baddagama, and go straight on. The road is indifferent. The forest at the end is extremely

The distance from Ceylon to Aden is about two thousand five hundred miles. We left Galle lumbered with coal, and our steaming was not successful, averaging about six knots an hour. We were one day as low as ninety miles in the twenty-four hours, and never higher than two hundred and fourteen, which was a marvellous performance. The weather was, I need not say, magnificent, and not the less so when we had a fine fresh breeze, strange to say, driving us on and cooling us. This was only on one occasion, but it was too precious to be omitted here. We reached Aden on Monday, March 16th.

The view of Aden, when approaching it, no matter from what side, is wild, picturesque, and imposing. As we entered the bay it was amusing to hear the chaffing criticisms of the sailors on different vessels as they appeared, for no critics are so satirical as sailors on ships or seamen. "I say, Tom," said one of the men, pointing to a ship at anchor, "that craft is one of them that seems to have been built by the mile, and cut off as needed." "What a jibboom!" exclaimed another; "it is surely pointing to Christmas!"

Aden has been described, and with some truth, as the Gibraltar of the East. It is connected with the Arabian mainland by a long spit of sand, ending in a low plain level as the sea, until it meets a range of shadowy hills many miles inland, and almost unknown. The rock itself is a huge mass of lava, rising to two thousand seven hundred feet, black, and devoid of the smallest atom of vegetation, quite as much so as the latest lava streams of Etna or Vesuvius. It appeared to me to be singularly interesting—

magnificent, the trees being upwards of a hundred feet high, and straight as arrows, with huge jungle creepers, a thick undergrowth near the road and a little farther in. If you feel inclined to hunt, make inquiries for one you *can trust*, and don't believe all you hear. Elephants come, and have been shot this year, within twelve miles of Galle. In the season there is snipe-shooting near the Cottona Forest, in a capital place, not much visited, as it is farther than Wackwalla and Ackmemana, the usual places."

horribly wild and grim; its jagged peaks, its dark gorges, its range of precipices being more savage than those of Glencoe, yet having a remarkable likeness to them. The scarcity of water, and of any soil on which it could produce touches of greenery, strikes one at once. A shrub, or lichen, or even a blade of grass, would be a relief. But no sign of life visits its awful solitudes. Rain and dew, summer and winter, spring and autumn, may come and go; but they leave the rock of Aden as dead, dark, and desolate as when it first burst forth in fire and smoke from the abyss, or cooled down to its present inhospitable blackness. But when we go on shore signs of civilised life make us forget the sullen, sulky look of the landscape. There are an hotel, and white houses, and a post-office; and, above all, there is a Parsee shop, well known to all who touch at Aden, where everything man needs can be purchased at fair prices; and above the shop there is a reading-room with "all the papers," and not a few magazines; and there ship captains, and military officers, and the passengers belonging to all nations relieve the monotony of the sea, and sip knowledge and coffee, or stronger drink, as they may desire, from the fire-worshippers. Down-stairs, under the verandah, or in the hot open space beyond it, are watchful descendants of Jacob, with sallow complexions and many ringlets, offering ostrich feathers at prices which all admit to be fabulous, but giving them at more prosaic sums to firm and patient purchasers; and there are donkeys too, and horses, and carriages ready to convey the eager traveller to the sights of the station, consisting of the bazaars and famous tanks three miles off. Thus one feels "all alive," even in Aden.

The drive along the bay, with the sea on one side and the wild dark masses and outlines of the stern lava ridges on the other, with the works of our military engineers in cutting and carving out Aden for defence, not forgetting two rude villages of the African Somalies, are all full of interest. And one meets on the

road many things which an ordinary traveller never sees, such as *genuine* Arabs from the interior, with picturesque dresses and arms, accompanying endless lines of camels, more than I ever saw in one place—carrying the products of the interior into Aden. There is a new and *fresh* look in all this, as the country beyond the lines is absolutely shut against the intrusion of any European. The famous tanks are constructed by erecting a series of walls across a gorge in the mountains, which, when the heavy floods come—as come they do in mighty volumes when they come at all—gather the waters up and pour them from tank to tank until, in an incredibly short time, these gigantic and beautifully-formed recesses—white with cement, and smooth as made of polished marble—are filled with millions of gallons of water, capable of keeping the town and cantonments supplied for a year or more. The residents near the harbour, and when no rain comes, I presume, all the other inhabitants also, distil their supplies from sea-water by steam.

I was most hospitably entertained by Captain Davis, an ex-commander of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, who is now their agent at Aden, and the friend of all travellers between East and West. I had the unexpected pleasure of meeting there an old friend and relative, who was in command of a merchant ship connected with the Abyssinian Expedition. Mr. Davis's house is, as advertisements say, "elegant and commodious." One room, or hall, is built of iron, and could, I think, accommodate three or four hundred persons. Our host managed not only to supply abundance of water for all domestic purposes, including bath, but had been able so to utilise the precious fluid as to cultivate some flowers in, I presume, some imported soil. He receives also such an abundant supply of newspapers and periodicals that one cannot believe himself to be in the crater of an extinct volcano. When to all this are added a Hansom cab and a comfortable carriage, in the latter of which Mrs. Davis gave me a delightful drive, one

begins to feel how civilisation and goodness can triumph over difficulties. This feeling was increased by passing in our drive a neat English church—always a beautiful feature in any landscape, whether at home or abroad. We noticed signs of a considerable trade, which is kept up by means of native boats with the African coast, and by means of camels with the interior of Arabia. Among other articles of commerce are gum, potash (like "kelp"), skins, hay, grain, and the vegetables used in Aden, with coffee from Africa of the very best kind, obtaining a higher price (*9d.* per lb.) than "Mocha." This coffee is almost all exported to France and America. The last glimpse I got of Hindoo worship was in a lively spot where a stone painted red represented the localised god.

I spent the night with a Scotch acquaintance in a house different from Mr. Davis's, and different from any I had ever seen before. It was constructed of wicker-work, like some old Highland houses of the last century, in which families of good blood and high culture resided. There was an inner square apartment which served for dining-room and drawing-room. Around it on every side broad verandahs projected, under which our beds were ranged. One felt as if he were in a great bird-cage. It was quite agreeable to rise during the cool of the night and stand on the lava desert, and listen to those strange, undefined, mystic sounds of night, in which a wandering breeze, the plunge of some monster of the deep, the cry of an unknown animal, broke the profound silence.

It was at Captain Davis's house that an officer—linked to me by common associations—casually remarked that my wife's name was among those of other passengers advertised as coming by a Peninsular and Oriental steamer from Marseilles to Alexandria. This was unexpected news (as our letters had crossed), and more than I had almost dared to hope for.

Our captain, in accordance with Government rules, undertook the care of two African boys who had been taken from a slaver. They were shiny, white-teethed, india-rubber-looking balls. But

one of them was so miserable—weeping and yelling with a persistency which no persuasion or food could mitigate, and manifesting to the discerning minds of the sailors such a positive "want," or mental incapacity, that we were obliged to send him on shore —probably to an idle and useless life of begging, stealing, or swimming and diving for money, yet to him a life of so-called liberty. The other boy was delighted to remain. He was an uncommonly fine little fellow, with a frank face lighted up by magnificent teeth, like ivory set in ebony. In a few days he appeared in the full dress of a young sailor, with a cap inscribed "Feroze," which he prized as a sort of Royal *Fetish*.

We once more resumed our voyage. Lady Lawrence and suite had, as is usual at such "stations" as Galle and Aden, resided at a kind of "Government house."

The voyage up the Red Sea was expected to be a time of sweltering heat; but it was not so. We had a splendid breeze after us, with a fresh curling sea, which drove the old ship nine knots through the water. We left Aden Monday morning (17th March) at five; passed the straits Wednesday morning, and Jebel Tier island and lighthouse Thursday morning. The weather was at first quite delightful, but soon, strange to say, became so cold that an overcoat or plaid was welcome. We had an Arab pilot on board from Suez, whose binocular glass seemed to be a substitute for, not an aid to, his eyes. The consequence was that the course he steered never seemed to square with the chart; islands appearing in one quarter while he was looking for them in another. After passing the Gulf of Akabah we kept the eastern shore, sighting the town of Tur, and enjoying a splendid view of the Sinai range. Let me here express the hope that advantage may soon be taken, by some enterprising man, of the Suez Canal, in order to establish a communication for travellers by way of Tur to Sinai, there being only about three days' journey between the two points. The grand and deeply-interesting scenery of the

peninsula, apart from its historical associations, could thus be opened up with comparative ease and safety to many travellers who are at present unable to undertake the long, fatiguing, and uncertain journey. Were some trustworthy and intelligent dragomen to unite their resources, have a fixed tariff for travellers which could be depended upon, and make such arrangements as would pay the Arab tribes, whether the Howara or Alloween, I have no doubt that the speculation would be a success, and prove satisfactory to all parties.

One evening, during the voyage up the Red Sea, I was attracted by a group of sailors, who seemed to be watching with great interest some event on the fore-deck. On approaching I saw a tall negro teaching our Aden boy an African dance, to the intense delight of both. I learned that the poor boy—a lonely stranger on board, no one understanding his language, far less knowing anything of the people from whom he had been torn by a vile slave-gang—discovered this negro, who belonged to his own tribe, and who had himself years before been made a slave. What was the joy of the boy to hear himself addressed in his own language and about his own people! This newly-discovered compatriot was now teaching him one of their own old native dances. It was really heart-refreshing to see the earnestness and fondness of teacher and pupil, and the sympathy felt by the audience as they smoked their pipes, laughed, clapped their hands, and cheered the performance.

A small adventure in the Red Sea ended our voyage. When within about thirty miles or so of Suez, our ship grounded on a shoal of sand. The evening was beautiful. Lady Lawrence had kindly invited all the officers of the ship to a farewell dinner. The pilot and chief officers were on deck. The lights, or supposed lights, of Suez in the distance were reported, and the captain, just as dinner was ending, hearing the report, went on deck to verify it. On his return after a short absence, his health was drunk,

THE NEGRO BOY'S DANCING LESSON.

and as he rose to acknowledge it, and to express his thanks at the conclusion of what he described as "a most happy and auspicious voyage," he was suddenly interrupted by the ship gently heeling to one side, followed by a sudden pause, which made him rush to the deck, with the exclamation, "The ship is on shore!" And so she was, hard and fast, which no laying out of anchors, or any seaman's "dodge" could alter. The tide, too, was ebbing, and when it ebbed she lay on her bilge, with a deck soon at an angle of something like 45°, so as to make walking along it impossible. There was no danger whatever, although had a sea risen, or had it been necessary to go on shore, it might have been very uncomfortable between sandbanks and Arab "land sharks." The ladies had been too often accustomed to *real* danger to manifest by word or look the slightest nervousness, or even uneasiness—except from their sympathy with the annoyance which they knew was intensely felt by our commander. They read, and enjoyed themselves as usual, and made the best of everything. The only person on board who seemed at all anxious or afraid was one of the nurses. But she was at once quieted and comforted when she saw the sandy bottom. Knowing on the evidence of her senses that we were *at* the bottom, of course we had no occasion, as she had feared, to *go* to it. A boat, under the command of an officer, was sent to Suez for assistance. Next day, however, a small coasting French steamer hove in sight, and bore down for us. After attempting in vain to tow us off—she might as well have tried to tow Mount Sinai—she received Lady Lawrence and her party on board.

An incident occurred before leaving the ship which greatly pleased me, and not the less so that it was characteristic of Jack's appreciation of any kindness shown to him, however small. I had preached on Sundays to the sailors in the forecastle; and at other times when they were off watch I had read selections from different books suited to them, but chiefly from *brochures* of my

own,—"The Old Lieutenant," and also the story of "Billy Buttons," published in a Christmas number of GOOD WORDS, written not with a view to art, but really to be of practical use in giving Christian instruction to sailors. When about to leave the ship a deputation came to me, leading by the hand the slave-boy. One of them, thanking me in the name of the crew for what I had done, concluded by saying, "And now, your Reverence, I hope you won't be offended if we name this here nigger boy *Billy Buttons!*" I told them how much I felt the honour done to the story and its author, and hoped Billy would never disgrace me. "What's your name, sir?" asked one of the crew, as if to prove they were in earnest. The boy looked up with his bright eyes and shining teeth, and touching his cap, no doubt according to his instructions, replied, "Beely Bootons!"

The steamer which brought us to Suez belonged, strange to say, to the distinguished minister of the Nizam! Here was a curious link between the Arabs of Hyderabad and their original country. One would have expected rather a rough and uncultivated set on board, considering the people with whom one had to do in coasting between Suez and Jeddah; but the very reverse was the case. We had on board three "captains"—the Frenchman in command, an Englishman, and a German, the last two having ships engaged in a similar trade, and in the conveyance of pilgrims; and more intelligent, agreeable, and well-informed men in their rank of life I have seldom met. A nice, clean, well-cooked French luncheon was served up to us; and a pleasing feature in the arrangements of such a vessel was that they had no wines or spirits on board. We had marvellous melons or pumpkins, which, from their size, confirmed what was stated to us, that at Jeddah they grew to such a size as to make it difficult for a strong man to lift one from the ground. It was also stated that the Jeddah cocoa-nuts sometimes weighed twenty-eight pounds!

The captain politely declined taking anything in the way of

payment; but I need not say that Lady Lawrence gave *backsheesh* generously to officers and crew.

The Khedive, as he is called, had a steamer with official Beys to receive Lady Lawrence at Suez.

It was refreshing to meet, on landing there, a Scotch brother, Mr. Forbes, who had been sent out by my Church to be of use as a preacher on the Sundays and a pastor during the week to the Scotch engineers and their families of the P. and O. station at Suez, and to any of our countrymen or others seeking his aid while residing there, or on their way to East or West. I visited, with him and those friends who aided him in his work, the small church, or rather "furnished room" attached to the hotel, in which he preached, regretting much that want of time prevented me from conducting public worship. How little do we at home sympathise with our brethren, so solitary in their work, at such places! How little value is attached to their unostentatious labours! Alas! Mr. Forbes has since died at his post, from fever, leaving a widow. Dr. Yule, of Alexandria, reports of him that not only had he won the respect of those among whom he ministered, by his faithful and diligent discharge of his duties, but that "his exemplary life had been of the utmost importance to the interests of religion" in Egypt.

As Lady Lawrence was good enough to recognise me still as her guest, I had the advantage of getting a taste of Egyptian hospitality. A train conveyed us to Cairo, where we were received at one of the palaces. Here we remained for a couple of days, during which I lived like a prince on the fleshpots of Egypt. Nothing could exceed the handsome manner in which the Viceroy recognised in Lady Lawrence the wife of the representative of the British crown in the East. The beauty of the rooms, and the excellence of the entertainments, were not Eastern, but Parisian rather. Some of the Beys "told off" for this service could not speak English; others could do so perfectly. The well-known

Betts Bey was there, an Englishman out and out in kindness and intelligence. And there was Riza Bey, who also spoke English thoroughly, and who, from his long residence in every country in Europe, seemed to know every person and everything. This, along with his experience in several Nubian campaigns and his other adventures, made his conversation highly entertaining. There were specimens, too, of Oriental life in the silent, stately, Nubian attendants, with their silver salvers and exquisite coffee, and unlimited pipes and cigars. I not only felt personally and singularly comfortable, but, what was of more importance, deeply impressed with how much the union of nations, and of their educated classes, and the consequent progress of civilisation, are all involved in this *national hospitality*. I know few things belonging to what I may call the minor morals of nations which should be more carefully attended to by our Government than that of paying generous attention to all persons having authority, whether to chief magistrates or their representatives, who visit our shores. It is not only good in itself to be thus "given to hospitality" on a great scale, but it exercises an influence for good which practically may be far greater than that of diplomacy, and may save the expenditure of much powder and shot. The English are not an insolent people in any circumstances, but they are apt to be singularly insular, shut up in a high opinion of themselves, and shut off from frank communion with others.

The American Presbyterian Church has an efficient mission in Egypt. One of their missionaries did me the kindness of calling on me, and we had pleasant intercourse together. There is much missionary activity in Egypt, although here as elsewhere among the "old religions" it is as yet but a day of preparation.

I pushed on to Alexandria, and was glad to hear that the vessel in which my wife was to arrive, with our old friends Mr. and Mrs. Cunliffe, bound for Palestine, was expected early next morning. I slept on board a steamer commanded by a worthy

Scotch captain, who promised to awake me at any hour the ship arrived. At daybreak I was pacing the deck, enjoying the cool air of morning, and the glory of the golden dawn which adorns the sky in Egypt. "Here she is!" said an old sailor, pointing to a P. and O. steamer slowly moving inwards, with an anchor at her bows—like one of those great seals which, under the name of an appendage, used to accompany the large massive watches of the olden times. The captain's gig was soon manned, and, with a few hearty pulls, we reached the ship. We could not, however, board her until she had anchored, but it was quite lawful for us to survey her from below, and to form our own opinion of those who were visible on her quarter-deck. In this review I thought I discerned a figure whose outline between me and the Orient dawn recalled visions of other days. But no reminiscences of the past recalled to her the wearer of the white hat and beard bobbing up and down in the boat, until, looking over the ship's bulwarks, a passenger with a very decided Glasgow accent remarked, "That's the doctor!" Soon the ship came to anchor, and East and West met in the tender arms of Paterfamilias!

I may possibly give elsewhere a sketch of our delightful journey home; here I must confine myself to the barest outline of it. After visiting Cairo and the Pyramids, in company with our friends Mr. and Mrs. Cunliffe, we returned alone by Malta, Sicily, Naples, Rome, and Marseilles. At Malta we had the pleasure of being joined by my fellow-passengers from Calcutta, Messrs. Lash and Hyndman; and while here we were able to visit St. Paul's Bay. In Sicily we landed at Catania, drove along the magnificent coast road to Syracuse, and, touching for some hours at Messina, were able to have a good "peep" at Palermo and its beautiful neighbourhood, as well as at the coast scenery along

which we had sailed. We visited, not without surprise and unalloyed delight, the well-known, and what one might call the hackneyed, sights of Naples,* including, of course, Pompeii, Vesuvius, Baiæ, and Amalfi,—that queen of beauteous landscapes! At Rome we had the good fortune of meeting Mr. Strahan, my companion in many a happy journey. Here we came in for the fag-end of the shows of Easter week. I had no wish, after India, to see any more of those to me painful sights in a city and country professedly Christian, and I therefore designedly remained at Naples to avoid them. What Rome is as a record of a great historical past, and as the grand capital of art, is known to all. Whatever mars one's enjoyment is the work of ecclesiastics only; and it is strange how frequently what they touch becomes false and debasing. Under the guidance of our friend Signor Garofolini we were able in two or three weeks to get our appetite so whetted as to make us long to partake again, and much more largely, of this glorious and unrivalled feast of art and antiquity.

On my return home I found all my family, old and young, with many kind friends, met to welcome me. But, strange to say, such had been the morbid intenseness with which all thoughts of home that might, as I imagined, interfere with the discharge of my duties in India, had been excluded from my mind, that when at last I found myself in the old world of home faces and voices, I was as in a confused and bewildered dream, without any feeling or emotion whatever, either of joy or thanksgiving! And it was not till the next day that I awoke to anything like a sense of all I have habitually felt since then,—of deepest gratitude to Almighty God for what He had done for me and mine.

* I cannot help expressing my gratitude for the kind help I received here, when suffering from the effects of my work in India, at the hands of the well-known and able physician Dr. Pinkoff, and for all the happy intercourse with Mr. and Mrs. Tell Meuricofre, the latter being a daughter of the late Mr. Grey of Dilston, whose delightful memoir is written by her sister.

APPENDIX.

A.—GOVERNMENT EDUCATION.

THE present system of Government education in India dates from the issue of the famous "despatch" in 1854. There are eight great circles of education, each having its own independent action and government, including the raising and expenditure of funds for the carrying out of the general system. These circles are the three Presidencies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay; Scindh; North-western Provinces; Oudh; Central Provinces; British Burmah. Each of these has its Director of Public Instruction, with his staff of inspectors. The annual sum expended in all India by Government for education amounted, in the year 1866-7, to £732,875. In Great Britain the sum so expended is nearly double. The educational institutions wholly supported or assisted by grants in aid from Government are—(1) *village schools*, in which the vernacular of the district is taught; (2) *district* or *zillah schools*, situated in the head-quarters of the district, or what we should term the "county-town," and in these the higher classes are instructed in English and prepared for the universities; (3) *taluok schools* (Anglo-vernacular), which prepare for the high or district schools;—and I may mention that a *taluok* is as large as four or five parishes; (4) *colleges*, established in some of the principal cities, such as Benares, Delhi, Agra, Lahore, or Poona, which have European professors and teachers, and give a first-class education through the English language; (5) *presidency colleges*, one being at Madras, and another at Calcutta, in which a complete course is given in arts and law, Elphinstone College being the Presidency college of Bombay; (6) *technical colleges*, for engineering, of which there are three, and for medicine and surgery, of which there are also three; (7) *normal schools*. To these might be added mission and other private schools, which are under inspection, and receive grants in aid, very much on the same principle as schools at home receive grants from the Privy Council. There are

about 20,000 schools which receive aid from Government, and are under inspection. Education under Government inspection is thus afforded to 3,089,000 Hindoos, and 85,757 Mohammedans. Of these, 40,000 attend schools in which English is taught, some of which are capable of educating up to the University entrance examination. Besides these schools, there are thousands of purely native schools scattered through the villages of India, where the education given is of a very meagre description. There are three universities—one in each presidency. The universities have all halls for assembly in the course of building; but they do not have permanent professors, being constituted on the principle of the London University. They consist of corporate bodies, whose functions are limited simply to holding examinations and granting degrees in the four faculties of arts, law, medicine, and engineering. Candidates for degrees are admitted from any school or college "affiliated" to the university, a privilege which it obtains from being under supervision, and by proving its capacity to give the education required for obtaining a degree. No one can "matriculate" without passing the entrance examination. This matriculation examination is an important stimulus to the schools. The standard is about the same as in the London University, &c.

Two years after passing their entrance examination, the students are required to undergo another examination, called "the first examination in arts;" and at the end of the fourth year comes the final examination for the degree. In Calcutta and Bombay Universities degrees in arts can only be obtained by passing an examination in English and one classical language, *i.e.*, Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, Hebrew, or Arabic. In Madras University the vernacular languages are accepted in lieu of a classical language.

In the year 1867 eight hundred students matriculated at the University of Calcutta. It is conjectured that in a year or two there will be four thousand undergraduates on its rolls. The number of young men who aspire after the higher education increases every year.

While religion is not directly taught in the Government schools, yet the Government books have provided, instead of the wretched trash formerly used, a pure and wholesome literature for the scholars, and for the schools of India generally; and not only this, but the selections for the training of those seeking a degree have been made with the greatest care from the very best books in English literature; and, when such works as Butler's "Analogy," or Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection," are admitted, and such a subject as the history of the Jews is taught as a branch of general history, one may judge what a boon the system has been, even although it should in many points be found defective. We only hope that it may be let alone for a time, and have a fair trial, and not be "tinkered" by new men and new experiments.

The public expenditure for education in Bombay is upwards of £90,000 per annum (1866-7), which bears the ratio of 1-12th per cent. to the presidential revenues, while the parliamentary grants in aid to some schools only in England is 1½ per cent. of the imperial revenue.

Grants in aid are given in Bombay by payment for results,—£2,400 having been thus expended in 1866-7.

There are in Bombay Presidency 1,632 Government colleges; schools with 106,794 pupils on the rolls; and 56 private institutions receiving aid, with 6,290 pupils on the rolls. Of private institutions under inspection, but not receiving aid, there are 1,754, with 117,547 pupils on the rolls.

There is a great book department in connection with the educational. Of books 273,006 were issued in 1866-7, at a cost of upwards of £11,000. The late able superintendent, Sir A. Grant, complains in his last Report that there is not connected with the Bombay University, the fountain-head of science and literature for fifteen millions of people, a single professor of history, political economy, Latin, Greek, Arabic, or Hebrew, nor of geology, astronomy, or even of Indian law!

Native female education is hardly begun in the Bombay Presidency in so far as Government is concerned. The expenditure on female schools of every description, including grants in aid, is under £400 per annum. The Parsee schools (privately supported) are reported as being the most efficient in the Presidency. From the apparent willingness of the people to receive instruction from schools under Government, and from the efforts now being made by Miss Carpenter for the training of *female* teachers—an immensely difficult task in India, owing to the social habits of the people—it is to be hoped that female education will steadily and rapidly advance, and in the long-run produce vast changes in the native family life.

Although, in one sense, the education of the natives by Government has hardly begun, it must not be imagined that nothing has been attempted. In the famous Government minute which inaugurated the Government Education movement, they were included. Little has been done as yet, but it is doing; and, from the interest taken in this great question in Calcutta, much more we believe will soon be done, and on a scale worthy of the cause and of the Government. The Government scheme, as hitherto worked, was reared on the foundation of the native schools already in existence. These are divided into two classes, the superior native schools, in which, by means of Sanskrit, the philosophy and the religion of the Hindoos are taught; and the tens of thousands of village schools, in which the teaching is of the very lowest kind. Government, accepting these facts, endeavoured, by small contributions of about £6 per annum, to induce the teachers to attend a normal school for a year, and if they passed the required examination, and submitted to Government inspection, generally by educated natives, to give

them some aid when they returned to their village schools. In this way there were (in 1865-6) 19 deputy inspectors in Bengal, several training schools, 521 village schools, with 16,561 pupils, paying £2,650 in fees. Yet what is this among forty millions? It is a beginning, and that is something. But it is a mere drop in the bucket to what will yet be.

B.—NOTES ON INDIA BY HINDOOS.

HINDOO MORALITY AND WORSHIP.

Our children have no sort of training when in the janana or female apartments. Here they have a bad school. The mothers themselves being uneducated, and unacquainted with the mode of infant-training, naturally leave their children in the hands of their maid-servants, whose iniquities, immoralities, and excesses defy description, and who, as a matter of course, lay in those children a foundation of all that is bad and poisonous. If the thus *fledged* young men have a city like Benares for their scene, it is adding fuel to the fire. Ill-starred is he who has his children in this *holy city* of Benares, where there is more vice and crime than has ever been named by man.

Our ideas of godhead are confined to the rooms in which we worship these idols: we are saints so long as we are seated near these idols and are worshipping them; but the moment we lose sight of them, we are the most abandoned profligates and sinners. We lie; we steal; we deceive; we commit rape; we murder all day long, and all night long; and then early in the morning we bathe in the Ganges, whose filthy waters wash away our sins, and then worship our idols who pardon us. Preposterous and absurd! There cannot be a more conceivable folly than this. Purity of personal character is nothing to many of us: the Ganga and our idols help us to heaven.—*From Lecture delivered to the Benares Institute in* 1867 *by Mr. Laksh Muji Garu.*

EXTRACTS FROM LECTURES DELIVERED IN ENGLISH TO THE NATIVES BY KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

(1.) *Condition of India.*

Every department of native society is undergoing change, radical and organic change. Ideas and tastes are changing, customs and manners are

changing, old institutions are giving place to new ones, aspirations and energies are turning into new channels; there are changes even in our mode of living. The spirit of Western enlightenment and civilisation is at work in the core of Hindoo society, and is, somewhere perceptibly, somewhere secretly, transforming, remodelling, and revolutionising its entire organism. Its powerful influence has shaken the enormous fabric of Hindooism to its very foundations, and convulsed the very heart of the nation; and every sphere of native thought and occupation, intellectual, social, political, commercial, and religious, is in a state of violent fermentation. . . . When all India, from the Himalaya to Cape Comorin, seems to be one scene of revolutionary strife, of bristling bayonets and roaring artillery, of continued bombarding and cannonading on the old forts of Hindooism, shall we sleep on the couch of imagined security? . . . Argumentative appeals and glowing descriptions will conjure up but a sorry picture in comparison with what your own observations and experiences tell of the depth of India's degradation. Would you realise it? Look at yourselves, enchained to customs, deprived of freedom, loaded over by an ignorant and crafty priesthood, your better sense and better feelings all smothered under the crushing weight of custom; look at your homes, scenes of indescribable misery—your wives and sisters, your mothers and daughters, immured within the dungeon of the zenana, ignorant of the outside world—little better than slaves, whose charter of liberty of thought and action has been ignored; look at your social constitution and customs, the mass of enervating, demoralising, and degrading causes there working. Watch your daily life, how almost at every turn you meet with some demand for the sacrifice of your conscience, some temptation to hypocrisy, some obstacle to your improvement and true happiness. Say from your own experience whether you are not hemmed in on all sides by a system of things which you cannot but hate and abhor, denounce and curse; whether the spiritual government under which you live is not despotism of the most galling and revolting type, oppressive to the body, injurious to the mind, and deadly to the soul. Are you not yoked to some horrid customs of which you feel ashamed, and which, to say the least, are a scandal to reason; and have you not often sighed and panted for immediate deliverance? Are you not required to pass through a daily routine of social and domestic concerns against which your educated ideas and cultivated tastes perpetually protest? And, considering the sum total of mischief and misery caused by Hindooism to its followers, religiously, socially, and physically, have you not often wept bitterly in solitude for your hard lot and that of your countrymen? Surely you do not require the aid of imagination to paint in gloomy colours the deplorable state of native society in order to rouse your sympathy, excite your commiseration, and stimulate your energies, when it is before you and encompasses you in all its awful

reality. Surely you do not stand in need of any cogent arguments from others to convince you of what your own senses so painfully teach you, and which your personal experiences confirm with irrefragable authority. Spare me, then, fellow-countrymen, the task of arguing a matter which is so entirely supported by the testimonies of your own feelings and observations. You must admit, for you yourselves have felt, the necessity of a thorough reformation of Hindoo society; I have shown its urgency in the present age of transition.

(2.) *Idolatry.*

There can be no doubt that the root of all the evils which afflict Hindoo society, that which constitutes the chief cause of its degradation, is idolatry. Idolatry is the curse of Hindostan, the deadly canker that has eaten into the vitals of native society. It would be an insult to your superior education to say that you have faith in idolatry, that you still cherish in your hearts reverence for the gods and goddesses of the Hindoo pantheon, or that you believe in the thousand and one absurdities of your ancestral creed. But, however repugnant to your understanding and repulsive to your good sense the idolatry of your forefathers may be, there is not a thorough appreciation of its deadly character on moral grounds. It will not do to retain in the mind a speculative and passive disbelief in its dogmas; you must practically break with it as a dangerous sin and an abomination; you must give it up altogether as an unclean thing; you must discountenance it, discourage it, oppose it, and hunt it out of your country. For the sake of your souls, and for the sake of the souls of the millions of your countrymen, come away from hateful idolatry, and acknowledge the one supreme and true God, our Maker, Preserver, and Moral Governor, not in belief only, but in the every-day concerns and avocations of your life.

(3.) *Caste.*

Next to idolatry, and vitally connected with its huge system, is caste. You should deal with it as manfully and unsparingly as with idolatry. That Hindoo casteism is a frightful social scourge no one can deny. It has completely and hopelessly wrecked social unity, harmony, and happiness, and for centuries it has opposed all social progress. But few seem to think that it is not so much as a social but as a religious institution that it has become the great scourge it really is. As a system of absurd social distinctions it is certainly pernicious. But when we view it on moral grounds it appears as a scandal to conscience and an insult to humanity, and all our moral ideas and sentiments rise to execrate it, and to demand its immediate extermination. Caste is the bulwark of Hindoo idolatry and the

safeguard of Brahminical priesthood. It is an audacious and sacrilegious violation of God's law of human brotherhood. It makes civil distinctions inviolable divine institutions, and in the name of the Holy God sows perpetual discord and enmity among His children.

(4.) *The Reformation Missions.*

Since the Reformation almost new life was infused into Christianity, and several circumstances transpired to facilitate its dissemination. Its more ardent followers, inflamed with holy zeal, have gone about in all directions to preach the religion of the Cross to their benighted brothers and sisters in remote countries. They have braved all hazards, crossed oceans and deserts, surmounted insuperable difficulties, and with patience, perseverance, and self-denial have planted the cross in many a land. . . . . It cannot be said that we in India have nothing to do with Christ or Christianity. Have the natives of this country altogether escaped the influence of Christianity, and do they owe nothing to Christ? Shall I be told by my educated countrymen that they can feel nothing but a mere remote historic interest in the grand movement I have described? You have already seen how, in the gradual extension of the Church of Christ, Christian missions came to be established in this distant land, and what results these missions have achieved. The many noble deeds of philanthropy and self-denying benevolence which Christian missionaries have performed in India, and the various intellectual, social, and moral improvements which they have effected, need no flattering comment; they are treasured in the gratitude of the nation, and can never be forgotten or denied. That India is highly indebted to these disinterested and large-hearted followers of Christ for her present prosperity, I have no doubt the entire nation will gratefully acknowledge. Fortunately for India, she was not forgotten by the Christian missionaries when they went about to preach the Gospel. While through missionary agency our country has thus been connected with the enlightened nations of the West, politically an all-wise and all-merciful Providence has intrusted its interests to the hands of a Christian sovereign. In this significant event worldly men can see nothing but an ordinary political phenomenon, but those of you who can discern the finger of Providence in individual and national history will doubtless see here His wise and merciful interposition. I cannot but reflect with grateful interest on the day when the British nation first planted their feet on the plains of India, and the successive steps by which the British empire has been established and consolidated in this country. It is to the British Government that we owe our deliverance from oppression and misrule, from darkness and distress, from ignorance and superstition. Those enlightened ideas which have changed

the very life of the nation, and have gradually brought about such wondrous improvement in native society, are the gifts of that Government, and so likewise the inestimable boon of freedom of thought and action, which we so justly prize. Are not such considerations calculated to rouse our deepest gratitude and loyalty to the British nation and her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria?

(5.) *The Duties of Professing Christians in India.*

I cherish great respect for the Europeans, not for any secular considerations, but for the sake of Jesus Christ, whom they profess to follow, and whom, I believe, it is their mission to make known to us in words as well as deeds. It is the bounden duty of all Europeans in India so to prove their fidelity to Him in all the avocations of their private and public life, that through the influence of their example the spirit of true Christian righteousness may leaven native society. I regard every European settler in India as a missionary of Christ, and I have a right to demand that he should always remember and act up to his high responsibilities. . . . . Behold Christ crucified in the lives of those who profess to be his followers. Had it not been for them, the name of Jesus Christ would have been ten times more glorified than it seems to have been. I hope that for India's sake, for Christ's sake, for truth's sake, the Christians in India should conscientiously strive to realise in their lives the high morality of the Gospel.

C.—THE LAND SETTLEMENT OF INDIA.*

Under the native system in India rights in the land were very imperfect. The ryots who cultivated the soil paid to the governing power a land revenue which amounted to rent, and themselves had but a sort of moral claim to occupation, and the security that no one ever thought of turning them out. Under great governments there were generally also found middlemen, who collected the State dues from the ryots. These men were

* This statement was kindly forwarded me some time ago by my able and kind friend, George Campbell, Esq., now Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal.

really only collectors or contractors; but the tendency of everything Hindoo is to become hereditary, and many of them had established some claim to their position, just as the ryots had to theirs.

In most parts of the country the ryots were organised in village communities which had a kind of municipal constitution, and so were enabled to manage their own affairs, to negotiate with rulers or conquerors, and sometimes to pay a lump revenue which they divided among themselves.

The British Government, while retaining the right to the State revenue, has everywhere turned the imperfect and rudimentary claims of native occupants into distinct property; but there has been great difference in different provinces as regards the distribution of these rights.

In Madras and Bombay the middlemen have been set aside, and the ryots alone are now the owners of the soil, paying revenue direct to the Government. In Bengal a more complicated system has been followed.

The early British rulers of the last century availed themselves of the services of the hereditary middlemen. After this system had continued for a good many years a grand "Settlement," as it is called in India—that is, a fixation of the revenue demand and determination of rights in the soil—was made under Lord Cornwallis in the year 1793. The middlemen called zemeendars and talookdars were made proprietors, but not absolute proprietors, such as we have in England and Scotland. It was clearly laid down that they were not to demand from the ryots more than the old-established dues, payable according to the custom of each pergunnah, or local division, and were not to eject them except when they failed to pay. There was also a general reservation of the power of the British Government to interfere at any time for the protection of the ryots. The revenue payable to Government was forced and limited, for even the zemeendars, in fact, pay a perpetual quit-rent.

Although the ryots were in theory well protected, no record of their holdings and liabilities was ever made, and for many years there were complaints of illegal exactions and oppressions on the part of the zemeendars. Still everything was much regulated by native custom, and as the country has prospered, and the value of agricultural produce has increased, the ryots have generally come to be pretty well off.

There was nothing in the regulations to make very clear the position of ryots who came in *after* the Settlement. The zemeendars were very glad that these men should break up the waste, settle themselves, and pay the customary rent like other ryots—it all added to their rent-roll. But as land became scarcer, and old customs less uniform and distinct, it became doubtful whether the zemeendars were bound by custom, or whether they could raise the rents of the ryots not protected by positive law to any extent on pain of eviction.

To settle all this a new law was passed, known as Act X. of 1859. This law declares the right of the old ryots of the time of the Permanent Settlement to hold at the same rent for ever, and, as regards the more recent ryots, enacts as follows:—Every man who has held for twelve years and upwards has a right of occupancy with these exceptions, viz., when there is a contract to the contrary (that is, a lease with right of re-entry) the law does not affect the tenure by contract; and where the land has borne the character of "seer" or "demesne" of the zemeendar, the temporary letting forces no right of occupancy. As respects the rent of occupancy ryots, it can only be raised,—

1. When the land is found by measurement to be more than is paid for.
2. When the rent paid is below the rates paid by other ryots of the same class in the neighbourhood.
3. When the value of the produce of the land has been increased otherwise than at the expense or by the labour of the ryot.

It has since been judicially decided that when the value of the produce has increased, the rent may be raised in the same proportion—that is, if rice has doubled in value in the market, the rent of a rice-field will be doubled.

All questions between zemeendar and ryot are decided judicially in the courts. There is still no authoritative record of individual rights and liabilities in Bengal Proper.

A different system has been followed in the territories in Northern India acquired in the course of the present century. It was thought inexpedient to deprive the Government of the opportunity of obtaining from time to time an increase of revenue commensurate to increased values and increased expenses. Private property in land is recognised as fully as in Bengal, but the revenue is fixed for a term only, generally for thirty years, subject to a revaluation at the end of the term; the modern principle being that Government takes half the rent, and leaves half to the proprietor. Very many considered it to have been a mistake to make the middlemen of Bengal superior landholders, and in the new territories the principle adopted was that rights should not be arbitrarily bestowed on any one class, but that a minute inquiry should be made to ascertain who was best entitled to them, and in what degree; and that all rights and liabilities of each individual should be exactly recorded in public archives. The difficulty, however, has been that, as rights had been previously so imperfect, it was very much matter of opinion whose claims were the strongest, and there has been much contention among two parties of English officers. Some maintain that you must not cut off the tall poppy-heads, and that the native aristocracy who have ruled the people should be recognised under one system as an aristocracy of landholders. Others say that since they have ceased to rule they are *functus officio*, and have no private rights; that as landholders they only

use the powers of the British Government to exact the uttermost farthing from the people, while they have not the least idea of the duties of landlords.

In the end the matter has been mainly decided by long possession. Where the great zemeendars have all along continued to exercise complete authority, and collected the rents from the ryots, they have been established as proprietors. Where something of the same authority has been exercised by the head-men of villages, they have become village-proprietors. And where the villagers themselves, united together in strong self-governing communities, have managed their own affairs, and are able to arrange to pay a lump revenue, the Government deals direct with the community. In this case the village customs and the distribution of the land and liabilities are minutely recorded, and the Government only interferes to maintain and enforce the system so recorded.

Wherever the actual cultivators have not become proprietors under this system, the rule in regard to the ryots is as follows. All old hereditary ryots long settled in the village have a right of occupancy on a fair rent, to be paid from time to time according to the value of land and produce. All other (*i.e.*, more recent) ryots have no rights, but hold under the landholders on such contract as they may make, or, as is most frequently the case, as tenants from year to year.

Oude is the only province in which, in the process of transforming imperfect native claims into property, nothing has been given to the ryots. Under a very weak native Government the middlemen called talookdars gradually acquired great powers, became necessarily insubordinate, and reduced the country to anarchy. On the ground that the King of Oude was wholly unable to keep order among the talookdars or to protect the ryots, we deposed him and appropriated his territory in the year 1856. The system then followed was to restrict these talookdars to the villages of which they had had long and complete possession, and to release from their grasp all that they had recently usurped. Within a few months the mutiny broke out, and when our power had been completely subverted in all that part of India, the talookdars took the opportunity of rebelling. Uniting with the sepoys, they assisted in besieging the British shut up in the Residency. When the mutiny was put down Lord Canning declared all the lands of Oude to be confiscated, but wishing to conciliate the talookdars, he immediately offered them new grants of all the villages that they had ever in any way acquired, on condition of submission and loyalty. They accordingly obtained complete and absolute British grants, not only of what they held when the mutiny broke out, but of all that they had lost in 1856. Subordinate rights proved to have been in active existence up to the very time of the annexation were renewed, but as very little could be proved as right in

those times of anarchy, everything not so proved fell to the talookdars, who thus became nearly absolute owners. There was thus no protection of the mass of the old ryots as in other provinces. Only a very limited class, the descendants of old head-men and such-like, have some protection under a compromise effected in their behalf.

D.—PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN INDIA, BURMAH, AND CEYLON, 1870.

I am indebted to the Rev. Dr. Mullens, Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society, for the following statistics of Missions to India, Burmah, and Ceylon. No man is better acquainted with the mission field than Dr. Mullens, and no man has devoted so much time and labour in obtaining and publishing accurate information as to the tangible results of Protestant Missions.

Societies.	English Missionaries.	Native Ordained Ministers.	Other Native Preachers.	Communicants.	Native Christian Community.	Education.		Expenditure.
						Boys.	Girls.	
								£
1. Church Missionary Society	125	67	420	12,621	68,378	27,301	6,895	87,857
2. Society for Propag. Gospel	67	47	120	8,242	45,214	9,710	2,260	37,354
3. London Missionary Society	50	28	296	3,872	37,622	3,961	5,132	33,265
4. Baptist Missionary Society	40	15	138	2,652	11,050	2,800	720	18,431
5. Wesleyan Missionary Soc.	36	29	115	2,362	10,134	6,633	2,560	17,987
6. Free Church of Scotland	19	12	25	638	1,216	6,432	1,981	11,165
7. Estab. Church of Scotland	7	3	18	570	1,200	3,500	545	11,000
8. United Presbyt. Church	10	0	8	26	60	1,574	300	6,000
9. American Board	29	23	152	2,579	10,000	2,477	1,211	19,685
10. American Presbyterian	28	6	30	456	1,200	5,286	908	22,600
11. American Baptist Miss.	35	78	414	16,663	72,000	2,652	1,324	22,800
12. American Episc. Meth.	21	0	18	240	650	1,200	200	8,000
13. Basle Mission	40	4	52	1,943	5,541	1,476	509	16,480
14–23. Ten other Miss. Socs.	72	11	127	6,613	15,415	4,158	638	18,700
Total	579	323	1,903	58,877	289,000	85,190	23,146	330,242

On certain points the information given in some published Reports is defective: the above figures are, therefore, only an approximation to the truth; and that truth is understated. It is hoped that next year another careful census may be taken of the entire range of the Protestant Missions in India, Burmah, and Ceylon.

London, *March* 1, 1871.

2.—POWER OF CASTE.

"When Dr. Norman Macleod was in India, two years ago, he was a guest of Sir Alexander Grant at a party to which quite a number of the more enlightened and educated Hindus were invited. They belonged to the intelligent class, which is the strength of the Brahmo Somaj. Dr. Macleod never suspected that he was doing anything amiss in stating the following in GOOD WORDS:—

"'There were present, among others, a deputy inspector, the principal of the training college, the translator of the "Arabian Nights," a Pundit, a college fellow, and a college student. All these were singularly pleasing and intelligent gentlemen. The whole of them had renounced caste, and ate and drank with us, although one of them evidently felt a little awkward in doing so, and was good-naturedly twitted by the others on account of this. None of them, however, professed Christianity.'

"But he had stirred up a hornets' nest about these not very sturdy Hindus, who had really accepted this invitation 'on the sly,' never suspecting that an account of it would be published. When the orthodox Hindus heard of Dr. Macleod's account, they immediately had these men up for discipline. We have previously narrated how they ignominiously recanted and begged forgiveness, and were finally restored to caste after paying a fine of 250 dols. each. Their claim not to have eaten with the foreigners, but only to have partaken of a little fruit, ice-cream, and preserved ginger, was not admitted; nor was Sir A. Grant's assertion that they did nothing contrary to caste regarded as of any authority. We copy from *Missionary Papers* the petition of one of the leaders begging to be reinstated, with the action of the Brahmin pope, Shankar Acharya, and the assembled Shastris and Pundits. Krishna Shastri, the leading man among these reformers, thus petitions:—

"'Most Reverend World-Guru Shankar Acharya, Lord presiding, &c., the petition of your lordship's servant, the erring disciple, Krishna Shastri Chiplunkar Shenoth. On account of a letter from Bombay the reverend authority of Poona instituted an inquiry, and decided then to put me out of caste for having eaten fruit, and ice, and preserved ginger. In this regard, examining the letters from Europe and the previous papers, your reverence has the power to mercifully receive me back. Let your servant find audience. This is the prayer of your obedient Krishna Shastri Chiplunkar.'

"*Ques.* (By Assembly.) On the [illegible] you were put out of caste. Do you petition to be restored?

Ans. (By K. Shastri.) I do not think myself guilty of the crime that the court you refer to decided there were strong suspicions of, and it seems

to me that the documents la[illegible] re you show me guiltless. But, if your reverence thinks there is proof of [illegible] guilt. I am ready to take any *prayashchitt* (expiation) that is according to [illegible] Shastras, with my head bowed low. Or, if the authority of the Shastras is not shew[illegible] I am ready to obediently take such *prayashchitt* as is pleasing to all this [illegible]bly.

"'*Assembly.* You will write down what [illegible] agree to with regard to not committing such a crime again.

"'*K.* I do not wish to commit such a cri[illegible] This is my agreement.

"'*Assembly.* Do you ask *prayashchitt*, hav[illegible]epented?

"'*K.* I have repented.

"'*Assembly.* It seems proved that you ate p[illegible]d ginger, and fruits, and ice-cream. If you have repented of it, yo[illegible] mu[illegible] give a full and true account of the whole affair.

"'*K.* I have written down all I remember of the m[illegible]er. Now, the knowledge that your reverence and this assembly consid[illegible] me guilty, and being guilty, are the same thing, and for this guilt I am repentant.

"'*Assembly.* Do you demand a *prayashchitt* on the authority of the Shastras, or will you agree to such as may be decided on?

"'*K.* Regarding the authority of the Shastras and the authority of your reverence as the same thing, I do not say that your authority is different from that of the Shastras.

"'*Assembly.* For removing the sin of eating what should not be eaten, and drinking what should not be drunk, all twelve kinds of *prayashchitt*, according to the proper manner of our times and country—*Gopratyamnata*, [illegible] rupees; *Anukamp*, 15 rupees; and *Brahmadand*, 125 rupees—have been decreed, and the sums you must pay over.

"'*K.* I agree to pay them according to the sentence."

"Evidently this style of 'Reformed' Hinduism lacks backbone."—*New York Independent.*

THE END.

[illegible]TED BY VIRTUE AND [illegible] LONDON.

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